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ABSTRACT

Case studies in each of the parts deal with specific problems in the mainstream of United States history and are designed to help the general level student relate the case study and the theme of the past to similar problems today. Each theme deals with the resolution of conflict in historical ideologies. 1) Studies on intolerance in American life include narratives on the Salem witchcraft trials of 1692, the Palmer raids of 1919, and a narrative on the McCarthy hearings. 2) Studies on protest and dissent in American life include narratives on Shay's rebellion, New York Civil War draft riots, the Haymarket riot, the Chicago Pullman Boycott, and the Schempp case involving the 1963 prayer ban issues. 3) Studies on idealism in American life include: the utopian response to materialism, the humanitarian response to idealism, and a world response to idealism. The selection provides contrast and comparison developed in the juxtaposition of 19th and 20th century idealisms. 4) Technology and the culture of machine living includes narratives on automation, essays on transportation and communication, and science fiction stories presenting the role of the machine today and exploring that role within future life styles. A teacher's guide accompanies each theme. (Author/VLW)

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DEVELOPMENT OF CURRICULUM IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION FOR THE GENERAL STUDENT: CASE STUDY APPROACH

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Preface

The formal title of this project is "Development of Curriculum in American Civilization for the General Student: Case Study Approach." At the Lincoln Filene Center, however, the "Curriculum" has become our Instructional Program V: American Civilization and History. The Program contains four parts, each having a number of case studies. The four parts are as follows: Studies on Intolerance in American Life, Studies on Protest and Dissent in American Life, Studies on Idealism in American Life, and Technology: The Culture of Machine Living. The actual case studies in each of the four parts deal with specific problems in the mainstream of United States history and are designed to help the high school student relate the case study and the theme of the past to similar problems today. In brief, the total program seeks to make the realities of the past more vivid, to link the issues of contemporary life in America to the past, and to suggest ways and means for strengthening the sinews of American civilization. A Teacher's Guide accompanies each of the four parts of the Program.

Although the case studies were designed for the general-level student, they are eminently suitable for use by any high school student. The pilot teaching of the units proved to be most successful, and the Center feels privileged to add this entire Program to its secondary social studies instructional resources.

Miss Elisabeth M. Kenosian, a seasoned social studies teacher from the Masconomet Regional High School, Boxford, Massachusetts, served as Research Assistant for the Project and was, of course, the author of the actual case studies. The Lincoln Filene Center is extraordinarily proud of her work and fine contributions to secondary social studies education as reflected in the four parts of this instructional program. Mrs. Joseph Walsh, formerly Miss Helen Werneth, Director of Secondary Social Studies at the Lincoln Filene Center, ably developed the Teacher's Guides to accompany case studies.

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In this place I wish to thank the following persons, who tested the units presented: Mr. David Jervah and Mr. Charles McClory, of the Masconomet Regional High School, Boxford, Massachusetts, for selecting the experimental classes and testing the units; Mr. Richard Green, director of the Study-Reading Center, Masconomet Regional High School, for determining the reading level of the narratives used in the units; and Mr. Jules Margulies, Curriculum Associate in Education and History at the University of New Hampshire, for supervising his teaching interns in the use of the narratives at the Timberlane Regional School, Plaistow, New Hampshire.

Many parts of the report which follows are based on the results of tests conducted by these professional sources.

Elisabeth M. Kenosian

PART I INTRODUCTION

Summary

The research for the new curriculum approach to American civilization provides the materials and methods of the case study by topics and themes.

For the purposes of this curriculum, some topics in the required course in American civilization as taught in most secondary schools was reworked to emphasize the case study method. The advantages of this method - especially to the general student - are that the historical materials may be selected and arranged topically and thematically, cutting across historical periods, and allowing flexibility and range in reading and discussion and greater relevancy of the historical matter to contemporary issues.

Moreover, the case study method is suited to the elucidation of certain pervasive themes in American history. The following were selected:

the theme of Intolerance, illustrating various stresses on the individual or minority groups in a free society;

the theme of Protest and Dissent, revealing the origins and resolutions of conflicts between groups and institutions;

the theme of Idealism, demonstrating the individual's moral commitment to the welfare of others within the institutional framework; and the theme of Technology, exemplifying the developing scientific and economic processes which have created a new human environment and have made America the beneficiary of the modern age.

These themes were developed from original historical materials (often including literary and legal sources), each study suggesting comparatively the relationships between the historical documents and current issues. As a whole, the case studies put in perspective and clarify the individual's responsibilities and freedoms in terms of the democratic process.

Reactions from students who studied from the units were favorable. Students felt that lessons of the narratives were easy to understand, the narratives gave them an opportunity to analyze problems, the narratives were innovative. Teachers and interns also favored the narratives over the traditional textbook approach. Teachers also felt that the narratives could be adapted to any of the social sciences, that they kept a sense of history, that they evoked contemporary problems, and demonstrated the dynamic evolutionary aspects of the democratic process.

It is recommended that after general use of these units, additional units of a similar nature be developed through the facilities of the Lincoln Filene Center, who will publish and distribute the present work.

Introduction

The selected narrative topics for the development of the four themes, comprising four instructional units from four to six weeks of instruction, developed the terms of the following theme content:

I. /See Appendixes A/

The theme of Intolerance was developed according to the following original topics: a narrative on the Salem witchcraft trials of 1692, a narrative on the Palmer raids of 1919, and a narrative on the McCarthy hearings. These narratives, as is seen, cut across many centuries, but indirectly develop the idea of the growth of individual rights when in the absence and presence of the Fifth Amendment, these rights could be denied. All narratives involve the universal lessons on the motives and methods of scapegoating.

II. /See Appendixes B/

In the theme of Protest and Dissent there is included a narrative in addition to the one suggested in the original proposal and a change in the subject-matter of the narrative involving religious dissent. The change in the subject-matter of the last narrative was made to present one important method of protest. The substitution of the Schempp case, involving the 1963 prayer ban issue, for the cases concerning religious freedom of the Jehovah's Witnesses was made to present a narrative representing peaceful protest through court procedures. Part one is a narrative on Shays' Rebellion which, with the basic lessons on the methods of protest, points up the citizen's claim of freedom from imprisonment for debts and his right to redress of grievances. Part two is a narrative on the New York Civil War draft riots, pointing up freedom from racial discrimination. Part three is a narrative on the anarachist Haymarket riot, pointing up the citizen's freedom to congregate. Part four is a narrative concerning the Chicago Pullman boycott, pointing up our freedom to organize to work under fair conditions. Part five is a narrative concerning the prayer ban cases, pointing up our freedom to practice (or not) our religious beliefs.

From these narratives the student realizes that economic protest is usually a corollary to political protest and that there may arise again and again the question of loyalty - the conflict between allegiance as duty to one's country and allegiance as duty to one's faith.

III. /See Appendixes C/

The method of the case study on Idealism is contrast and comparison developed in the juxtaposition of 19th and 20th century idealisms. In the theme of Idealism there is, therefore, included a contemporary account (from Newsweek) of prison life in the section Humanitarian Response to Idealism. An additional third section entitled A World Response to Idealism includes selected descriptions of war from All Quiet on the Western Front and a narrative on the Kellogg-Briand pact to outlaw war. The organization of this theme into three parts also includes a description of New York slum life at the turn of the century, a description of Edward Bellamy's utopia, a description of a working utopian experiment of the 19th century (the Oneida Community) under the subtitle a Response to Materialism. A second part subtitled Humanitarian Response to Idealism includes narratives on prison reform (taken from Alexis de Tocqueville), abolition of slavery (taken from William L. Garrison), and humane treatment for the insane (taken from Dorothea Dix).

This theme illustrates a minority group's search for a social utopia and a minority group's efforts to reform the social structure of America.

For the student, the lessons remain the same. While he recognizes he has a moral responsibility for the welfare of others, he realizes also that the quest for social justice is never-ending. The essentially humanitarian considerations which gave rise in the 19th century to the struggles over the worth of human beings remains in the 20th century as an unrealized idealism in America.

IV. /See Appendixes D/

The narratives and stories in the theme of Technology set aside the historical approach originally intended, that is, the development of technology through the rise of manufacture and the use of steam power. However, the narratives state that the rapid development of technology resulted from the beginning in "alienation", and the devaluation of the human world. A few literary examples from the 19th and early 20th centuries serve to show the relationship between invention and labor on the one hand and automation on the other. The purpose of the narratives is to present the machine as friend or foe as it exists today and to see what role the machine may play in the future which will inevitably change the student's "life-style." This is accomplished through a series of narratives on automation, essays on transportation and communication, and science fiction stories.

From his recognition that the Garden of Eden, as the idealists Jefferson and Thoreau, had envisioned it, is dead, the student comes to reevaluate his place in the world: the culture of machine living.

Each of the themes deals in at least three ways with an idea which is not only current in its application but also relevant to the educational process, because each is a crucial chapter in American civilization. Each of the themes deals with the resolution of conflict in historical ideologies.

The historical subjects which together comprise the themes are themselves neutral, the social and political settings are neutral, since they constitute the actual ethos from which history itself is derived. We are teaching history in its context; we are applying its lessons to the present conditions of life; and into the bargain, we are inviting the student to witness not a dry historical fact but to participate in the process by which institutional changes are effected.

It is practically impossible to demonstrate these changes in the institutions of our government without showing how they were threatened and how sensible people finally salvaged the best from them by a process of self-appraisal and self-correction. This is the democratic process, the evolution of it being the most interesting aspect of it to the student. Process means change, a progression toward the ideal, perhaps unattainable, goal.

To illustrate. The methods and motives of scapegoating are revealed as involving the student's personal feelings about himself and his attitudes towards others. In a time when hatred and bigotry appear common, the narratives on various kinds of intolerance allow him to distinguish between the real and the imaginary foes in his own society, to determine who is victimized (maybe himself) and why, and where guilt lies, what fear is, what deprivation there is in being either victim or instigator.

To this end, the narratives are necessarily focused so that good and evil, victim and accuser, are polarized, the conflicts of ideologies are simply framed and defined.

Methods of Research and Testing

A. Writing Method

The primary objective in the writing of the narrative was to make the materials intellectually defensible, that is, historically accurate. In the preparation of newly written narratives, primary source materials such as trial testimonies (witchcraft, Schempp case), diaries, journals (Shays' rebellion), biography (Pierrepont Noyes) and contemporary newspaper accounts were used by some means of adaptation which would involve as much dialogue and as little description as possible.

The method for adapting historical accounts to dialogue has a multiple purpose. First, the dialogue is easier to read for the general student. Second, the general student can identify easily with the persons (characters, heroes, antagonists, protagonists) of the narrative. Third, by means of dialogue, conflict and antagonisms can be simply defined. This method eliminates certain hurdles in reading the narratives: difficult vocabulary, complicated sentence structure and a constant reference to chronology.

Fourth, the dialogue in the narrative allows the student to "adduce" the conflicts and problems presented in the narrative. If, as is the case here, the inductive method for learning is important, a very subtle balance must be maintained in the writing. Issues must be clearly defined between victim and accuser or antagonist and protagonist; they are revealed - "clues" - to the student as he reads. There is also presented a resolution to the conflict, if one existed historically; and, where there is no historical resolution to conflict, the student is invited to contribute solutions to the problem himself.

The first two themes of Intolerance and Protest and Dissent /See Appendixes A and B/ consist of wholly new narratives which have been adapted from original source materials, taking into account historical accuracy. Where source materials did not exist, fictitious "characters" were inserted into the situations which became part of the historical event. This was the method used in describing the Palmer raids and the New York draft riots. In any instance, the student can readily see himself or others in the same situations as Rebecca Nourse, Perez Hamlin, Eugene Debs, or Ellory Schempp.

The same requirements of historical accuracy, of the use of primary sources, of character-dialogue identification for theme development was used in the two remaining themes. However, where appropriate source materials could be used in their original forms with little editing, they were used. Such is the example of the excerpts from All Quiet on the Western Front and the greater portion of the unit on Technology. /See Appendixes C and D/

B. Testing Methods

The narratives were tested using the teaching strategies and supplementary audiovisual materials suggested in the Teacher's Guide. /See Appendixes E, F, G, H/

The kinds of classes participating in the initial testing of the narratives were considered general level; two classes were juniors, and another class were seniors in a work-study program.

Reading the narratives and understanding the situations presented was the first consideration for the teachers involved in the testing. Students were asked to read the narratives and react to them (otherwise explain them) with a minimum of prior explanation or preparation by the teacher. How much the student could "adduce" or learn about the situation by himself was measured by a tape recording playback of the class discussion which followed the reading assignment.

Discussions revealed that the students were able easily to identify the conflicts indicated in the narratives. If historical chronology was a necessary part of the course, teachers were then required to supplement the time period or chronological sequence with further study and instruction. However, for the purposes of the basic lessons involved, e.g. methods of scapegoating or methods of protest, the narratives proved to self-sufficient instructional tools. The teaching strategies for the classroom and also the special films served to reinforce those conflicts already identified by the students.

The suggested pre-tests and post-tests included in the Teacher's Guide were given to the students to help measure their attitudes and also to stimulate discussion. The simulated "situation" suggested in the Guide, when given as assignments to the students, reflected their positive attitudes towards government and society, their sense of the "good" and the "just", and their consistent idealism.

PART II FINDINGS AND ANALYSIS

Master of arts in teaching candidates were asked to demonstrate a teaching method by picking one narrative within the units. The demonstration lesson lasted one week for each narrative. In reality these teaching interns worked out their own teachers' guides (or lesson strategies) for one week. Together with the intern program described above, experienced classroom teachers at Timberlane Regional High School and Masconomet Regional High School found the various narratives favorable in the following ways:

A. Reactions from students.

1. ease of comprehension. The interest level was high to dramatic. The narratives were short; and this correlated with an increased attention span. There was no difficulty in understanding the narratives mechanically or conceptually. The vocabulary was not a learning block.

2. opportunity for analysis. The narratives allowed the students to raise questions concerning the conflicts presented in the narratives. Students were given the opportunity to analyze the instructional materials; students could correlate these issues to issues about them.

3. innovative. Students found the narratives a new and more interesting approach, apart from the traditional textbook.

B. Reactions from teachers and interns.

1. interdisciplinary aspects. Teachers and interns felt that the narratives could be adapted easily to the major social science areas.

2. sense of history. A sense of chronology was maintained in each unit by its treatment, that is, continuity and change are shown in each narrative.

3. preferred instructional device. The interns preferred the unit device over the textbook method; since they were more immediately applicable.

Each unit serves to illustrate two factors. First, that U. S. history reveals a continuity and change in its development and the betterment of the human condition. Second, that change in the democratic process has been evolutionary rather than revolutionary as it is manifested in religious liberty, political freedom, and social and economic harmony. The democratic process evinced in the narratives is demonstrated as being dynamic and vital within a gradually evolutionary framework, and provides for its society a form of legal due process for change rather than a reliance upon force. Student attitudes are reinforced by multiple examples of successful evolutionary change in our system.

In each selection within each unit, conscious effort was made by instructional staff and students to relate conflicts to similar problems, thus providing historical continuity, expressed in the first objective, which is an awareness of the past.

Many of the problems raised in the first selections of the unit have not been totally resolved, and they therefore place high demands upon the citizenship responsibilities of the present-day student.

PART III CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS

Conclusions

A. The materials were found appropriate and applicable to the following areas:

1. 9th grade citizenship course.
2. a topical 11th grade U.S. history course.
3. sociology and econimics courses on the 11th and 12th grade levels.
4. Problems of Democracy courses on the 11th and 12th grade levels.

B. The materials were found satisfactory as instructional devices for slow to average and talented groups.

C. The materials were found compatible for use with other instructional materials: films, filmstrips, and other general teaching methods.

D. The teachers who used the materials found them more applicable than the traditional texts' treatment of the topics. Student interest and teacher receptivity were good.

1. students showed increased development of learning skills of analysis and synthesis.
2. students showed higher conceptual learning.
3. students showed a greater tendency to relate social science concepts to present-day developments.

Recommendations

The four curriculum units will be used as an integral part of the 9th grade course (comprising 80 students) at the Timberlane Regional High School in 1969-70. The units will be used on a pilot basis in the 11th grade U. S. history course at Somersworth High School, Spalding High School and Exeter High School in New Hampshire.

The units will comprise an integral part of the two year American Civilization course at the Masconomet Regional High School beginning 1969-70. The units will also be used on an experimental basis in some of the Boston Public Schools.

Author's Note: It is hoped that the use of these units may be even further expanded through the facilities of the Lincoln Filene Center, which has been responsible for the publication and distribution of these units thus far.

PART IV APPENDIX MATERIALS: CASE STUDIES

A. Studies on Intolerance in American Life

B. Studies on Protest and Dissent in American Life

C. Studies on Idealism in American Life

D. Technology: The Culture of Machine Living

E. Teacher's Guide for Intolerance case study

F. Teacher's Guide for Protest and Dissent case study

G. Teacher's Guide for Idealism case study

H. Teacher's Guide for Technology case study

STUDIES ON INTOLERANCE IN AMERICAN LIFE

Program in American History and Civilization
Division of Secondary Social Studies

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INTOLERANCE IN AMERICAN LIFE: PART I

On July 19th, five women were placed in a cart, chained, and ridden through the streets of Salem to Gallows Hill. The sheriff had not chosen the most convenient spot for the hangings, but he had chosen a conspicuous one. The hangings were to set a moral example for all the people as they watched from far and near.

The cart stuck in the road as it was pulled up the hill. The accusers of the five women claimed the Devil held it back. The five condemned women, among them Rebecca Nourse, looked out at the fog-bound waters for the last time.

Reverend Samuel Parris made one last appeal to have them confess to save themselves. Many victims had confessed. "You know you're guilty," he said.

"You lie," one of them said boldly. "I'm no more a witch than you are a wizard!"

Mr. Parris looked toward Rebecca. She turned her white-haired head away. She would not confess.

Then it was over.

"What a sad thing to see five agents of hell hanging here," the minister said, looking up at the oak tree. The spectators looked up and nodded silently. They also looked into the hardened faces of the children. They all had prayers on their lips.

In the evening, Rebecca Nourse's kin stole back to the hill to get their mother's body from the shallow grave. They buried her in an unmarked grave on the farm. "She is one foot in heaven now," they thought as they prayed.

They would never feel forgiveness for the Reverend Mr. Parris's uncharitable attitude, because he had believed the words of the unwholesome children over the words of their kind mother. And within a short time the townspeople turned against the minister. They dismissed him from their parish.

"You had no pity in your heart," said the Nourse sons. "You could have saved our mother, and you didn't. We don't feel we can save you."

The hysteria had struck Salem Village in the previous fall.

The Orchard Farm, with its spacious, well-kept, Townsend-Bishop house where the Nourse family had lived for the past 20 years, was a quarter of a mile from the Parris house. Francis Nourse and his four sons had cleared meadows and raised barns; these 300 acres were the envy of all. But as the forty-year-old minister rode past the grove which bordered the property, he had decided to exert his authority. "I'll bring this community to heel. Some haven't been attending meeting."

Mr. Parris found Rebecca in the kitchen, dipping candles, while rocking her infant grandson in his cradle. Daughter Sarah was preparing bread dough.

"Good morning, Goody Nourse. How are you here?"

"We're fine. Sit down, sir." She offered him a place on the settle near the fire. He stretched out his hands toward the warmth.

Just then Francis Nourse came in from the fields. They exchanged stiff greetings. Mr. Parris knew, as he would want to know everything, that Francis had gone in the morning to settle a boundary dispute, as he was often called upon to do. One family was suing another.

The minister came to the point of the visit quickly. "The harvest has long been in. Where's my firewood? Am I to show my frost-bitten hands like a beggar? I'm not used to his poverty." In the three years he had been in Salem Village, he had made it known that he had gone to Harvard College and he had given up a good business in Barbados to minister to these farmers.

Rebecca replied, "You're allowed six pound a year to buy your wood, Reverend Parris."

"I regard that as part of my salary. I am paid little enough without spending six on firewood."

"Sixty for salary plus six for firewood," Francis was stubbornly sticking to the contract.

"Goodman Nourse, where could you find such a learned man for sixty pound a year? Why am I persecuted here? I can't offer one suggestion but there's argument. I can't understand you people." Parris's voice rose to a high whine.

Rebecca offered him some mint tea. She tried to explain: "Mr. Parris, you're the first minister ever wanted a deed to the parsonage."

"Don't a minister deserve a house to live in, woman?"

"Yes, but not to own the parsonage. The pasture lands are yours," she replied.

"I need the distinction. And a minister is not to be so lightly crossed!"

From Francis, "Aye! And what does that mean?"

"There's obedience to the church, or you'll burn in hell," Parris threatened.

"I'm sick of hell! Don't speak of hell to me!" Francis shouted.

"Hear this, Mister," he emphasized the mister, "it's not for you to decide what's good for you! Often I've seen Rebecca in meeting, cupping her hand to hear the word of God. But you," he pointed to Francis, "you and your followers don't come. I'm not blind to this faction which you lead."

"Followers?"

"Those who don't care for my authority. The ones who while away their time playing shovelboard at Bridget Bishop's tavern."

The infant had awakened with all the noise.

Rebecca pleaded with Francis: "You don't mean harm. Shake hands and make your peace with Reverend Parris."

"I have work to do," he said. "The timber must be cut, and I have none to spare!" He went out angrily.

"One of these days, Rebecca, I'll publicly excommunicate him." Mr. Parris did not take his arguments lightly.

He went directly home because he had left without assigning chores to his daughter, Betty, and his niece, Abigail.

"Shut up, Betty," Abigail warned her cousin. "Don't you tell. I won't let you."

"But, Abigail, rye meal mixed with urine and then baked in ashes --"

"It was fed to the dog. Nothing happened," interrupted Ann. "You drank blood. That's worse."

"I'll tell! I'm sorry I did it. I'll confess. Oh, Lord help me!" Betty sobbed looking to heaven. "I'm damned forever."

"If you do, I'll put a hot tong down your throat," Abigail warned, glancing at the crackling fireplace in the large kitchen where they sat in a circle on the floor. "Besides, you weren't so sick nor so afraid last Sunday in church when you screamed and stamped your feet when holy words were spoken. And by your own father! My, everyone stared at you!" She seem delighted.

"Sshhh -- Here comes Tituba." The slave in the Parris household entered; she was carrying bunches of goldenrod and sage.

"My hands, my back. This cold. My work is so heavy," she complained. Her dark face, half Carib, half Negro, brightened into a smile as she leaned over to stroke Betty's long flaxen hair -- her favorite Betty, the youngest of the group.

And how are my children today?" She cackled and poked at the fire. She smell of cinnamon and cooking apples spread through the kitchen.

"Tituba, dear Tituba, let's begin playing witchcraft," the girls pleaded. "The afternoon has been so dreary without you. The others aren't coming."

"Them servant girls have no time. I know." Tituba began, "Ann Putnam, what animals can we use?"

"Dogs, cats, and toads!"

"Abigail Williams, what other animal?"

"Birds!" Abigail replied enthusiastically. "Yellow birds, little yellow birds! That can be sucked on!"

"Betty Parris, what others?" Tituba was grinning.

"Flies and spiders," Betty whispered, "which leave a little black mark."

Tituba plucked a long stick from the mantle and drew imaginary voodoo signs on the floor where the girls sat. Reverend Mr. Parris had thrashed Tituba many times for "entertaining" the children and neglecting her chores.

When Mr. Parris entered his kitchen, on returning from the Nourses', he found Betty upright, her eyes fixed in a deathlike stare, her jaws locked, her body stiff. And Abigail was down on all fours barking and running about the furniture. Betty fell into convulsions.

True to her kind nature, Rebecca Nourse was the first to come to offer help when she learned what had happened to the children. She had suggested immediately that the girl would come out of it.

"I've twenty-six grandchildren, and I've seen them through all their silly problems and illnesses. They can run one ragged with their mischief pretending -- always pretending."

"This is not a silly problem. She's been this way for hours." Reverend Mr. Parris never understood the ways of children, although Betty was no child, being nearly fifteen.

"Be calm. Betty will wake when she's hungry."

Betty moaned as if on cue.

"She suffers," Parris said. He begged, "Dear child, don't die."

Another day passed. Rumor had it that strange things were happening in the Parris household. People from the village dropped by to ask about Betty. Rebecca came also to sit and sympathize.

"What does the doctor say?" she asked.

"He can find no physical ailment."

"And he gives no medicine?" someone asked.

"There's no medicine for unnatural causes. I believe the Devil is at work here and has been spreading evil in this village for a long time. And now he's corrupted my own house."

"Don't say that, Uncle!" Abigail cried self-protectively. "Betty's not witched! I swear!"

"What gibberish is this? Do you realize my position, child? Is this all done in sport?" he demanded.

"No, not for sport," Abigail said shaking.

"Then why does Betty suffer? Why? Speak!" He was red with rage.

"Because they torture us when we don't do what they want us to do." She lowered her eyes.

"They? Who are they?"

"The witches who do the Devil's work." Her voice quavered. "Tituba does the Devil's work." Tituba was a logical suspect. Recalling her uncle's argument with Francis Nourse, she pointed to frail Rebecca, slumped in a chair by the bed, leaning on her walking stick.

"And Goody Nourse is one! Goody, Goody, Goody Nourse. She hates me, Uncle. She hates me because I'm tempted by sin, because I'm not as perfect as she pretends to be!" She sobbed.

"Sit down, child," Rebecca said. "Surely you're mistaken. You're upset."

"I swear, Uncle. She's asked me many times to set fire to haystacks and barns of the other village people. These are the things she'd have me do when I go to work on the farm. And when I've refused to do her bidding, her shape chokes me in my sleep the way it does to Betty now!"

Betty sat bolt upright in bed.

Rebecca Nourse was charged with witchcraft, and her examination was set at the end of March, 1692. Further catastrophe had struck the village. The charter for the colony had not been renewed. The Indian uprisings had begun again.

All the townspeople crowded into the meetinghouse early to be sure of their seats. The accusers sat near the front: Abigail Williams, Ann Putnam, Mrs. Putnam, and the minister sat with them.

Judge Hathorne conducted the examination. He turned toward Abigail. He asked, "Have you seen this woman hurt you?"

"Yes, she beat me this morning," said Abigail. Ann Putnam cried out, "She hurts me."

"Rebecca," Judge Hathorne said, "everyone here prays that you're innocent.

But there are many who complain that they have been seized with fits when you come into the house."

"No, I never hurt no child. Never in my life. I have been unable to get out of doors for several days."

Then Mrs. Putnam cried out in the meetinghouse, "Didn't you bring the Blackman with you? Hadn't your Spirit fell on my seven infant children and tortured them to death?"

"Oh, Lord help me!" said Rebecca. And she spread out her hands to heaven. The children fell in a fit. Then Rebecca, weary from the questions, held her head to one side. Ann did the same as if her neck were broken. Whatever moves Rebecca made, the children made also.

She wanted to cry out that they were not pleased with her husband's boundary settlements, but she did not.

"Don't you see what happens when your hands are loose? And you sit there with dry eyes and these are wet. Confess. Are you familiar with the spirits?"

Judge Hathorne changed his approach with Rebecca. "Do you think the children suffer voluntarily or involuntarily?"

"I can't tell," she answered.

"That's strange. Everyone else can. If you think they suffer by design, on purpose, then you accuse the children of being murderers."

"I can't tell what to think. I don't think they suffer by their own hands."

Rebecca should have said, as one other accused had said, that they do injury to themselves. They prick and scratch themselves deliberately. It is all a performance.

The children were seized with fits of torture. They groaned and doubled over. She wanted to say to the judge, "How is it you don't fall down in a fit when I look at you?" Her gentleness prevented her.

"Do you believe these persons are bewitched?" the judge continued.

"I believe they are," she nodded. She held her head on one side while more statements accusing her were read into the testimony. One statement came from Reverend Mr. Parris.

"Now, what do you think of these who accuse you?" Judge Hathorne asked.

"Would you have me betray myself? Testify against myself?" Then Rebecca conceded wearily, "I don't know. I can't help it. It is possible. The Devil may appear in my shape." But she dismissed the thought as too clever.

And she wondered why the Devil had become a reformer and was exposing his witches to the judges.

Toward noon, the judge ordered her led away, for the meetinghouse was going to be used in the afternoon.

A few days before execution, Rebecca, unable to walk, was carried in a chair to the meetinghouse. The sentence was read before everyone. Rebecca alone heard nothing. Silent men carried her back to prison.

INTOLERANCE IN AMERICAN LIFE: PART II

December whirled stinging snow against the brick walls and up the bare girders. Joe Sandino, the foreman, swung his arms about and urged the workmen on.

Old Nick stood up from behind the brick pile and wrung out his walrus moustache with his hand. "Master Joe, the devil himself could not break his tail any harder than we here." He opened the chute door of the concrete hopper.

A great din of hammering shattered the air. "Yes, the day is cold," Joe thought, "but who am I to complain when Christ was born? Ah, the holiday will be here soon, and I'll put this job out of my mind. I keep thinking the underpinnings should be doubled; but the boss keeps the inspector drunk."

From eight floors below, the boss called, "Hey, Joe! Is your gang of dagos dead?"

Joe cautioned the men: "On your toes, boys. If he writes out slips, someone won't have eel on the Christmas table."

The scaffoldmen worked on.

The boss bore down on Joe: "Listen, you, get the men to stop draggin' their tails. There're plenty of barefoot men in the streets who'll jump for a day's pay!"

"Yes," Joe said.

The day, like all days, ended. The bruised bodies sighed and the numb legs shuffled toward the dumbbell tenements along the East River shipyards.

Joe and Old Nick lived with their families at #36 Acorn Street, one of the better barrack buildings. The two-room apartments had no plumbing, but new privies, which were flushed by the river, had been installed in the basement.

"How's Maria?" Old Nick sniffled.

"Perfecto. The little chick is due within the month. And then we move to a newly finished three-room flat," Joe answered proudly.

"That's good, Joe. You're growing. You'll get ahead. Not like the rest of us." Old Nick pulled up his nose. "Is Raphael bringing the 'labor man' to the Club to speak to us?"

"Yes."

It had stopped snowing. They turned onto the open square leading to the neighborhood. A group had formed about a police car.

"What's going on?" Joe asked.

"They expect a Communist party parade -- or something like it," someone volunteered. "They don't want no more troubles."

They watched the policeman mount a Winchester riot gun on the top of the car.

Joe felt his numb legs twitch under his weight. In November, his friend, Akim, had been seized by the police at a Russian Workers meeting; the outcome had been uncertain. Temporarily the joyous scenes of the holiday were shut out as Joe recalled the news events of the last months which he had read aloud to Maria.

A. Mitchell Palmer, the Attorney General of the United States, was awakened by the sound of sirens. The front of his Washington house was on fire. A bomb had exploded near his door; the limbs of a man blown to pieces were found outside. The newspapers identified the bomb-thrower as an Italian worker from Philadelphia.

There was a long bomb honor list: besides the Attorney General, bombs were addressed to the Commissioner of Immigration on Ellis Island; the chairman of the Senate Bolshevik Investigating Committee; the Secretary of Labor; John D. Rockefeller; J. P. Morgan; and others.

Some on the honor list had not been as lucky as Palmer in escaping injury, even though the Postmaster General had alerted his men to be on the lookout for packages in a brown wrapping about seven inches long and three inches wide, carrying a Gimbel Brothers return address and marked "Novelty -- a Sample". Some of the bombs, made of a wooden tube filled with an acid detonator and explosive, were mailed and had gone off in the hands of the receivers. Others had been set aside in the post office for insufficient postage.

The Attorney General and the director of the newly formed Intelligence Division, J. Edgar Hoover, planned to put an end to this bomb scare.

New Year's Day, 1920, was filled with happiness and prosperity for Joe. In the evening of the next day, he passed out cigars to the members of the Club.

"It's a boy!" Each nodded as he lit up. The speech was over. Everyone commented on the fine ideas of the labor man, and the ideas were explained to those who could not understand English well.

"Unite, yes. Join together for better working conditions," Old Nick was pleased. "A man's pay for a man's work, and no boss on your tail."

Suddenly, the conversation was interrupted by the crash of broken glass. A man who had crawled onto the ledge of the shed roof hurled himself onto the floor, a pistol in his hand. Another coming through the door and drawing a pistol nearly tripped himself.

"We're Federal agents. We've had an eye on the place, and you're all under arrest! Hand over your weapons!"

"Weapons? We have no weapons," Joe replied, unbelieving.

"Then line up facing against this wall; hands over your head," a plainclothesman barked, while he searched the men's pockets for membership cards. Joe noticed that he had one blue eye and one brown eye.

"Cards?" Old Nick moved too slowly.

"Look, beetle brow, no stupid questions. Communist membership cards." The agent struck out. Old Nick had a gash on his forehead. The blood oozed and trickled down over his moustache.

The men watched quietly as one plainclothesman ransacked the closet of the Club room and found only broken crockery and odds and ends of pickling utensils.

"Where are your books and records?" he asked.

"There are none. We're just a social Club. We just work together." Joe became the spokesman for them all.

"You pay rent on this joint, don't you?"

"We share expenses. A warehouse shed isn't much."

The man was satisfied. Next he took down from a shelf a few old almanacs. From the wall he took down an old World War I poster, "Join Now," with a picture of General Pershing. These he packaged and marked. He then tapped all the partition walls; each resounded solidly.

The actions of the man made young Raphael very nervous. From the street a car backfired; he made a feeble attempt to make a run for it. He was shaking from fear as he shook his head back and forth, "I'm no Communist; I'm no Communist."

"The Attorney General says you are! Anyway, you're an alien, aren't you" You're a radical. I've seen this man before." He was pointing to the labor man speaker. "He's a member of the International Workers of the World. That means he's a Red. A radical! He's been in jail for demonstrating against the war. He prefers the Russian revolution."

Young Raphael insisted, "No radical; no radical."

The agent searched the labor man who complained, "Leave me alone. You don't even have a search warrant." The agent did not bother to reply that he dind't need one. He had found the evidence he was looking for. "Ah, these are seditious pamphlets written against America."

Joe asked why the rest of them were being arrested because the labor man had pamphlets on him.

"Suspicious characters." He ordered the aliens down the stairs.

There had been more than 400 arrests in New York that same evening. Joe, Old Nick, and the others were taken to the police station and held there for three days. Joe was frantic with worry about Maria, who had not known what happened to him. In jail, he heard that while Maria was safe, the Federal agents had broken into homes looking for literature, terrorizing families in the neighborhood, leaving children alone while mothers were interrogated. During these days, no one was given a hearing nor asked any questions.

After three days, Joe, Old Nick, and the others were chained together and taken from the jail. Three days' beard the dirty appearances prompted the sidewalk spectators to cry: "Anarchists! Murderers! Bomb throwers!" Newsmen photographed them. And later, at the wharf on the way to Ellis Island, they were again taunted, "Anarchists! Murderers!"

Many remembered the days spent at Ellis Island, not so long before being processed, deloused, and registered from entry to America!

No adequate preparation had been made for the numbers being kept there. Steam pipes had been disconnected; the weather turned bitter cold.

Soon after, Raphael's leg became infected. He asked the guards to let him have a doctor. They took him into the cellar of the jail where there were a cement floor and an iron door. Unlike the rooms above, the floor of this room was hot, at times so hot that he was forced to remove his clothing except his underwear. There was no sanitary facility except for an iron pail. Raphael stayed here, as an object lesson, for 24 hours. He had one glass of water and one slice of bread. He became unconscious from the pain in his leg.

Then Joe received the bad news. "Raphael smashed his brains on the pavement -- five stories down," Old Nick said. "He was afraid, after the punishment, they'd send him back with the others."

Old Nick and Joe had a hearing before the Labor Department officials. Since they were both naturalized citizens and not aliens, they had never feared deportation. But March winds whistled against the brick walls on the Ellis Island buildings before they were released. Finally, an interested attorney, working on behalf of immigrant organizations, got a reduction of their excessive bail from $10,000 to $1,000 and saw to the putting up of bail. At the time of his arrest, Joe was earning an average of $30.00 per week, including bonus and overtime.

Old Nick and Joe found the girders and bricks walls almost as they had left them. There had been a bad cave-in on one of the sections. Old Nick noticed the unfamiliar scaffoldmen. His walrus moustache had turned a bit gray.

"Hey," Joe yelled up. "Padrone McClure! You want we should begin work?"

"No! Get lost, you Red! We don't want the likes of you around!"

INTOLERANCE IN AMERICAN LIFE: PART III

A short, mild-looking man with a scraggly, sandy moustache settled down to the microphones at a T-shaped table in the Caucus Room of the Senate Office Building. He was Owen Lattimore, who had just returned by plane to Washington from a special United Nations mission in Afghanistan. He adjusted his papers in front of him and then fixed a cold eye on his accuser, a heavy-set man who avoided Lattimore's stare.

His accuser, Senator Joseph McCarthy, sat opposite him a little behind the chairman of the investigating committee. Senator McCarthy claimed that Owen Lattimore was the top Russian espionage agent in the United States. The Senator had also claimed that his entire case against Communist infiltration of the State Department rested on proving Owen Lattimore a spy.

Mr. Lattimore was sworn in and was allowed to read his statement: "McCarthy's charges are untrue; they are base and contemptible lies. I have spent my life in the study of Far East problems. The Senator seems to feel that everyone is disloyal whose opinions don't agree with those of himself with respect to total commitment of the United States to the Nationalist Government of China.

"When Senator McCarthy first made his sensational charges, in which he said there are 57 Communists in the State Department and 205 bad security risks, he apparently didn't have me in mind. The top espionage agent was rather a late thought. I was quickly demoted from the position of big fish to small fry."

While he read his statement, the only interruption was the flare of newsreel lights and the flash of press cameras. Mr. Lattimore then dealt with each of the charges. "I am not an employee of the State Department. Mr. McCarthy's charge that I was a Russian spy was based on a trip that I made to Alaska carrying, he said, two cameras.

"I went to Alaska as a representative of Johns Hopkins University to attend a meeting of the Arctic Research Laboratory, whose work is unclassified. I carried one camera and took pictures of Eskimo children and dog sleds." He handed over the Kodachrome slides.

The spectators laughed.

Mr. Lattimore submitted written evidence to prove that he was not responsible for student uprisings in China, and that whomever he wrote to in Asia was someone who could supply him with information he needed. He submitted proof that the Communists didn't like the books he had written about China and that the State Department had rarely asked for or followed his advice.

After four hours, he sat back in his chair exhausted. The spectators applauded, but the accuser had left the room long before the end of the statement and didn't return after the recess.

Senator Hickenlooper, a Republican who agreed with Senator McCarthy and who wanted to continue the hearings, slowly developed a new line of questioning.

"Do you believe the Chinese Communist leaders are Moscow-trained?"

"The success of Communism in China was not due to the skill of Communists, but due to the mistakes of those who held power previously," Lattimore replied.

Hickenlooper plodded ahead with his gumshoe-and-magnifying-glass inquiry:

"You believe that the United States should get out of Formosa." He knew Russian propaganda was aimed in this direction.

"Yes, there is danger that we may damage our position in more important countries of Asia by trying to support Chiang Kai-shek and to hold onto Formosa." Lattimore claimed the United States had supported the Chinese nation, not one party or man.

After a couple of hours, the steam had gone out of Senator Hickenlooper, but he pursued the questions.

"How much of your life was spent under local American conditions; let us say, up to the age of 21?"

Somewhat astounded, Mr. Lattimore answered, "I was born in Washington and taken to China as a baby less than a year old. I didn't return to America until I was 28."

Hickenlooper's implication was obvious. "In your writings concerning the Chinese, has your thought been what is best for the Chinese people or best for the United States, if you can distinguish between the two?"

"Many people who've lived for a long time in some country tend to assume they have the right to tell them [the people in that country] what is good, but I haven't done that." Mr. Lattimore didn't regard himself as disloyal to American aims.

"Perhaps a defect in your writing has been what you didn't say. I'm wondering --"

"Guilty by what I left out," Lattimore volunteered.

There was laughter again.

The klieg lights went off. Mr. Lattimore's face was sun-tanned. His wife and son came up to him, smiling. The press took pictures. Their lawyer, Mr. Abe Fortas, felt that the first hearing was a victory for them.

Before the recess, Senator McCarthy returned to his office to plan strategy with his 13 staff members. He was not discouraged at all by the outcome of the first round. The pollsters claimed his influence was increasing. His crusade had made many people scout out Communism to such an extent that someone had banned selling penny candy with Russian geography lessons attached to the wrappers.

Senator McCarthy possessed a sure instinct for the dramatic and planned to charge Mr. Lattimore with being "a Soviet agent and the architect of Far East policy." From his foxhold of immunity (as a member of Congress acting officially, he could not be sued), he could beat the bushes for more charges and hope the proof would turn up sometime.

Before Mr. Lattimore arrived from Afghanistan, Mrs. Lattimore had arranged to move from Baltimore to a relative's apartment in Washington. She quickly packed all the things they would need: files, books, magazines, and newspaper articles. She left them with the lawyer. She asked friends to read the books and copy out passages illustrating her husband's loyalty. She spent time finding people who knew her husband and could testify for him. News commentators called her and volunteered help, for they reported on the good American principle that a man was innocent until proven guilty. Their son stopped school to be with his parents and act as message carrier. All normal family routine ended.

Mrs. Lattimore did some necessary homework, too. She learned that her husband's accuser had been charged with income-tax evasion, in his capacity as lawyer, had been granting two-day divorces to accommodate people who had helped his campaign, and the year before had helped to save from execution SS men convicted of killing 350 unarmed American prisoners of war and 100 Belgian civilians. But this information was not used by the Lattimores against McCarthy. Some questions also had been raised concerning his record while in the service.

Perhaps the most difficult question to answer was whether there was anything out of the ordinary in her husband's past. She knew there was nothing.

The ordeal for the Lattimore family continued. Only occasionally was Mr. Lattimore gratified that a cabman or elevator operator recognized him and said, "I saw you in the newsreel. Keep up the nice job." The time consumed in disproving one small lie was a loss never to be regained. For example, the Lattimores had helped two Mongolian princes to escape from Communist Mongolia. One was a "Living Buddha" of the Buddhist church. The princes were accused by McCarthy of being spies when in truth the Russian government ad a price on their heads and they could never return to Mongolia.

For another example, Mr. Lattimore had attended a Writers Conference in Los Angeles years before the hearings. He had never heard of the conference before he was invited to attend, but he went he said, "out of a sense of duty." Years after he had attended the conference, it was listed by the Attorney General as a subversive organization; and Senator McCarthy insinuated that Mr. Lattimore's connection with it was subversive. It took a lot of time and money to straighten out the details. When the record finally was straightened out, the fact was not mentioned anywhere to show that Mr. Lattimore had proved the charge false. It wasn't important enough to be news. The truth was dull in comparison with the sensational accusation.

His own hometown paper, the Baltimore Sun, had a split personality. From day to day, its attitudes differed: first there would be a cartoon of McCarthy, then one of Lattimore. The Sun was typical of many newspapers, which failed to take a stand on the issues involved.

Then the Lattimores met the next crisis in their struggle for personal freedom. Their lawyer said: "Senator McCarthy intends to call upon several ex-Communists to testify against you. I must warn you that you face danger.

You can expose yourself by meeting these testimonies head on or by making a prepared statement. But I won't advise you one way or the other."

Louis Budenz, a professor at Fordham University, was an ex-Communist who testified at the April hearing. He had turned a sordid career into a financial success by writing and lecturing about his former life.

As Owen Lattimore and his wife took front-row seats in the hearing room, they noticed the aisles along the marble walls filled with spectators. Among the familiar faces were the anxious, pale faces of his family.

Senator McCarthy came in and sat down behind the committee table. He glowered at the flashbulbs, stuffed his hands in his pockets, and slumped in his chair.

"Owen Lattimore was a member of a Communist cell," Professor Budenz testified in a casual tone, glancing to right and left.

The three wire-service men jumped up and pushed their way to the door. A hum of excitement swept the crowded room.

"There was a conspiracy," Budenz continued, "designed to influence United States policy toward China. Mr. Lattimore was part of that conspiracy. Mr. Lattimore was to direct Communist writers to put over stories about the Chinese Communists."

"Have you met Mr. Lattimore?" the chairman asked.

"I don't know him. I have never met him," Budenz stated. "But I was advised to consider him a Communist when I was editor of the Daily Worker.

My Politburo instructions were issued on onionskin documents so secret that I was instructed not to burn them, but to tear them in small pieces and destroy them through the toilet. I was told XL was Mr. Lattimore."

"Do you know that Lattimore was a Communist?" the chairman asked.

Budenz replied, "Outside of what I was officially told by Communist leaders, I don't know."

"And what about Senator McCarthy's charge that Lattimore was 'the top Russian agent'?" the chairman asked.

"To my knowledge, that statement is not technically accurate," Budenz said.

"How do you account for Communist criticism of Lattimore's books?"

"It is policy not to praise them. In this way, he is shielded. Anything anti-Communist ought to be taken as proof of his being in fact a Communist."

Louis Budenz's testimony was based entirely on hearsay. It was undocumented, and with each question asked, he struck out on a new tack.

While Budenz testified, Senator McCarthy grinned, Mr. Lattimore scribbled notes where the testimony was incorrect. The witness had placed Lattimore in the wrong places at the wrong times.

Mr. Fortas fought to put defense witnesses on the stand, because the committeemen wanted to recess at this point. The press would have a field day. Lattimore was allowed his defense. At the end of the hearing, Owen Lattimore had not been proved a Communist, but he had not succeeded in proving he wasn't one.

Senator Joseph McCarthy, although silent within the hearings, rushed on to accuse Mr. Lattimore outside the hearing room. The Senator accused Mr. Lattimore of attempting to bribe witnesses or to have them commit perjury. Each new accusation meant another appearance before the loyalty committee. The battle, using ex-Communists, Senator McCarthy lost.

The Lattimore case just lost its sensationalism; it petered out. Owen Lattimore was fortunate that the slander against him didn't cause him to lose his teaching position. Nor did he lose his friends or the love of his family. The friends who pulled him through were his own kind of people, and he was glad that he worked in an academic community. Lattimore claimed: "If you yourself are ever smeared, don't count too much on your important friends. The more important a man is, the more he may be afraid of a smear. Friends may be frightened of being implicated, even though they believe you're innocent."

With the air so dense with suspicion and distrust for one another, his greatest fear was harming his old and trusted friends, especially those who worked for the government.

The family's lives, however, were in a mess. One month had been taken out of Lattimore's life. His lectures were cancelled; his writing assignments were dropped. Many colleges receiving state aid cancelled orders for his books.

Strange as it sounded, he had no pull with important people. His defense was the product of his inner strength. He was forced to drop work to defend himself, move his household, pay for lawyers, pay for cablegrams, telephone calls, transcripts, and travel for witnesses. His savings were gone.

Contrary to his promise, Senator McCarthy did not rest his other cases of Communist infiltration on the outcome of the Lattimore case. Indeed, he became bolder and more reckless. He called President Truman a traitor for not giving immediate aid to Korea. He called others in government traitors. And he was encouraged by Republican senators "to keep talking, and if one case doesn't work out, proceed with another."

Case after case of suspicion unfolded. By July, 1950, McCarthyism was synonymous with character assassination.

Soon everyone realized that indirectly millions of Americans had been affected by the investigations, especially employees of the government and of government contractors. Men had been called upon to vouch for the patriotism of their friends, and teachers were asked to sign loyalty oaths. Eventually, the hearings raised the larger issue of loyalty in a democracy.

Many witnesses who were called before McCarthy's subcommittee refused to answer questions about their Communist associations. They claimed the protection of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution.

Some of the witnesses used the Fifth Amendment to protest the methods pursued by the investigator; others to protect themselves or their friends from prosecution, even though they felt they could prove their innocence. But in the eyes of many Americans, those who refused to answer the questions were "Fifth-Amendment Communists." Because they were silent, they were assumed to be guilty. The force of public opinion was against those who refused to answer.

In many states, a public employee would lose his job if he refused to testify.

The question was whether to testify or to remain silent. Some people felt that the cause of *freedom* is *best served* not by silence but by free speech. The difficulty with the idea of testifying freely was that it would require former Communists to answer questions about their friends, since they would already have waived the Fifth Amendment for themselves and "come clean."

For those who attached immediate guilt to the use of the Fifth Amendment, there was no *protection*, since the witness had the choice between a *verbal confession* and a *silent confession.* Generally, Congressional committees used witnesses as a means of getting information about other people and usually asked witnesses to supply them with names and addresses, which made the witness an "informer."

Finally Senator McCarthy was stopped. He attacked the Executive branch of government by attacking Army personnel. The Army-McCarthy hearings (as they were known) between April and June, 1954, became a TV spectacular.

At the beginning of the hearings, Senator McCarthy attacked a brigadier general for not giving certain information which his committee wanted: "You're shielding Communist conspirators. You're not fit to be an officer." The General had been under Executive Order not to give out the information McCarthy wanted. The insult to President Eisenhower was too much. As Commander-in-Chief, the President and the administration slowly moved against the Senator from Wisconsin.

The tables were turned. The Army charged that Senator McCarthy and Roy Cohn, a staff member of his subcommittee, had tried to get preferential or special treatment in the Army for a draftee, Private David Schine, a friend of McCarthy's. Senator McCarthy replied that the Army was trying to blackmail him into dropping an investigation into Communism at Fort Monmouth. He tried various stunts and interrupted the hearings with constant "points of order," for he was an expert parliamentarian. McCarthy proved little; nobody proved anything, in a legal sense, but the public had its first chance to watch the Senator in action. "The little people everywhere loved the performance," for McCarthy could smile and be charming.

In the Army's attorney, Mr. Joseph Welch, Senator McCarthy had found a skillful and witty opponent. During one hearing toward the end of the investigation, Mr. Welch cross-examined Roy Cohn on subversion at Fort Monmouth. McCarthy was obviously angered by Mr. Welch's success in making the issue of Communist spy infiltration a mockery.

In retaliation, Senator McCarthy accused Mr. Welch of protecting a Communist in his law firm: "I assume you did not know he, Fred Fisher, was a member of a Communist organization, because I get the impression that, while you are quite an actor, you play for a laugh, you have no conception of the danger of the Communist Party."

Mr. Welch's face was white. "Until this moment," he replied, "I think I never really gauged your cruelty or your recklessness." Mr. Welch explained the circumstances of the young man's coming to work in the law office, saying that he asked him not to work on the Army case because he had belonged to the Lawyers Guild while in law school.

"So I asked him to go back to Boston. It is true that he is still with my firm. It is true that I fear he will always bear a scar needlessly inflicted by you. If it were in my power to forgive you for your reckless cruelty, I would do so. I like to think I'm a gentle man, but your forgiveness will have to come from someone other than me."

The Senate Caucus Room was hushed. Mr. McCarthy said Welch had no right so speak of cruelty, because he had been baiting Mr. Cohn for hours.

Mr. Welch turned to Mr. Cohn and asked, "I did you no personal injury?" "No," was the reply.

Mr. Welch then turned to Senator McCarthy: "Let's not assassinate this lad, Fred Fisher, further. Have you no sense of decency left? I will not discuss this further with you. Mr. Chairman, you may call the next witness."

There was applause for Mr. Welch. Even the press photographers applauded rather than taking pictures.

Joseph McCarthy did not understand what he had done wrong. Joseph McCarthy would never know what he had done wrong, but the TV viewers knew.

STUDIES ON PROTEST AND DISSENT IN AMERICAN LIFE

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PROTEST AND DISSENT IN AMERICAN LIFE: PART I

A young and good-looking horseman approached the village of Great Barrington. He wore the buff-and-blue uniform of a captain in the Continental army. He had no baggage, but his steel sword was strapped to the saddle.

Perez Hamlin, after nine years away, was slowly riding homeward. He asked the first man he met where the tavern was. The man pointed.

"That looks more like a jail."

"Well, it is. The jail's in the ell of the tavern," said the passer-by.

Perez Hamlin rode up to the tavern, dismounted, went inside, and ordered a plate of pork and beans from the landlord.

"I saw many red flags on farmhouses as I was coming up this morning," Perez said. "You haven't got the smallpox in the county again, have you?"

"Them are sheriff's sales," said the landlord, laughing. "You'll get used to the red flag if you stay in these parts long. You ain't so far from wrong, though. I guess most folks as soon have smallpox in the house as the sheriff."

"Times are pretty hard hereabouts?" Perez asked.

"About as hard as they can be. It's worse in this here county, cause there's been no court for six or eight years, till lately, and no debts were collected. So they've kind of piled up. Only the parsons, lawyers, and doctors ain't been sued; everyone else has. Business is lively for the sheriffs; they ride in carriages these days."

"Is the jail pretty full now?" Perez asked.

"Chock full," the landlord replied. "How I'll make room for the fellers the court'll send next week, I don't know."

"Do you expect a good many more next week?"

"Gosh, yes. The Court of Common Pleas never had so much business as this time. I calculate there's 700 cases to try."

"The devil!" exclaimed Perez. "What have they all done?"

"Oh, they ain't done nothing," replied the landlord; "they're nothing but debtors. There ain't no good locking them up. We never get rid of them. They have to stay till they pay up, and they can't pay as long as they stay. So we carry them out feet first."

"Why don't they pay up before they get in?"

The landlord stared at him. "Where are you from, anyway?"

"I'm from New York, last."

"I thought you couldn't be from around here. It doesn't matter how much property a feller has. It brings nothing for sale. The creditor buys it for almost nothing, and the farmer goes to jail for the balance. A man who's got a silver sixpence can buy a farm. Folks say there ought to be a law making property a tender for debts in place of money. The debts could be paid off by selling the property at a fair value. But that's none of my business."

Perez finished his meal and asked to settle his account. From his pocket, he took out a roll of $5000 in Continental bills.

"Haven't you got Massachusetts bills? Those Continental bills aren't worth houseroom. If I'd have known, I wouldn't have given you anything to eat."

"Well, the government thought it good enough for soldiers' pay for their blood. If you don't take these, I can't pay you at all." Perez said.

"Let's call it a thousand for meal and drink. Haven't you got any cleaner than these? " the landlord asked.

Perez handed him another lot. "What difference does it make? "

"If they're clean, I can keep notes on the backs of them, and my wife can use them to write to her folks in Springfield."

Perez walked toward the door. He looked out at the ell of the building and asked, "Do you have any debtors from Stockbridge? "

"Why, yes. I have a prisoner who won't hold out too much longer, George Fennell."

"George Fennell! George Fennell isn't in this jail!" Perez was astonished. "He's my friend! I'd like to see him. Can I? "

The landlord hesitated. "Well, there could be no harm." Perez was let into the jail corridor. The smell of the jail was like a pig sty. The muggy

August day was oppressive outside--twice as much in the jail.

"There's another feller in here from Stockbridge." The landlord opened the door to a small 7-by-7-foot cell. Perez stepped into the cell. It was littered with straw, and the mold feeding on the moisture gave off a sickening odor. One man kneeling on the floor stared at Perez. Perez realized quickly that this man was not George, since he appeared very tall; George was short. He leaned over to speak to the other prisoner lying on the floor. But before he could rouse George, the tall prisoner clutched his arm and cried, "Perez, don't you know me?"

Perez looked at the filthy face and mat of hair and shaggy beard. He looked into his brother's eyes!

"God in Heaven!" Perez almost instinctively shrank from his brother's grasp. "Reuben, how long--?" His voice broke.

"I suppose I'm kind of thin and changed, so you didn't recognize me." Reuben smiled shyly, as was his nature. "I've been here a year. But I could get rugged again with a little nursing. Perhaps you've come to take me home?" Reuben asked expectantly, with a gleam of hope in his face. "Perez? Ha, Perez?"

"Reub, I didn't know you were here! I was going home. You know I haven't been home since the war. I just heard George was here."

"Where have you been all this time, Perez?"

"I had no money," answered Perez. "I've been wandering about. Who put you here?"

"Squire Woodbridge. I got in debt for seed and stock, and hard times came. I couldn't pay, so Woodbridge sued. I owe twenty-two pounds; nine pound for debt and the rest justices' and sheriffs' fees."

He pointed to the cell wall where he had calculated, in charcoal, the interest on the debt each day.

"I guess they'll have to cut out my heart pretty soon," Reuben stated matter-of-fact-like.

George Fennell then asked Perez if he could lift him from his deathbed in order to get a last look out through the small, barred window of the cell. Before he could do this, the landlord interrupted.

"Time's up," he said.

"You're not going to leave us now?" cried Reuben.

Perez asked to stay longer. "Sorry, you've been here ten minutes already. And no one's tending to the tavern."

"Cheer up, Reub." Perez could not meet his brother's eyes. "I'll get you out. I'll come for you," he whispered.

The door was shut and barred.

Captain Perez Hamlin rode his mount slowly toward Stockbridge, not noticing the late summer scenery.

A crowd had gathered on the green at Stockbridge. They were trying to decide who among them would be the one to ask the gentry sitting on the store piazza about the convention recently held in Lenox. The convention had been held to recommend important immediate changes in the Massachusetts constitution. Finally Ezra Phelps squared his shoulders and strode across the street. He took off his cap and timidly said, "Please, we'd like to know about the convention."

Squire Woodbridge scowled. "Tell your friends that the convention very wisely did nothing at all."

"Nothing?" Ezra felt a little courage. Despite his bulky frame and brute strength, he never questioned the squire.

"Nothing!" The squire softened a bit. "Except to punish all disorderly persons. And tell your friends to leave matters of government to their betters, or they'll find themselves with lash welts on their backs and set in the stocks."

Ezra was dazed when he confronted the crowd again.

"Nothing? Nothing about taxes?"

"Nothing about sheriff's fees?"

"Nothing about jailing?" they exclaimed.

"We were fools to have elected a General Court to do something for us. The people won't get right until they take hold and right themselves. I've been obliged to pay my debts, yet nobody pays me what is owed," one man said.

"If government ain't our business, why'd they teach us how to fight?" Ezra remarked.

Their representatives had let the people down. They felt their grievances would never be heard.

When Perez Hamlin rode through the Stockbridge green, the sun was down. The crowd had dispersed.

Word had spread that Perez had come home, but his homecoming was joyless. Mrs. Hamlin sensed Reuben's impending death, despite her other son's assurances that he would live, and the Hamlin farm was soon to be foreclosed. Perez paced the floors with clenched fists. With Ezra Phelps, who had no family among the villagers, he planned for Reuben's escape and the family's removal to the New York frontier.

Their private plans were soon changed, however. A few evenings later, Ezra appeared at the farmhouse door.

"Perez, come out here." Perez stepped into the dark.

"That was a nice plan you had to capture the squire as a hostage. But we ain't going to try it. Anyway,not alone." Ezra pulled at Perez and whispered, "The whole county of Berkshire's going to help us!"

"What do you mean? Are you drunk, Ezra?" Perez spoke soothingly.

"I know what I'm talking about! A feller just got in from Northampton and said the people in Hampshire county stopped the courts. Fifteen hundred men with Captain Daniel Shays leading them! They stopped the judges. Anyway, they told the judges not to hold any more courts until the law was changed. So the judges adjourned. With so many fellers with guns, the judges thought this good advice."

"That means rebellion, Ezra."

"That's what it means, and it means God ain't dead yet."

Perez reflected on his own problem. "But what about Reub?"

"Don't you understand? Don't you think the Berkshire folks have as much spunk as the Hampshire fellers? You should be down at the tavern! You can call me a liar if there ain't more than a thousand men at Great Barrington to stop the court next Tuesday. And that jail's coming open or coming down!"

Ezra had reported the facts more or less correctly. Chief Justice Artemis Ward, a former General of the Army, had confronted a group of insurgents (as the rebellious crowds were called). He had been compelled to hold court in the tavern, but he adjourned it after three days. He made no judgments on debts.

But Ezra had exaggerated the number in Shays's force--there were 700 men. They were armed mostly with clubs and they faced a cannon mounted on the courthouse steps by the militia guard. From this time on, Shays insisted that each of his men wear a sprig of evergreen in his cap as his identification with the farmer's cause.

Ezra correctly anticipated the temper of the Berkshire folks.

Captain Perez Hamlin, who had assumed the leadership of the Stockbridge group, estimated the crowd which gathered at Great Barrington at eight hundred, including women and children. Unlike Northampton, there were no militia at Great Barrington when Perez's group arrived there.

"There'll be no fighting today," he said. "Let off your muskets so there'll be no accidents."

By midday, the justices and the sheriff came toward the crowd gathered near the courthouse. They were dressed in fine black suits and silk hose, with silver buckles on their shoes.

"Make way for the Honorable Justices of the Court of Common Pleas!" cried the sheriff.

All was silent for a moment. Someone snickered from the far corner of the crowd. And then hoots and catcalls burst from the throats of the crowd. The awesomeness of the distinguished justices was gone; the crowd was no longer tongue-tied in the presence of their honorable betters.

A rotten egg broke on the sheriff's coat. An apple knocked a justice's hat off. The justice did not dare to pick it up. Justices and sheriff retreated.

Perez was on his way to the jail when he heard, "They're stoning the justices."

With his men, he rescued the justices and secured them safely in the tavern. But his authority was questioned by the Barrington people. "Stand back. You've stopped the court. What more do you want?"

"What's to prevent them from holding court tomorrow as soon as we've gone? We want no more courts held until the laws are changed." This was the common sentiment.

"Leave it to me. I'll get you what you want," Perez replied. He went into the tavern where the justices were safely gathered. The faces of the crowd pressed against the windowpanes.

"Your honors," said Perez, "the people will not be satisfied unless you give a written promise to hold no more courts."

"Why do you speak for this rabble? You're a disgrace to that uniform! Do you know this is high treason?" exclaimed one justice.

"It wouldn't be the first time I've been guilty of that on behalf of my oppressed countrymen! The people are restless. If you can make better terms, you're welcome to try. They're about to come in."

Indeed they had overpowered the guard at the door. They had helped themselves to drink.

"Where's the paper? Ain't they signed yet?"

"It's all right, men; here's the paper," Perez said. Reluctantly, they had signed.

"We promise not to act under our commissions until the grievances--"

painfully they deciphered each syllable.

"What's grievances?" demanded one in the crowd.

"That's taxes and debts--of which the people complain." The statement was read again.

"What's redressed?"

"That's the same as abolished."

With this job finished, the crowd broke into the jail to free the debtors. The sick prisoners were placed in carts. Reuben was carried home, soon to die.

As they started back to Stockbridge, someone said, "It's a good day's work, Captain Hamlin, the best I've ever had a hand in, even if I get hanged for it."

Ezra was pleased, too. "Now as soon as the government hears what we did, they'll print a wagonload of bills and get them to us, so we can pay our debts."

In the eyes of the former revolutionary, Sam Adams, now a distinguished member of the Massachusetts Senate, the farmers were being irresponsible. While Ezra offered his solution to the problem, the Honorable Sam Adams suggested the passage of a Riot Act and with it suspension of habeas corpus so that men could be arrested and put in jail without bail or a court hearing.

The House of Representatives in the legislature was not ready to accept his recommendation, since many members recognized the existence of justified grievances which had caused the disorders. In addition, they had to proceed cautiously. Each new consideration of the legislature produced active retaliation by the insurgents.

Governor Bowdoin was aware of this when he intercepted a circular letter allegedly signed by Daniel Shays. It said: "All those of us who stopped the court will be immediately punished. Assemble your men, armed and equipped with sixty rounds."

Another letter followed: "Our captive men taken to Boston have been tortured. Our cause is your cause. Don't give yourself a rest and let us die here. Your petitioners in the counties who have petitioned the legislature are not wicked men. And they are not a few."

The House soon passed the Riot Act. After the sermon on Thanksgiving Day, the people of Stockbridge had to listen to the new Act as part of the Governor's proclamation:

> All those involved in the late uprisings against the courts will be pardoned if they take the oath of allegiance to the state before January first. If you do not do so by that time, you will be arrested without bail at the Governor's discretion. All persons who do not disperse upon request after the reading of the Riot Act will receive 39 lashes and one year's imprisonment.

"Pardon for what, I'd like to know," Ezra blurted out in the meetinghouse. "I haven't done anything I'm ashamed of."

Perez agreed, "The more paper they waste on proclamations, the less there's left for holding gunpowder."

The Stockbridge farmers would have been encouraged if they had heard Thomas Jefferson's reaction to the news of the rebellion. Always sympathetic with the farmers, he philosophized from the distance and safety of Paris:

> A little rebellion now and then is a good thing. The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.

By the end of November so many had become slaves to their creditors that only a few people bothered to go to work. The idle drifted into the streets. Using the captured hat of the justice, they hanged him in effigy. Night after night, except when they took time out for a cornhusking, the youth serenaded the hated silk stockings--those who sided with the court and the justices. They made a bonfire from the destroyed fence of Squire Woodbridge's house. They made the Squire return household goods to a farmer whose possessions had been auctioned.

News arrived that the court at Concord had been stopped and that some of the militia had gone over to the side of the insurgents. And the crowd took heart; they broke into the tavern and helped themselves to drink.

Meanwhile Perez Hamlin was making plans to move to New Lebanon, New York. The village doctor who had come to look after Reuben, before Reuben's death, tried to persuade him not to go.

"I'm no longer their leader. It's none of my business what they do," said Perez.

"Yes, it is," the doctor said. "You can't wash your hands of the responsibility."

"If I were to stay, I wouldn't interfere. The people have a right to avenge their wrongs. I'll leave the rebellion to those who caused the rebellion," Perez replied angrily.

"Is that honorable?"

Perez's face flushed. "You're telling me it's my duty to stay so that I can be sent to the gallows and my brother sent back to jail? It's better that I go, for there are wrongs which must be avenged in my family, also."

The doctor could not argue with this last statement.

Events prevented Perez from leaving Stockbridge. He became the leader of the Stockbridge insurgents and eventually led them into rebellion. He was singled out as a Shaysite--a supporter of Shays--by the government and was pursued as an enemy.

But Perez protected those he knew in Stockbridge, even the hated silk stockings. Squire Woodbridge organized with a dozen visiting militiamen to capture Captain Hamlin. Perez found out their plan and instead surprised the squire and the militiamen with his own group of men, while the militia were still sleeping.

The Stockbridge crowds were overjoyed with the prospects of seeing the squire punished.

"Perez is going to whip them!" they cried.

"Ha, Perez. That's what they'd do to you. They're going to be whipped!" they cried. "Bring them out! Bring out the silk stockings!"

Perez made up his mind that there'd be no whipping; there'd be no treat for the drunken and excited crowd. With a pistol in each hand, he ordered the crowd to stand back. "If anyone tries to enter my headquarters, which is George Fennell's house, I'll shoot." The men in here are my prisoners."

Ezra stood by him. "You don't need those shooters," he said. "I'll break their necks as they come on."

The demonstration ended. The Squire was forever indebted to Perez, and he hated him for it.

The village, however, was in a state of turmoil. With the capture of the militiamen, Perez's rebels acquired an extra store of gunpowder and muskets. Stockbridge heard that Captain Shays's forces had stopped the court at Springfield and, finding no jail to empty, began to loot the homes. Perez doubled his guard in order to protect the entire village from outside looters.

Ezra was in favor of having Berkshire County join Vermont, where there were fewer troubles.

The Boston people thought otherwise. Contributing money from their own fortunes, citizens loyal to the government recommended that 4,000 militia under the leadership of General Lincoln march into the disaffected counties and put down the rebellion.

With the thought of open conflict--for there had been no bloodshed up to this time--the people took off their hemlock sprigs. "We owe it to our wives and children not to get involved," they told Perez. He agreed with them. But they didn't wear the white of the government party, either. Indeed, many threw down their arms when the militia re-entered Stockbridge at the end of January. They were not cowards, but they didn't have the courage to shoot a neighbor or to go against the law.

Most of the Stockbridge people obediently submitted to the oath of allegiance to the state.

Perez, Ezra, and a few others escaped over the border into New York. Perez realized that, as a leader, his penalties might be severe and that in reality the legislature would not allow the known insurgents to get off so easily. This was true. The former insurgents could not sit on a jury for three years; nor could they vote on any issue for an entire year. Perez felt that control was back in the hands of the silk stockings.

At the end of February, a restless Perez Hamlin, with a group of 130 men, left New Lebanon, New York, for Pittsfield. General Lincoln's army was looking for them. Five miles from the New York border on the main road leading into Sheffield, Perez's men walked into an ambush.

"The Shaysites are coming."

The Colonel gave the order to fire. Not a man obeyed. "We can't kill our friends," they said.

"I say pour on your fire."

It was one of the few occasions when the insurgents stood their ground against superior equipment and trained men. For ten minutes, gunfire was exchanged. When the smoke cleared, Perez Hamlin lay critically wounded on the bloodstained snow.

The government pardoned Shays, who had fled into Vermont. If he had lived, it is likely that Perez would have been pardoned. He would have seen the laws changed to help the debtors, although the wagonload of specially printed money never arrived at Stockbridge. Perez would have observed that this lesson of disunity contributed to the unification of the nation and to the ratification of the Federal Constitution.

PROTEST AND DISSENT IN AMERICAN LIFE: PART II

"You have a right to question me because I wear fine clothes and my hands are clean," the tall, blond-haired man said. He was standing at the bar of a saloon in the tough Five Point section of New York City. His diamond studs sparkled. "I'm not one of those Park Avenue swells with $300 to buy my way out of the draft," he continued.

"That's just malarkey. You going to tell us you've worked on the docks, I suppose," a longshoreman cried.

"Yes, I have! As a young man I worked ten hours a day on the docks. But I studied and pulled myself up the ladder. My heart's with you and always will be!"

"What are you telling us?" a drunken voice drawled.

"I can't stand by and watch that man in the White House take away your birthright as a free-born American!" The blond-haired man pounded on the bar. "It's not a war to save your homes. It's a war for evil purposes. It's a war against white Southerners, a war to free the nigger!" He paused. "Is that what you want? To spill your blood so that niggers can be free?"

"No! No!" the listeners shouted.

The blond-haired man looked about the barroom and spotted a young man who wore the army cap of the Fifth Corps and a torn blue tunic. He pointed at him. "Here's a fellow who'll tell you what war's like!"

"Yes, I've seen it. I'm still carrying a Reb minie ball I got at Antietam."

The young man tapped his left leg. "And my friends got worse. And for what? To free the niggers. They said to preserve the union. That's just rot. For war profit, more likely, and to free the nigger. And they'll draft you to do the same."

"What can we do about it?" one man growled.

"Aren't you prepared to fight for your rights? You can smash this draft business," the blond-haired man replied.

"How?"

"Organize! Strike a blow for liberty. Don't show up at the docks for work tomorrow. Let's all meet at seven at the entrance of Central Park at Sixth Avenue and plan to stop the draft drawing. I'll be there myself!"

"Yes, yes," the men shouted enthusiastically, pounding their beer mugs on the bar.

The blond-haired man moved near the door, turned, and went out. A minute later the young man from the Army Fifth Corps joined him in a nearby alley.

"You were great, Thomas James," the young army man said. "You have them eating out of your hands."

"So were you, Lewis" James said. "But don't overdo the Antietam business. I knew courageous men who died there!" He was defensive and somewhat scared.

"O.K., O.K. I suppose it's hard to forget when you're a union deserter turned Copperhead," Lewis said.

"Lay off, Lewis. This is a contract. I'll do the job. Don't worry." In retaliation, he said, "It isn't honorable either for a Southern gentleman to wear the disguise of a Union soldier. Especially while carrying Confederate identification papers." The score was even.

"Oh, damn! Come on! There're more saloons to tap in this lousy rat trap district," Lewis said.

The two men went off to plant the seeds of hatred and dissatisfaction.

They had succeeded in inciting the longshoremen and other workmen to riot. The next day, the corrupt pier bosses found the usually overflowing daily work lines thin, at least empty of white longshoremen. Tension had existed among the workmen on the waterfront over the last months; fighting had occurred among rival gangs trying to compete for rich contracts.

The malicious bosses would hire unemployed Negroes in order to break strikes or in order to keep the white dockmen "in line," with the constant reminder that striking usually got them nowhere. And the bosses cut the workers' pay when they were the cause of damages and accidents on the docks.

On this Monday in July, only a week after the Union victory at Gettysburg, the bosses found there were more Negroes than whites waiting to be hired, and they were not pleased. The Negroes were immediately set on by those white longshoremen who had not gone to Central Park, and the Negro longshoremen fled from the hiring lines. For those few whites, they were masters of the waterfront for the day.

James and Lewis had little trouble guiding the mob who carried signs bearing the words "NO DRAFT." The crowd moved along the streets stopping streetcars and frightening passengers; and, occasionally, Lewis's men shinnied up telegraph poles and cut wires. When the crowd arrived at the office of the United States Marshal they thought the draft call had been canceled.

"We licked them," they cried. "They're not going to draw." The remark was premature.

"No one's going to stop me from carrying out my duty," the Marshal said to his assistant. He signaled his assistant to open the office.

The policeman on guard were barely able to hold the shouting crowd as they rushed into the office. A loud voice cried out: "Spin that wheel, and you're a dead man, you Lincoln lover." Many of the men carried iron crowbars; those under Lewis's command held axes.

The Marshal calmly announced: "In accordance with the National Conscription Law of March, 1863, the draft for this district of New York City will begin." He then blindfolded the clerk and cranked the wheel to make the barrel, filled with slips of paper, spin in preparation for the first draw.

From the rear of the crowd, a hate-filled voice cried out, "Don't let them get away with this!" A whiskey bottle whizzed by the Marshal's head and smashed on the wall. Someone on the street fired a revolver; the bullet hit a horse, and it died in convulsions. In the office, someone jumped through the police line and smashed the draft wheel with a crowbar. One of Lewis's men threw a glass jar at the wall. The jar exploded, and a sickening sulphur odor filled the room.

"Let's get out of here. We'll all burn alive," someone shrieked. They stumbled and ran and rushed toward the only exit. The policemen defended themselves with their night sticks; they were carried along with the rioters into the street. The inevitable happened. A woman was trampled to death by the rioters on the stairway, and the sight of this woman incited the mob to more destruction.

With a little encouragement from James, the rioters, often drunk and sometimes accompanied by their wives, continued on a disorderly path of destruction. All normal commerce stopped in the city for the next four days. Frightened citizens barred doors and windows and stayed inside.

James stood in front of a crowd of upturned faces. "You've done a good job," he said. Toward Lexington Avenue, he saw columns of black smoke and fire.

"You've struck a blow for liberty, men," he continued. "Yes, get together and smash this abolitionist draft into the dust."

They cheered, and he smiled confidently. "Perhaps," he thought, "I will be remembered in history." He addressed beer swillers and rum pots, thieves and "fence men." He knew how to handle this kind of crowd. And they knew the draft quota had been doubled as punishment for the rioting. They would not stop.

"For the work ahead, we need weapons. We need a gun for every man.

I'll lead you to them. On to the arsenal, men!" he said, and waved the rioters on.

They were, however, unsuccessful at storming the arsenal. There were street blockades. There were miles of torn tracks of the Harlem railroad; there was a fire at the Bull's Head Hotel.

And there was the Colored Orphan Asylum on Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. It was a large property, with lawn and shade trees. The orphanage was an object of pride among New York charities. Three hundred children were being cared for here when a group of rioters, on that same Monday afternoon, suddenly came upon the white doctor who was in charge of the orphanage.

"We've come to clean out the nigger children," bawled a drunk.

"Certainly you don't want the blood of children on your hands," the doctor pleaded. "Let me take the children out, and you can take over the building, if this is what you want."

The ring leader of the mob agreed.

The doctor didn't waste time. He quickly marched the wide-eyed and frightened children out onto the street. The mob charged into the orphanage, deliberately set on destroying it. They carried out bedding, beds, curtains, furniture, kitchen utensils, and even toys. Then they set the place on fire.

Once outside, they turned their wrath against the children. The doctor had placed them behind a fire wagon which had rushed to meet the alarm. The firemen were protecting the children with the fire hose nozzles trained on the mob.

Instead of putting out the fire, which at that moment was unimportant, the firemen threatened to turn the hose on the rioters.

As the rioters came closer to the orphans, shouting "Kill them," the firemen gave them a last warning to "Stay where you are or else."

"O.K.," the ring leader finally cried. "You can keep your pickaninnies, you nigger lover." The ring leader turned to the rioters. "Come on. Let's go elsewhere. Let's go to Fifth Avenue, where the rich ones are. Let's burn out the Mayor."

They set out to burn out the rich ones. On the way, a good many rioters had additional ideas. They wanted to settle a score with Horace Greeley, who was the editor of The Tribune. The Tribune had a wide circulation, and Greeley's editorial support of the Republican party and of President Lincoln had alienated the majority of the immigrant laborers. The staff of The Tribune were determined to continue publication of the newspaper, and they defended themselves behind locked doors with loaded pistols provided by the police. With pistols on their desks, the men continued operating the presses. The mob succeeded only in gutting a side of the building.

It was difficult to determine what motivated the specific violent, murderous actions of the rioters. For men such as Mulahley and Dugan, hatred for the rich came naturally. Both were Irish immigrants, nourished on maggot-filled potatoes and skim milk, working in an iron foundry for a dollar a day. Both had developed hatred through their own misery and fear. Both felt that they hated

Negroes, although neither really had met or knew any. All the men in the iron foundry hated Negroes; so Mulahley and Dugan agreed to hate.

Many of the foundry workers did not report to work on Tuesday. By mid-morning, Dugan and Mulahley, demonstrating with the rioters against the draft, found themselves suddenly staring drunkenly into Brooks Brothers' window.

"There's clothing in there for all of us!" someone yelled.

A brick flew through the show window, and the men scrambled into the store. Dugan and Mulahley were among those who got inside. The ground floor was filled with laughing, shrieking men and women. They tugged at clothing and tore it. They tossed silk ties, shirts, and socks into the air. They dragged suits out by the armful. They threw underwear all over the floor, and bolts of material were strewn over the counters. Dugan made his way past the mobs and onto the balcony where the hats were displayed. He stared at the rows of hats fixed on wooden shaping blocks and finally reached out to touch one. The velour was softer than he had ever imagined it would be. He picked up the velour and tried it on.

"The coppers are coming," someone warned. The looters tried to escape. Some managed to get away with their loot. Others were stopped by the night sticks of the policemen, who quickly closed in on the rioters.

Dugan was still wearing the velour hat -- a bit bloodied from the policeman's blows -- when the wagon came to pick him up. Mulahley had jumped out of a balcony window in a panic. When the police took his body to the morgue, they found he had put on four shirts, a suit, and a pair of fine suede shoes.

The violence of the rampaging mobs continued and spread to the Harlem and Yorkville suburbs. Atrocities against the Negro communities continued. Thomas Acton, commander of the Metropolitan police, asked that all precinct stations shelter as many Negroes as possible. The mobs then attempted to burn down the precinct stations.

The young Negroes offered their help. "You can help us help ourselves. We can fight. Give us revolvers. Give us a chance for our lives."

The precinct captains in the Negro districts knew these youths were hard-working and law-abiding. The blacks had already fought well on the battlefield against the Rebels; they could fight in New York.

"I'll swear in any man as temporary deputy to defend public property," said Commissioner Acton. The mob did not burn down the precinct station because the mob knew the Negroes would die fighting and would take many with them. The captain's decision was a just one, but the destruction and violence of the mob was not stopped.

On Wednesday, two Negroes who had done nothing were caught and lynched. Because the police were understaffed, they were unable effectively to control the violence of the mob.

Governor Horatio Seymour was unable to convince the mob, gathered to hear his speech, that he would look into the draft problem. It was no time for persuasion. The Mayor of the city simply requested that neighborhoods organize voluntary associations under competent leaders to patrol and protect the neighborhoods. Help in restoring order to New York came in a communication from Edwin Stanton, President Lincoln's Secretary of War. Five regiments, with artillery, just released after Gettysburg, were on the way. The New York State Militia also fighting in Pennsylvania were on the way. Governor Seymour had concluded that force was the only way to meet force.

Among the militia was an all-Irish unit. They resented having to put down the rioting so soon after fighting in battle. All units were carefully disciplined. They grumbled about the heat, but the columns moved off from the ferries and steadily uptown and into the riot areas as they sang "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave."

The resistance of the rioters subsided by Friday, once the command was given, "Number one round of grapeshot. Fire at will!" The shells smashed through the barricades; bricks from the chimneys fell into the pavements. Slashing bayonets met with clubs and knives. Bodies lay along the sidewalks. Women encouraged children to strip clothing and valuables from the untended bodies. The last of the rioters took to the marshlands or river bed or hid in coalbins or attics until order was restored. A thousand men -- rioters, Negroes, innocent bystanders, police, and infantry -- had been killed during that one week in July. Property damage was estimated at a million and a half dollars. The arsenal had been set afire during the attack on it, and scores of rioters were killed. Fifty bushels of bones were removed from the rubbish in the arsenal attack and buried in Potter's Field.

Squads of police sent into the shanties of the Five Point district repossessed loot from the cellars: the costly stolen furniture, clothes, fine laces, and glassware. Pawnshops were investigated; most personal property was identified and returned.

Lewis's body was at the bottom of the East River. He had been killed while leading a frantic attack on the Union Steam Works, where guns were stored. This arsenal had been his objective from the beginning. The men under his command took his body and removed all identification papers and a gold watch. James, who had run away from the fight at the Steam Works, was later arrested and charged with treason, arson, and inciting to riot.

On Friday morning, the longshoremen quietly stood in line on the docks. The factory and steel workers crowded near the locked gates eager to get in to work. Uptown, the surveyors were planning to rebuild the Marshal's office.

PROTEST AND DISSENT IN AMERICAN LIFE: PART III

My name is Rudolph Schnauboldt. I threw the bomb which killed one policeman and wounded sixty policemen in Chicago in 1886. I am now dying of tuberculosis in my German homeland and have read in a week-old copy of the New York Tribune about the suicide of my young friend, Louis Lingg.

The account says that Lingg died hard. I knew that he would die hard and would never complain about the pain he must have suffered for six hours. I knew Lingg would use an explosive; but a fulminate cap placed in his mouth was not a quick way to die. I can see the blood, flesh, and bits of teeth and bone splattered about the cell. I can see the mouth and jaw blown away from the once-handsome face, the trimmed black beard, and steel-gray eyes.

Unlike the four others condemned to die for the bomb-throwing -- August Spies, Albert Parsons, George Engel, and Adolph Fischer, all of whom I had met -- I knew that Lingg would cheat the hangman. He was a born anarchist and always believed in violence.

If I had not left Chicago more than a year ago, immediately after I threw the bomb, I, too, would have been condemned to death. I say "too," making the ninth person on trial, because the police and factory owners, as far as I am concerned, were determined to condemn all known anarchists.

But I must help you to understand Lingg and the others and how I became involved in the Chicago riot.

I went to Chicago to work as a writer on a German socialist workingman's newspaper, Arbeiter Zeitung. I had a letter of introduction to August Spies, the editor of the paper.

We became friends very quickly. Spies was very persuasive and knew the circumstances of the foreign workers better than anyone else.

"Whether they come from Norway or Germany or anywhere, they are cheated for three years by everyone. I'd like to start a labor bureau to help them. We have people in need all the time. Recently a man died from breathing nitrous acid fumes from a broken fan in a jewelry factory. He leaves a wife and three children," Spies said.

"Do these industrial accidents happen often?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Countless times. Many women are getting 'wrist-drop,' that's paralysis of the wrist."

"From what?" I asked.

"Lead poisoning in the paint factories," he replied. "And married couples often have no children as a result. And there's what is known as phosphorus jaw in the match factory. The teeth decay and fall out from the phosphorus fumes."

"How awful!" I exclaimed.

He nodded. Then he said, "Of course, you'll want to come to our socialist meeting. You are a socialist?"

"I don't know that I'm a socialist," I replied. "But my sympathies are with the workingman. I'd like to come to your meeting."

I decided to write a series of articles on workingmen's clubs from my observations in their meetings. I soon learned that permanent injuries, such as blindness, were frequently caused by explosions in industrial plants through carelessness and negligence. With no insurance compensation, the workmen turned to these clubs for help. They received the help they needed; other workmen dug into their half-empty pockets for donations.

In this way, I met Albert Parsons at one of these meetings. Parsons was an editor of an English-language labor paper called The Alarm. He was a dynamic speaker, and he held spellbound the large crowds which he addressed.

"Think of the injustice of it all!" he cried. "We men are gradually winning a mastery over nature. The newest force, electricity, is also the cheapest and most efficient. Yet the poor in Chicago will not have the benefit of it. You workmen make the carriages, while the rich drive in them; you trap the animals so the rich can have furs. We will die while the rich get richer. But I refuse to believe it. I have another vision."

His appeal was effective as he proceeded to sketch a workingman's paradise.

I learned that Parsons was speaking for the Labor Party, which hoped to get the legislature to pass an Eight Hour Bill. In the age of machinery, an eight-hour day, he said, could accomplish as much as a hundred hours before. The shorter work day (reduced from ten to eight hours) would give the workman the possibility of a more human existence. What confused me about Parson's speaking was the way in which he used the words socialist and anarchist to mean the same thing. In Europe, anarchist mean revolutionist.

I had drawn a little away from the crowd and was thinking about getting home to write my story when I heard the tramping of feet and saw about a hundred policemen marching down the street. Inspector Benfield, who was identified for me and who later led the police against the strikers, shouted, "Break it up; break it up."

Parsons insisted, "We are not interfering with anybody. We are harming nobody." All of a sudden, Bonfield struck with his club. In a moment, the police were pulled down by the crowd. The rest of the police had to use their clubs, and the crowd began to ravel away at the edges. My blood was boiling; I had no weapon and could do nothing. A policeman came at me with a raised club. I winced, but felt nothing. When I opened my eyes, I discovered the policeman on the ground. A man with a black beard and steel-gray eyes ran from me. I did not know him then, but I had seen Louis Lingg for the first time.

I wrote my first account of a police attack as I had seen it, but no paper wanted to print it. Although the newspapers did not object to the meetings, they were against the eight-hour day.

Soon after, I was introduced to another writer who claimed that the socialist newspaper I worked for was "nothing important." "The revolutionary force in Chicago is the 'Lehr und Wehr Verein'". I had never heard of it.

"Come with me tonight. I'll show you," said the writer. "These boys are anarchists. They won't let themselves be clubbed to death."

The word seemed terrible to me. "Are there really anarchists in Chicago?" I wondered privately.

When we arrived at the meeting, the man who had probably saved my life, Louis Lingg, was speaking.

"One can't meet bludgeons with words, nor blows by turning the other cheek. Violence must be met with violence. Americans should know," he continued calmly, "that action and reaction are equal and opposite; oppression and revolt equal and opposite, also."

Parsons had a gift for speech, but Lingg's insight was remarkable, and I could not help agreeing with him. We were introduced. "I have read some of your work, and I like it," he said. "There's sincerity in it." I wanted to mention that he had saved me from a policeman's club, but didn't. We exchanged addresses, and he invited me to visit with him.

During the long, cold winter when the Great Lakes froze over, I spent many hours with Lingg discussing anarchism, capitalism, and the problems of the workingman.

As spring came, Spies and Parsons revived the agitation for the eight-hour day and together set about organizing a big demonstration for the first of May. The foreign population was greatly encouraged. At this time, there were many small strikes, with a large strike going on at the factory of the McCormick Harvester and Reaper works. The workers were trying to unionize the plant.

On one side of the McCormick works was a section of the city occupied by the German, Polish, and Bohemian workers. Spies, through his newspaper, called a meeting for the strikers on the afternoon of May third in an open field near this section.

Twelve thousand workers stretched themselves out on the grass that afternoon. Some were from the furniture factories; some from the planning mills. There were railroad workers, gas company employees, iron mill workers, meat packers, and plumbers. Nearly all were foreigners, and they wore bits of red ribbon on the lapels of their coats.

Spies jumped onto an empty freight car in the field and addressed the crowd. He shouted in German, "Let every man stand shoulder to shoulder, and we will win this fight. Drive the 'scabs' out of the yards, and let us show McCormick that he can not hire non-union men while we are forced to have our children crying for bread."

"Off to McCormick's!" was the cry. They rushed down the car tracks and swept over the vacant lots.

"Kill the scabs!" Someone hurled a boulder through one of the windows.

"Tear down the building," shouted another, seeing a pale face near the window inside. All the windows on the three-story building were broken. Not one escaped the fury of the crowd.

They were about to storm the gate into the main yard when a police wagon with twelve armed policemen arrived on the scene. They ordered the crowd to disperse. As the crowd rushed toward them, the officers fired. Many of the strikers fled. Six were killed outright, and several others were wounded. Police reinforcements arrived. They formed lines twelve abreast and marched forward with revolver barrels held on a level with their heads. The remaining crowd dispersed.

Although the McCormick works was cleared, the strikers lined Blue

Island Avenue from the factory to heckle the scabs. The police escorted the scabs to their homes, and along the route women and children threw stones and bricks from windows, causing many injuries.

I had been with the strikers in the attack on the McCormick works. Lingg had arrived late.

"What do you think of it? Terrible, wasn't it?" I said.

"It's the parting of the ways," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What do you intend to do?"

"Revolt," he replied instantly.

"Then count me in, too," I said in wild indignation.

"You'd better think it over," he warned.

"I have done all the thinking necessary."

He looked at me and then said, "I wonder about the meeting tomorrow in the Haymarket. Will the police try to disperse that?"

I had quite forgotten about the Haymarket demonstration meeting. Then we planned what we would do at the meeting.

I took courage from what he said. He asked me whether I had enough money to travel. I said I had saved $1,000.

"If a bomb is thrown, the police will arrest hundreds. I want to go into their courtroom and stand up and say, 'You have pronounced a sentence on society; I am innocent,'" he said.

We planned to meet later in the evening, and then I left for home for needed rest.

Spies had placed a large announcement in that afternoon's edition of the Arbeiter Zeitung:

> Attention Workingmen
>
> Great Mass Meeting Tonight at 7:30
>
> Haymarket, Randolph Street. Bet. Desplaines & Halstead
>
> Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police shooting of our fellow workmen yesterday afternoon.
>
> The Executive Committee.

Before we started out for the meeting, Lingg made me promise that I would escape and not give myself up. I made the promise. I had packed and was ready.

"Have you the bomb?"

"Here it is." Lingg took it out of his coat pocket. He always wore a double-breasted coat. The bomb was no larger than an orange.

"It has a double action," he said. "If you pull the tape, it will set fire to something inside. Wait five seconds before you throw."

"Shall I throw it in any case?" I asked.

"Only if the police interfere. And remember to throw yourself down on your hands and knees."

The speaker's stand was a truck wagon, placed where a blind alley intersected the street. We were at the rear of the building occupied by the Crane Brothers' elevator factory. Three thousand strikers had already gathered there.

Spies had finished speaking as we came up.

He was saying, "It is said that I inspired the attack on McCormick's. That is a lie. McCormick is the man who created the row, and he must be held responsible for the murder of his brothers.

The crowd cried, "Hang him!"

Parsons was next to speak: "It is time to raise a note of warning. There is nothing in the eight-hour movement to excite the capitalists. Whenever you make a demand for an increase in pay, the Pinkerton men are called out, and you are shot and clubbed in the street. In your interest, you must arm yourself."

They cried, "We will, we will."

I heard Mayor Harrison remark, "Parsons is a little incendiary -- a real demagogue -- but I bet he can make a good political speech." The Mayor had come to look the meeting over, and his presence kept the crowds in line.

The flames of the gas lights flickered as a few drops of rain fell. A storm was coming, and a few in the crowd drifted away.

I saw the Mayor and other city officials leave. I could hear my heart beating and hoped that everything would pass over in peace. But suddenly I saw the flicker of a hundred stars and a thousand brass buttons turning the corner. I noticed Inspector Bonfield in the lead, marching his men in platoon fashion, choking the street gutter to gutter. As the platoon crossed the car tracks, they clutched their clubs firmly. The Inspector asked the help of Parsons and Spies to disperse the crowd. As they came down from the wagon, the crowd broke. All means of escape were blocked, however. The clubs fell upon the crowd as they ran along the sidewalk.

I made up my mind. I put my hand in my trouser pocket, drew the tape, and began to count. I took the bomb out of my pocket and looked for a place to throw it.

My ears were split with the roar. The burst of flame lit up the street. I finally scrambled to my feet. I did not dare to look; the groans and shrieks were enough for me. My senses left me. I was sick.

I felt Lingg thrust his arm into mine and say, "Come on, man, this way. Don't look. Hold yourself up."

"I cannot walk," I gasped. "I must stop."

"Nonsense," he said. "Don't break down." He gave me a flask of brandy and made me empty it.

Lingg saw me to the railroad depot. I managed to bluff my way by the police guard, by the ticket collectors, and boarded a train for New York.

"We did right, didn't we?" I asked weakly. I wondered how many strikers had been hit, for I knew there would be a battle.

"Yes, Rudolph. Have no doubt. I'm going to tread the same path. Think of the workmen they shot, and you'll be all right."

We said good-by. And I was left alone.

The attitude of the accused served as a contrast to my own cowardice. In London, I read that not a single man accused of the bomb throwing turned state's evidence or tried to lay the blame for his position on anybody else. Nor did anyone attempt to deny the beliefs that he held.

In my mind, I felt the prisoners accused were superior to anyone else.

The police had been unable to find Parsons after the explosion. He declared in a press letter that he was innocent, and, therefore, he would give himself up and be tried with the others. Parsons quietly took a train back to Chicago.

Parson's surrender caused a certain sympathy toward the accused prisoners. If Parsons was not guilty, none of the eight could be found guilty and convicted. Yet the bomb had been thrown, and someone must be punished for throwing it. Of course, with eight men accused, it meant that I would not be sought.

Then I read that the police had discovered bombs in Parson's desk and rifles in Spies's house, and I did not bother to read further. The papers carried pictures of the bombs, which were not like the one I threw and the one which Lingg had made.

Everyone wanted to condemn the foreign anarchists as a body and not to exite more sympathy for them by forcing Parsons to share their fate. The officials involved tried to have Parsons sign a petition asking for mercy. Parsons refused to sign. "It would be a betrayal and would seal the fate of my comrades. I would rather be hanged a thousand times," he said.

Lingg had his day in court, as I had promised he would have. I had not admitted to my part of the riot. The closing words of his defense were typical.

"I am on trial because I am an anarchist. I repeat," he thundered," that I am the enemy of the order of today, and I repeat that, so long as breath remains in me, I shall combat it. I declare again, I am in favor of force. I despise you, your order, your laws, and your authority. Hang me for it."

I have doubts about many things I have done. But I'm certain of one thing; they were all great men, because they believed in a better future for the workingman. I know I will be despised by those in power and judged guilty by all who were injured in the struggle.

Viewed from this distance, if I really had it to do over again, I might have second thoughts. I just can't get out of my head the shrieks of the injured, including the workingmen.

PROTEST AND DISSENT IN AMERICAN LIFE: PART IV

Eugene Debs was resting in his room in a Chicago hotel when there was a knock. A man with a tall, lean frame, he had to stoop to open the door.

"Are you Mr. Debs?" the caller asked.

Debs nodded.

"I'm Marshal Arnold of Judge Grosscup's Federal court. I have a warrant for your arrest. Please come with me immediately."

Eugene Deb's brother, Theodore, came into the room. Silently he helped his brother on with his suit coat. They walked out of the hotel with the Marshal behind them. In a few minutes they were in the Federal Building, along with several American Railway Union officials.

"Mr. Debs, the judge says I'll have to lock you up," the Marshal said.

Eugene Debs was locked up, too late to receive any supper. He sat on the hard cot that was fastened to the cement wall and put his face in his hands. How could he begin to explain to his wife, Kate, that all this was a necessary and unavoidable part of the struggle to which he was dedicated, that his arrest was part of the job? Everything, he felt, had gone to nothing: his years of labor on the railroads, his efforts in organizing the local Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Terre Haute, his efforts in organizing his own labor organization -- the American Railway Union, only a couple of years ago -- everything, including his beliefs.

His flesh crawled as he heard rats scratching on the cement, and he perspired in the humid July day. At that moment, he heard voices and footsteps in the corridor. The guard unlocked the door, and a visitor entered the cell. The door clanged shut behind him.

"It's me, Gene, Clarence Darrow. I just got word of your arrest."

The two men shook hands in the dark. "It's after hours. How did you get in?" Debs asked.

Darrow grinned. "They still think I'm working for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway."

"You are, aren't you?"

"No. I gave up my job this afternoon. I don't care for the General Managers' Association. These railroad managers who joined the Association have done all they can to prevent the workers from expressing their viewpoint. I told my company president I wanted to defend Eugene Debs and the American Railway Union."

Deb's face brightened. "And what did the president say?"

"Oh, he said, 'You haven't a chance.' He said, 'You were told by the court order to stop the strike," and you didn't.' He said, 'I'm going to defend a hopeless cause because the court order is too powerful."

The guard leered through the barred door. "We'll take care of you the same way we did the Haymarket rioters nine years ago. I guarded Parsons and Spies in this same cell block."

Debs felt sick as he asked Darrow to confirm this information. He was uneasy even in the presence of Darrow and his promise for a good defense.

"Why did the guard say that? I haven't killed anybody," Debs said.

"Neither did they," Darrow answered. He put his arm around Debs to comfort and reassure him. "They had a public trial, and so will you. Don't worry, Gene."

"I suppose I deserve to be in this cell," Debs said.

"What?"

"I condemned the Haymarket demonstration. I believed the demonstrators were all guilty. I wrote articles against them in my Locomotive Fireman's Magazine. I thought they ruined the chances of workingmen to organize and fight for the eight-hour day."

Clarence Darrow left, and Debs sat back on his cot. His mind wandered back to that warm May day when the men who represented the workers at the Pullman Palace Car company had come from Chicago to talk with him. He knew they were troubled, and he asked them what was on their minds.

"The men at the Pullman shops where we've been repairing the cars are going on strike -- all 4,000 workers want to quit work," one of the men said.

"What's the problem?" Debs asked.

"Our wages have been cut up to 70% over the last year. We owe for back rents," another man said.

"Wages have dropped all around this year. But I can see where there wouldn't be much demand for fancy Pullman cars," Debs volunteered.

"Mr. Pullman still makes a big profit on the rental of the cars to the railroads. But our immediate complaint is this: a couple of days ago, a committee of workers discussed our problems with Mr. Pullman, and he assured us that none of the committee would be discriminated against. But three of the men were fired after they met with him," the first speaker explained.

"We feel the company managers will continue to fire men representing all our workers whenever they make a complaint."

Another man continued: "Then the company made out a written statement before the United States Strike Commission testifying they had laid off the workers because of 'lack of work.' This time the statement just isn't true. Gene, we want the American Railway Union workers to refuse to haul Pullman cars."

"Wait a minute, boys. You all belong to the American Railway Union, but none of your Pullman workers is a railway man. You build and repair palace cars. You're talking about a sympathy strike. You want the engineers and switchmen to quit work to show the company they agree with your actions. It's never been done before."

"No. Neither had there ever been a labor organization including all the workmen in the yards and on the tracks before. But that didn't stop you from forming the American Railway Union, Gene!"

Debs was impressed, but he proceeded cautiously.

"We are a new organization. You have a 4,000 membership," Debs replied. "We have to make certain that the remaining 150,000 members in the Midwest are loyal before we attempt a nationwide sympathy strike."

"In other words, you want ideal conditions before you can help us!" The speaker's face was red. "We have to strike when the time is right.

Didn't you learn that when you won out on James Hill and the Great Northern Railroad?"

The year before, after an 18-day standstill, James Hill had given in to demands from the American Railway Union not to reduce wages.

"O.K. We'll give you all the help we can. But you have to promise that you'll try to settle your differences first as soon as you go back to Chicago. Call in another group to listen to your complaints. Ask the Mayor to represent you with the company. This is the most promising means for action. Our numbers are the only real weapons against the companies. But remember they are also organized in a group to fight you. And they have billions of dollars behind them. We don't."

"We'll try anything," one of the men said. "Will you promise to come to Chicago and go through the town of Pullman with us?"

"Yes," Debs answered.

Before he went to Chicago, Debs learned that work at the Pullman Palace Car Company, which manufactured refrigerator and elevator cars also, had become scarce and that George Pullman had taken repair contracts at a loss to the company of $50,000 in order to keep the shops open and to undercut his competitors. The Pullman Company had made a profit of five and a half million dollars the year before, but George Pullman was determined that the $50,000 operating loss should be absorbed by the workers. He had cut the workers' wages by 25% at least during the previous year. In many instances, the men's wages were just enough to cover the amount for their weekly rent. He had made five reductions in their wages, but rents had not been lowered.

When Debs arrived at the union headquarters in Chicago a week later, the Pullman workers had quit work. He learned from his friends that Mr. Pullman would not restore wages.

"Mr. Pullman said there is nothing to settle or to think over," one union man reported.

Another man claimed, " The United States Strike Commission confronted Mr. Pullman with the chart of his profits. Mr. Pullman claimed that he had to show profits in order to satisfy the people who have invested in the company."

Still another man reminded Debs of his promise. "You're coming out to Pullman with us."

The pamphlets described the 600-acre town as "perfectly equipped, a beautiful and harmonious whole". Debs discovered that the buildings were of the cheapest construction, with small and dark room and with one faucet in the basement. Four or five families lived in each house. The very streets were Pullman's.

The men explained, "We can't get a job in the Pullman shops unless we rent one of these houses; we could rent in Roseland for half the price. And all the expenses for repairs are taken out of our wages before we receive them."

Debs figured there was more than 100% profit on the housing, and he disliked what he saw. He also knew there was no use in trying to compromise the workers' differences. The year-long wage cuts and the recent firing of the committee workers were the causes for their men's quitting their jobs. One complaint the railway workers had in common with the Pullman workers was general wage cuts. But he would not commit the railway workers to a sympathy strike without their voting on it themselves. The final decision to make this complaint common to all rested with the membership.

After a fruitless attempt at reaching an agreement with the Pullman Company, the American Railway Union, with the approval of the local unions, voted to quit their jobs unless the Pullman Palace Car Company adjusted the wages of the workers before June 26, 1894.

Debs stated that "the members of the American Railway Union will refuse to handle Pullman cars and equipment after that date." By refusing to handle Pullman cars, the workers would cut off the chief source of the Pullman company's earnings and might force the company to reach an agreement with its employees who had quit their jobs. This procedure Debs referred to as "boycott." He hoped that the railroad management would allow the Pullman cars to be detached from the rest of a train and left at the railroad siding. Otherwise, all the employees, including the conductors, would go off their jobs, and by that action most of the nation's railroads would be drawn into the conflict.

Debs maintained, "The men are willing to continue work for the railroads as long as the Pullman cars are not attached to the trains. Clearly, their action is a sympathetic one."

In a few days, all lines operating west of Chicago were at a standstill, because the railway owners, according to plan, fired the switchmen who refused to handle Pullman cars. Thus the idea of the boycott -- to segregate the Pullman cars from the train -- never went into effect as it had been intended by the American Railway workers. The numbers involved in the walkout from jobs drew the attention of the whole country to the conflict.

Samuel Gompers came to Chicago to give Debs a check from the American Federation of Labor. Gompers, who was president of the American Federation of Labor, had himself organized many trades into one group and had won favors from employers through their friendship. He was convinced, however, that the American Railway Union would lose its fight; and, therefore, he decided against a general strike in sympathy.

An attempt to make peace was tried. The officials of the Union offered to call off the strike if all the workers were rehired. The railway managers would not agree. For several days after the June 26th deadline, Debs and his brother, Theodore, kept in touch with all the stations which had been closed down. Some 27 states were involved. The men had gone home and had stayed at home. Debs was encouraged.

But Theodore cautioned that the headlines pointed an accusing finger at Debs: NATION PARALYZED BY DEBS STRIKE. "It seems," he said, "that the General Managers' Association is writing the story for the papers." This organization consisted of 24 railroad owners whose lines began or terminated in Chicago, and they did all they could to crush the strike. "Some people are asking the Governor to send out the militia," Theodore continued.

"But we're peaceable!" Debs insisted. "The state militia can only be sent out at the request of local officials when riot conditions are out of control! Governor Altgeld assured me the strikers would be all right if they merely refused to move Pullmans. The only thing that can defeat the strike now is violence."

Soon after this conversation with Theodore, Debs awoke on the morning of the fourth of July to find Federal troops in Chicago. They had been sent in by President Cleveland, and the Attorney General of the United States against the wishes of the Governor who felt this action was unnecessary. "The railroads are not obstructed," he wrote to President Cleveland. "We are not unwilling to enforce the law, but you insult the people of the state by implying that we cannot govern ourselves. The ordering out of Federal troops is unwarranted interference, and their presence proves to be an irritant."

As the days passed, Debs had confided to his friend, Clarence Darrow, who dropped by the union office, "I've told the men to stay home and stay sober and keep off railroad property."

"They're swearing in thousands of deputies," Darrow warned. "These deputies are the dregs of Chicago: the petty criminals. Tell your men to stay away from the deputies."

Darrow was right. The strikers were no match for the boyonets of the Federal troops and the newly sworn-in deputies. Troops and deputies lined the tracks. At the yards, the strikers there looked to Debs for his decision.

"What do we do now? Do we let the Federal troops move the trains?"

His word was swift. "Federal troops must not move the trains.

Spike the switches, but don't destroy railroad property."

It took the troops several hours to repair each switch within each block in order to move the trains. Then there were no more switches to spike or repair. The train could move out of the yard. While Debs watched and against his orders, his men overturned a freight car in the path of an outgoing train.

A riot call was sent out. The troops and deputies righted the freight cars as each was turned over. By nightfall, the train had moved six blocks. The workers felt that, since the freight cars had not been damaged, they were in the right.

Gene and Theodore Debs lay awake all night. The Managers Association had gone over the Governor's head by asking and receiving the aid of Federal troops. They meant to bring a train into Chicago over the Rock Island run in the morning. And in the morning, the Rock Island train was stopped by overturned freight cars in its path. This action complicated the issue, because it obstructed the movement of the mail trains as well. Any interference with the mails violated Federal laws. Throughout the strike, the mail trains were run whenever possible; but obstructing the tracks prevented the mails from moving.

This morning at Rock Island, a court order was read to the strikers to stop their actions under penalty of fine or imprisonment; but they did not seem to understand what it meant.

By evening, some freight cars were on fire. Strikers and deputies faced each other. The strikers charged; the militiamen fired, and three fell dead.

Debs was heartbroken. "Did I kill them?" he wondered, still sitting awake with his thoughts in prison. After Deb's arrest the strike was quickly broken. Those involved in the strike were put on employers' lists so that no company would rehire them. The American Railway Union was declared illegal, and its funds and records were seized. Debs and his officers were released on $10,000 bail. Debs went home to Terre Haute to assure his wife that no jury would ever send him to prison.

The trial was the next January, 1895.

"This is going to be the greatest opportunity labor has had to tell the American public its side of the story and to explain what the boycott was all about," Darrow claimed as they entered the courthouse. The publicity over the Pullman boycott had brought newsmen to report the trial from all over the country.

During the first week of the trial, the prosecution simply reconstructed the actions of the strikers. Debs commented to Darrow, "We don't deny the strikers spiked the switches and turned over the freight cars. Why does the prosecuting attorney recite what we don't even contest?"

"They must prove you deliberately tried to obstruct their public highways and that in calling the men off the job you planned to interfere with the normal transportation of United States mails," explained Darrow.

"But we offered to run the mail through on special trains."

"You don't have to convince me. Convince the jury."

The newspapers announced when Debs would take the stand in his own defense, so on that day the spectators jammed the courtroom. Family, students, and professors watched while Debs was sworn in and listened intently to the details of his working career, of the suffering he had observed among the trainmen, and of the brutalizing effects of the 70-hour work week.

Slowly Darrow's questions to Debs revealed the circumstances of Deb's involvement in the labor movement: the need for safety and insurance benefits. How many times had he seen men's legs mangled by car wheels and faulty car couplings! And he often had to break the news of these accidents to their wives. Deb's defense was eloquent: he wasn't the dangerous character the Pullman Company had portrayed him as being.

The prosecuting attorney, however, stripped this defense of all of its human consideration and idealism. By way of his questions he made Debs admit that it had been a long time since he had worked with his hands, although "he called himself a friend of the railroader."

The prosecutor then began to question Debs about the finances of unions of which he had been secretary. The facts were that when Debs had started his American Railway Union, he earned $75.00 a month. At the time of the strike he earned $3,000. Debs never had bothered to keep an account of his traveling expenses or any spending he did for the union.

"Actually," the attorney said," there is very little control over what you do. There is no difference between your organization and what you do and the way a manager runs his railroad."

Darrow objected to this as being beside the point.

The prosecuting attorney questioned Debs about his home: its cost and where the money had come from. Debs had to explain that the house was his wife's and that it was her money which had financed it. In fact, Mrs. Debs handled all the family business.

"Yes," the prosecuting attorney said," and you run your union as a business. You send your workers out to quit when it suits your purpose."

"We refuse to work only when conditions become unbearable and create hardships," Debs answered.

The attorney rested his argument on the idea that Debs was waging a class war against American industry and that he controlled the railroad workers for his own selfish advantage.

Clarence Darrow had the court issue a notice to George Pullman to appear in court as a witness, and he intended to have the members of the General Managers' Association "stand for their part in the conflict." Darrow wanted Pullman to explain the $26 million of undistributed profits in the company's treasury and the 8% interest return investors were receiving from the company.

But Pullman left town before the notice was officially given to him. One juror had been taken ill, so that the judge had to postpone the trial.

"I move that the defendants be discharged," said Darrow.

"Denied," Judge Grosscup said. And he dismissed the court, setting a future date for the trial.

To Deb's family and friends, this action was a victory, for the prosecution would not want to open the trial again. In fact, the government dropped its case, because thus far it could not prove that Debs had deliberately planned to obstruct the mails.

The victory dinner to which they all treated themselves turned into a sad affair. The company heard the newsboys on the streets: EXTRA! EXTRA! EUGENE DEBS TO BE SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS BY JUDGE WOODS!

Debs paled. "Clarence, can they deny us another jury trial?"

Darrow was more stricken than his client. "Yes. Judge Grosscup evidently is going to withdraw the criminal charge against you, that is, that you planned to obstruct the mails."

"Can Judge Woods take over?" Debs asked.

"The court order -- that injunction -- which ordered you to put a stop to the strike was cosigned by Judge Woods, Gene. You failed to stop the strike by order of the court. That's contempt of court: disrespect for the authority of the court. He can send you to jail for the lesser charge, contempt of court."

"Without a jury trial, only a hearing?"

"Yes. It's all very legal. The court order can be issued to prevent injury to you or injury to railroad property," Darrow further explained.

"It was supposedly issued to prevent injury to railroad property. I tried to uphold that part of the order. But the government didn't give me any alternatives. During the strike they denied me the right to persuade or talk to the railroad men who quit their jobs and the right to help anybody who had quit." Debs continued, "I was told not to answer questions or to send telegrams."

"Sure, you were denied your right to speak and write and assemble. But the order must be obeyed."

"We realized that when we decided to ignore the order, Clarence."

"Gene, I don't think a restraining order should ever be used against organized workers in these labor disputes. But they are. At any rate, I think the Managers' Association wanted to get you to prison. And I'm sorry."

When Debs arrived at the small Woodstock jail where he would spend the six months' sentence, his face was caked with coal dust and grime and his hands were blistered. He had stoked the boiler of the engine himself. He thought the ordeal was good: he had become soft.

His stay at Woodstock marked the turning point in his life. First, he organized, along with the other five union men charged with contempt of court, a rigid daily routine for study and self-improvement. Because Debs had had to quit school when he was 14, his ambition was to learn to move people through his words, to be able to speak confidently, and to concern himself with the social problems of this world. He had no desire for wealth.

So the men studied, read, debated, and wrote to request from their friends more and more books.

Secondly, Debs reflected on his life: at 45, he felt he was a failure. He appreciated the work of Samuel Gompers. He knew Susan B. Anthony, who was fighting for women's rights. These crusades were meaningful to him. Debs thought about the ideal society.

Deb's ideal for American society would ask for the right of every man to work and to share in the benefits of that work. He felt that to achieve this society, labor would have to turn to political action. This would be his crusade: to organize workers to support a political party that could achieve economic security without broken heads and loss of liberties.

Upon his release, Debs plunged himself into his new work, which was to last the next 25 years of his life: the formation of the Social Democratic Party.

PROTEST AND DISSENT IN AMERICAN LIFE: PART V

Ellory Schempp attended Abington Township High School near Philadelphia. After the morning bell each day, Ellory listened to ten verses read from the Holy Bible: read without commentary, explanation, or interpretation. The Bible reading, coming over the public address system, would be followed by recitation of the Lord's Prayer, the students standing reverently by their desks in their homerooms. These morning exercises closed with the flag salute and announcements of interest to the students.

The morning exercises, between 8:15 and 8:30 a.m., were conducted from the public address announcement room by students attending the school's radio and television workshop and were supervised by a teacher.

For months and months Ellory had resented the morning Bible reading and prayer, but he swallowed his resentment, for he felt that he could not voice his concern. As a Unitarian, he had been taught that he did not have to accept as absolute truth the Bible stories as they were written. Although he was not required to believe in the Bible verses, his required presence in the classroom was an infringement on his liberty to "think and believe as he wanted to."

In addition, he thought that the public school should pay more attention to the First Amendment to the Constitution, which said that Congress should not make laws establishing a religion. The Fourteenth Amendment made that principle, and others in the Bill of Rights, binding on all the states.

Ellory, a very likable and popular boy and a good athlete, resolved to do something about the morning devotional exercises. He knew it would be difficult to protest that portion of the morning exercises which would be considered religious. He knew that Pennsylvania law made Bible reading compulsory; and the law made no exceptions for dissenting minority students. The Pennsylvania law, passed in March, 1949, specified that ten verses from the Bible would be read each morning.

Ellory knew that any teacher refusing to read the Bible could be discharged. All teachers in his township system had been given a copy of the King James version, a Protestant Bible, and it was from this version exclusively that the verses were read. In schools not having an intercommunications system, the Bible reading and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer were conducted by each homeroom teacher, who chose the verses and read them himself or had students read them.

There were, then, reasons why students other than Ellory, including Catholics and Jews, might object to the Bible reading. But although they agreed with him in his objections, Ellory's friends were not going to argue with school authorities; it was easier to conform to what the law said and stay in the good graces of the school administration.

"It's foolish to get mixed up in an unpopular cause," they said, "even if the course of protest proceeds by law."

"The Pennsylvania law itself is 'unpopular' to me, if you put it that way," Ellory said.

"Perhaps you're right. But I can ignore it. The law doesn't effect me that much--so much that I don't get a good recommendation for a job," one boy said. "Anyway, Ellory, aren't you exaggerating the compulsory aspect of the law?"

"No, the way I see it, Pennsylvania law violates the guarantees of my choice of religion."

"You can't decide that. It's up to the courts. To say it is one thing; to follow through on the complaint is another thing," they said.

"I'm willing to call the violation to the attention of the courts," Ellory replied.

"How?"

"By protesting during homeroom. By calling it to the attention of the school first. Won't you support me?"

"No, Ellory, you'd better go it alone," they said.

Then Ellory had to go it alone. First he consulted his parents. Would they be willing to expend time and money in bringing suit against the school administration? As a minor, he could not bring suit in a case against the school administration. But as parents and natural guardians, the Schempps could bring suit, with Ellory as a minor contestant and witness.

Should he proceed to protest the Bible reading and prayer, thereby forcing a case against the school district?

He realized that his younger brother, Roger, and his younger sister, Donna, both in public school, would be upset and possibly would be ostracized for what he was going to do. They might lose the companionship of their friends. And he knew that both Donna and Roger had often volunteered to read the Bible during morning exercises, and so they would never challenge the authority of their teachers or their school. He also realized that his father had never complained about the Bible-reading practice to the school officials.

The Schempps agreed to allow Ellory to go ahead and protest the school's violation of his religious upbringing. They would back him if he got into difficulties with the school authorities. The two younger children were to stay out of the protest. Ellory alone would demonstrate his objection.

Thus encouraged by his parents' decision, Ellory set out to show the school authorities that they were exerting religious persuasion on him contrary to his belief, demonstrating his objection by reading the Koran--the scriptures of the Moslem faith--while the Bible was being read. In addition, he refused to stand for the recitation of the Lord's Prayer and asked to be excused from attendance at the exercises.

By these actions, he bewildered his homeroom teacher, who had found Ellory a responsible junior up to this point. When Ellory claimed that the morning devotion "violated his conscience," his teacher sent Ellory to see the principal.

For the remainder of the year 1956-1957, Ellory sat out the devotional period of fifteen minutes in the Guidance Counsellor's office. Actually, under the arrangements in his high school, Ellory could not escape the sound of Bible reading, since the public address system reached all rooms in the school.

During his senior year, he was directed by the assistant principal to stay in his homeroom during the religious exercises, despite his request to be excused. He obeyed the direction, while continuing to protest. He felt that America's greatness had been built by men who put conscience before conformity.

The Schempps had filed suit in the Federal district court. Ellory decided to wait and see how the court would rule. He would accept its results one way or the other. He knew the procedure would take time.

The Schempp family (Edward Schempp, his wife, Sidney, and minor children, Ellory, Donna, and Roger), the superintendent of the Abington schools (O. H. English), and the principals (Eugene Stuhl of the High School and Edward Northam of the Junior High) had retained lawyers to prepare a case for the Federal court. In addition, the American Civil Liberties Union had agreed to Ellory's request to help the Schempps take their case to court. For its part, the school district wanted the state law reviewed so that its position would be clear. On his part, Ellory meant to challenge the law, which infringed on his religious freedom.

Since the issue in the case concerned an interpretation of the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution, the Federal court had jurisdiction over the case and therefore could hear it and rule on the constitutionality of the Pennsylvania law. This could be done even before the **Pennsylvania** state court could review the law.

In August, after graduation, Ellory's day in court arrived. The suit had been filed in the Federal district court near the end of Ellory's senior year. Indeed, the only "objector" or demonstrator--Ellory-- in the suit had no grounds to complain, since he was out of school. The court held that, as far as Ellory was concerned, the suit was doubtful. It seemed to the court, however, that the subject of the suit was important to hear and to consider. The parents, as guardians, had every right to bring suit, since "they had an immediate interest in their children's religious development." So the judges of the court decided to listen to Ellory's testimony, and his statements were recorded along with the statements of the others.

Ellory sat before Judges Biggs, Kirkpatrick, and Kraft in the United States District Court, Montgomery County, Eastern Pennsylvania. Ellory answered the family lawyer, Mr. Henry Sawyer.

"How old are you?" the lawyer began.

"Eighteen." Then he was asked to name his school and explain his purpose in protesting.

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you believe that God exists in a human form or has human characteristics?"

"No," he replied.

"Ellory, do you believe in your own conscience in the concept of prayer that asks a favor of God?"

"No," he replied.

Then Roger Schempp, age fifteen, was questioned, "What do you believe about Christ?"

"I believe He was a great man," said Roger, "but I don't think He was some of the other things they claim He was."

Donna Schempp, age twelve, who had not wanted her older brother to begin his protest, also took the stand. "Where it says that the devil came to Jesus and tempted him, we have been taught that this was just a dream, and I don't think any man would have the powers to do the miracles that the Bible says He did."

The Schempp case became especially important when the Federal court in Pennsylvania permitted religious experts to testify concerning the Bible and the Lord's Prayer, because the court had to decide whether the exercises constituted religious instruction.

At the trial conducted before this special panel of judges, Dr. Luther Weigle, formerly Dean of the Yale Divinity School, stated that portions of the Bible were basic to Christians and Jews; that its reading did not favor Christians over Jews. He added, however, that the reading of particular passages of the Bible to the exclusion of the others would favor one religion over the other.

Dr. Solomon Grayzel, a rabbi, testified that there were portions of the New Testament that were offensive to Jewish tradition; he cited instances which tended to bring the Jews into ridicule or scorn. While Dr. Grayzel conceded that such material from the New Testament could be explained to Jewish children in a way that would do no harm, the reading of the sections, without explanation, could be psychologically harmful to children of the Jewish faith.

The court came to these conclusions: (1) the Bible is a religious work; (2) the practice required by the Pennsylvania law amounts to religious instruction; (3) the practice favors Christianity.

Having heard the evidence, on September 16, 1959, the three-judge Federal court declared the Pennsylvania law unconstitutional according to the guarantees of the First and Fourteenth Amendments.

The court asserted, furthermore, that the Pennsylvania law also violated the Constitution because it infringed on the religious freedom of the teachers who were required to observe the law. The court felt there was a certain compulsion operating on the children, because there was no clause in the law which would excuse them.

The court also expressed the view that the rights of parents were interfered with by compulsory Bible reading. Judge Biggs wrote: "If the faith of a child is developed inconsistently with the faith of the parent and contrary to the wishes of the parent, then this law is wrong."

This decision, however, did not end the matter. The Abington Township School District prepared the case for appeal to the Supreme Court.

While the school board was appealing the decision to the United States Supreme Court, the Pennsylvania legislature amended the law to provide that any child bringing a written request from his parent could be excused from participation in the daily Bible reading. The amended law gave the Supreme Court the opportunity to "vacate the appeal and remand the case" or send the case back to the District Court for further consideration in the light of the amendment to the Pennsylvania law.

During the first trial, Mr. Edward Schempp had declared that he would not have Roger and Donna excused (they were in Junior High School) from these ceremonies. He claimed they would be labeled as odd-balls before teachers and classmates. Children were liable to lump all religious differences or religious objections together, as being something connected with un-Americanism. He pointed out that, since morning exercises began with the Bible reading and prayer and ended with the flag salute and announcements, excusing the children from Bible reading would probably force them to miss hearing the announcements. Besides, being excused meant standing in the hall, and that seemed more like a punishment. The result again would be an obvious pressure to attend the devotional exercises.

Jurisdiction to review the case was again noted by the Federal court, and these statements were again reviewed and summarized. By this time, Ellory, as one of the contestants, was dismissed from the action, since he had long since been graduated from high school.

The amendment to the Pennsylvania law caused no change in the attitude of the same three-judge court, which, on February 1, 1962 reaffirmed its 1959 decision that compulsory Bible reading was unconstitutional. This second declaration that the reading was unconstitutional was again appealed by the school district to the United States Supreme Court, and in the fall (October) of 1962, the Supreme Court agreed to pass on the legality of the Bible reading.

The Schempps were fighting for religious liberty, an American principle, yet there were some members of the community who were ignorant of these principles.

"Bible-hater," they sneered.

"Commie! Go back to Russia," children yelled out of the school-bus windows as they passed the Schempp home.

Comparatively little abuse was directed toward them by adults. Mrs. Schempp spent many hours on the telephone explaining her position. One Protestant minister supported the Schempps, and the Jewish community was almost unanimously sympathetic.

A prayer issue had already been before the courts and the public before the final decision on the Schempp case was decided by the Supreme Court. In fact, Mr. Sawyer intended to use the examples of previous cases involving religious liberty when he presented the Schempp case to the Supreme Court.

He explained to the family. "The New York Board of Regents had composed a prayer which the public school children in New York would recite."

"I recall that Justice Black ruled against that made-up prayer," Mr. Schempp replied.

"Yes, Justice Black explained that it wasn't the business of the government to compose official prayers for any group of people to recite."

"Didn't this decision last year become unpopular and cause a lot of hard feeling against the Court?" Ellory asked.

"You're right. Various members of Congress have introduced bills to overrule the Supreme Court decision by amending the Constitution," explained Mr. Sawyer.

"All prayer hasn't been declared unconstitutional yet," Mr. Schempp said.

"It will be, if the Supreme Court upholds the decision of the Federal district court in your favor. You see, despite the fact that the Supreme Court has ruled for the past twenty years on individual cases of religious freedom, there has never been a case just like yours, with the same circumstances, the same questionable state law, the same facts. The Court has to review your case separately."

"Won't they fall back on any decisions they've made in the last few years for guidance?" Mr. Schempp asked.

"Yes. It's customary to refer to them. I, myself, am going to refer back to a case decided in 1943. It involved children of Jehovah's Witnesses."

"Those children who refused to salute the flag?" asked Mr. Schempp. "Wasn't it against their faith to put the flag above God by saluting the flag?"

"Yes," Mr. Sawyer replied, "but the flag salute isn't a religious ceremony. You see how each case differs slightly."

"How did the court decide?" asked Ellory.

"The Court said that the flag salute had to be voluntary."

The Supreme Court reviewed the testimonies in the Schempp case in February, 1963. It was argued before a packed courtroom for two successive days. There were many would-be spectators outside the courtroom. The nine justices knew they had an explosive issue on their hands, and they came into court prepared to ask questions of the lawyers rather than just to listen to arguments.

The question before the court was whether the state, through the local schools, could select and direct the prayers of children, subjecting to ostracism anyone who did not want to participate.

During the sessions Justice Black leaned forward and interrupted the case presentation of the two opposing lawyers many times. He demanded to know: "Is there any reason why if you can have three minutes for Bible reading you can't have forty?"

"How can you say this is not a religious ceremony based on the Christian Bible?"

"How can you assume there is never any pressure on a child when he has to step aside?" Justice Black was hard to convince that no compulsion was used.

Justice Warren tried to find out from the Pennsylvania state lawyer what he would recommend in a Hawaiian community which was 51% Buddhist and 49% Christian. "Would the Christians walk out during a Buddhist service?"

Justice Goldberg asked if it would be all right for the schools to use the Book of Mormon.

"Yes, sir," the Pennsylvania state lawyer replied.

Justice Black leaned forward again. "You're suggesting that the Constitution gives a local option as to what brand of religion would be taught in schools?"

The lawyer insisted the devotional exercises were for moral and disciplinary reasons.

Clearly, the justices had something to think about during the next four months while they wrote their decisions.

In their closed conference chamber after the hearing, after shaking hands and arranging themselves around the conference table, each Justice, according to seniority, expressed his views on the evidence presented. All of them, except Justice Stewart, were convinced that devotional exercises in public schools were unconstitutional.

Justice Clark, a Presbyterian, Justice Brennan, a Catholic, and Justice Goldberg, a Jew, were assigned the task of writing the Court's opinion in separate but agreeing opinions. They decided to announce their decision at their last meeting in June, and the schools could decide what to do during the summer vacation.

Justice Clark, speaking for the Court, banned all Bible reading and use of the Lord's Prayer in American public schools as parts of a religious exercise. Freedom of religion cannot survive if the majority could use the machinery of the state to spread its beliefs.

He concluded in his statement: In the relationship between man and religion, the State is firmly committed to a position of neutrality."

Justice Brennan's long and brilliant opinion revealed his knowledge of the history of church-state relations in America. He suggested that children learn from the heritage of all American groups and religions.

Justice Douglas realized there would be public misunderstanding of the decision, as there had been following the Regents' prayer decision the year before. Therefore, he said that the Bible was worthy of formal study as a course in a secular program for education. He emphasized the financial aspects of state support for any church activity: "It is not the amount of public funds expended; it is the use to which public funds are put."

The Court, in its deliberations, did not need to dwell at all on religious differences, since it was necessary only to show that the school in this case was supported with tax funds. The Court did not mean, as its critics implied, that prayer should never be used in official public ceremonies.

Donna, Roger, and Ellory Schempp are now far away from these conflicts. Yet Ellory's protest against and challenge to the existing Pennsylvania law brought about a policy change in accordance with the Court's decision. The public school administrators reorganized their morning exercises and reconsidered the purposes of religious celebrations held in school. Certainly alternatives were available. Local school boards issued prayer bans to implement the decision and substituted a moment of silent meditation.

STUDIES ON IDEALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE

Program in American History and Civilization

Division of Secondary Social Studies

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Part I

THE UTOPIAN RESPONSE TO MATERIALSIM

The Problems of Industrial Society

The little fellow called Tony, who seemed clad in but a single rag, was among those stranded at Police Headquarters when I arrived there. No one knew where he had come from. The boy knew as little about it as anybody else and was not anxious to talk much, after spending a night in the matron's nursery. He had discovered that beds were provided for boys to sleep in and that he could have "a whole egg" and three slices of bread for breakfast. He had decided that Headquarters was "a bully place."

"Where do you go to church, my boy?" the policeman asked.

"We don't have clothes to go to church." No doubt his appearance would have caused a sensation in church.

"Well, where do you go to school then?"

"I don't go to school," Tony snorted with contempt.

"Where do you buy your bread?"

"We don't buy no bread; we buy beer," said the boy.

It was a saloon that led the police, as a landmark, to his "home." I took a liking to the boy and volunteered that I would see him home.

On the way, we came upon three boys sitting on a beer keg in the mouth of a narrow alley. They were intent upon a game of cards. The bare feet of the smallest lad were black with dried mud. We stopped to look at them. It was an hour before noon.

"Why aren't you in school?" I asked the oldest. He must have been thirteen.

" 'Cause I don't believe in it, " he said, his eyes on his cards.

"And you?" I asked. I caught the dirty-footed one by the collar. "Don't you know you have to go to school?"

The boy stuck his bare feet out at me. "They don't want me; I ain't got no shoes." He leaned over and picked up the trick.

Tony and I continued on past Blind Man's Alley, where a colony of blind beggars lived, and turned on Cherry Street. The Cherry Street sewer pipe ran on the surface down the whole block. A man could walk upright through it the entire distance. Tony said he had walked through the sewer pipe.

Tony lived at Number 57. The hallway of the tenement block was dark, and we nearly stumbled over small children pitching counterfeit pennies in the rear. We felt our way up the flights of stairs. All the fresh air that entered the stairway came from the hall door. The fire escapes were filled with washtubs and barrels over which no one could climb in case of fire.

On the third flight we bumped into a woman filling a pail from a faucet. The sinks were in the hallway so that all tenants could have access to them. The boy told me that the pump rarely worked in the summer. But the saloon was always next door; the smell followed us up and mixed with the smell of boiling cabbage and boiling clothes. Washday was all week, there being no change of clothes.

We came to Tony's flat, a sunless tenement in the rear, consisting of a "parlor" and two bedrooms. The family teakettle on the stove was being used for boiling wash water. There was little furniture, but things were neat. A long work bench filled the "parlor." Tony's bed was a box piled with straw. Several half-finished pants were piled in the middle of the floor.

A bare-legged girl with a sallow and serious face greeted us. She was Katie, Tony's nine-year-old sister. I asked her what she was doing.

"I scrubs," she answered. Her look guaranteed that what she scrubbed came clean.

Little Susie, another sister, was pasting linen on tin covers for pocket flasks.

"I'm twelve," she volunteered. "When I'm finished running errands in the morning, I take down the bundle of tin boxes and paste two hundred before it's time for evening school. By then I've earned 60 cents, more sometimes than mother," she said with a smile.

"How many people are in the family?" I asked.

Susie counted on her fingers - five, six. "Six, sir! Six grown people and five children. One grownup is a boarder."

"And baby," Katie corrected. She pointed to a cradle near the stove where 'baby,' coughing, lay wrapped in assorted rags.

"And how much is the rent?" I asked.

"Nine and a half a month. And the landlord won't put the paper on," Susie complained. The "paper" hung in shreds on the wall.

"Where's mother?" I asked.

Mother had been called to a neighbor's tenement. She had been finishing "knee-pants" for the local "sweater." The man called the "sweater," a man who contracted to have clothing sewed and finished in the tenements, came once a week to collect the garments. Mother earned a cent and a quarter a pair for turning up and hemming the bottoms and sewing buttons on. "But she can't make more than a couple dozen a day. Even though we mind baby, mother gets called away to look after Pop," Little Susie said.

All of the grownups in the family made "knee-pants" for the local "sweater." Ten treadle sewing machines had been installed throughout the flats of this tenement block. They were rented at two dollars a month. One man, sewing at the machines for twelve hours a day, turned out three dozen knee-pants for which he would get 42 cents a dozen. An ironer would get eight cents a dozen. For buttonholes, the pay was eight cents a hundred.

"It gets very dirty sometimes," Katie said. "But it's better than tobacco fumes."

"Fumes?" I inquired, although I suspected what she meant.

"Down there," she pointed toward other tenement blocks, "everyone makes cigars. They work with stumpy knives, and their figures get brown and greasy stripping tobacco leaves. I don't like that, " Katie explained.

Someone from upstairs hollered down to Tony, "Go get a ten-cent pail of coal. My pressing irons are getting cold."

I left with him. There wasn't enough beer, or bread, or sausage to go around. I thought that when Tony got tired of "shinin' boots," he might appear again at Headquarters.

A Utopian Solution of the Problems

One of several persons concerned over the poverty which existed in the New York slums and elsewhere was the reformer Edward Bellamy, who in 1888 wrote the "utopian" novel Looking Backward. In it Bellamy described a society ruled by reason and justice in which man could reach the highest degree of perfection. Such is the meaning of the word utopia, and ideal society, in which man's perfection develops out of the practice of reason and justice.

Edward Bellamy, essentially, criticized his own society, nineteenth-century America. He compared his society to a large coach to which the masses of people were harnessed, dragging it along a very hilly and sandy road. The driver was hunger and permitted no lagging.

Despite the difficulty of drawing the coach at all along so hard a road, the top was covered with passengers who never got down. These seats on top were very comfortable. Naturally such places were in great demand, and the competition for them was keen, everyone seeking as the first end in life to secure a seat on the coach for himself and to leave it to his child after him. By the rule of the coach, a man could leave his seat to whomever he wished, but on the other hand there were many accidents by which his place might be lost. At every sudden jolt of the coach, persons slipped out of their seats and fell to the ground, where they had to take hold of the rope and help to drag the coach. It was naturally regarded as a terrible misfortune to lose one's seat, and the fear that this might happen to them was a constant cloud upon the happiness of those who rode.

In constrast to this image of the coach with the many pulling and the few riding on top, Bellamy described a utopian society in which the nation would be the only employer and in which all the citizens would be employees. With each citizen's labor made use of according to the needs of production, there would be no strikes and no wars. Each citizen would be protected against hunger, cold, and nakedness, and all his needs would be provided for. The injustices presented by the image of the coach would thus be corrected.

This utopian society would direct each person's labor for a term of years. In fact, labor would be compulsory, and reasonably so, since the society was based upon each person's contributing his share. The term of "service" to the nation would be 24 years, beginning at 21 at the close of the course of education and ending at 45. After 45, while discharged from labor, the citizen could be called on in emergencies until he was 55 years old.

It was the business of the administration of the nation to make all trades and jobs equally attractive. The lighter trades would have longer hours, while a heavy trade, such as mining, shorter hours.

Everyone was to be a common laborer for three years of his service to the nation. Then each person could choose whether he would be fit for a profession, for farming, or for mechanical employment. At any rate, professional training would be open to everyone until he was 35.

This society which Bellamy envisaged would exist without money or trade. Each citizen would be given a credit card at the beginning of each year, and he would simply pick up the goods which he needed at the central storehouses set up by the administration of the nation. A person would merely present his credit card instead of making a money payment. The basis for this system was that no one would need to "spend" more than was written on his credit card and that no one was encouraged to consume more and more just to use up goods.

Everyone was to receive the same amount of credit, regardless of the amount of work he did. Everyone, according to Bellamy, had the right to a decent life, not because he was superior or good in one thing or another, but because he was a human being. Even though some men might do twice the work of others, each person would be required to make his best effort. There should be no cause for any complaint of injustice.

"The amount of effort a workman gives is the basis for his deserving goods. Goods are material objects and the quantity of material objects produced is not the measure of a man's worth," Bellamy reasoned.

This society would be based on a sense of love and common good, because Bellamy believed that mankind was motivated by more than a love of luxury. It would be based on truth. There were to be no jails. All cases of repeated crimes were to be treated in hospitals. Since the administration controlled the wealth of the nation and guaranteed a living to everyone, on the one hand, it would do away with want; and on the other hand, it would check excessive riches, thus providing no motive for crime. So when crime appeared, it would be explained as a sickness and treated in the hospital.

In fact, there would be little need for courts. With no private property and no fights between citizens over business and no debts to collect, there would be no business for a court.

There would, then, be no need for lawyers, since a criminal who was accused would need no defense. He would plead guilty in most instances. If a criminal denied guilt, he would be tried. But trials would be very few. If a man should say he was not guilty and should be proved guilty, his penalty would be doubled. In other words, falsehood would be disliked so much that few criminals would lie to save themselves.

A society which stressed truthtelling would put a heavy responsibility on the individual.

The only function left for the administration of the nation would be to direct the industries of the country. There would be no army, no navy, and no military organization. There would be no departments of state or treasury, no excises and income taxes, no tax collector. The only function of government which still remained would be the judiciary and the police department.

There would be so little need for passing laws that the Congress would meet only once every five years. Each city or town would be given a proportion of the labor force which its citizens contributed to the nation. There would be no national or city debt. As no money would go to support the military, the wealth of the nation would be ready for use by all citizens.

The number of citizens lost to the working force because of physical handicap would be small. No criminal class would prey upon the wealth of society. "There were no idlers, rich or poor, no drones." Wives should not be dependent on their husbands for support, nor children on their parents. The child's labor, when he grew, would go to increase the welfare of the whole nation, not his parents'. Children would be raised and educated by the nation.

These were some of the characteristics of Bellamy's ideal society. Its aim was the good life based on man's spiritual and human development rather than on his material comforts--getting and piling up more and more THINGS.

Experiments in Living

At the time the events in the following narrative took place, the idea of progress, which was so very much a part of the American way of life, came into question.

The period before the Civil War especially was a restless one. In the East, industrialization and urbanization, together with the new marvels of invention used in transportation and industry, contributed to this restlessness.

In his own way, each citizen in the young republic felt this restlessness.

Economic security in a country where land was plentiful and cheap allowed many citizens to challenge the institutions of America which had become traditional and to form communal organizations; communities of citizens living together, separated from the rest of society.

For the most part, these communities, as experiments in living, offered shared lands and goods and a salvation away from the contaminating or corrupting influences of contemporary industrial America.

Most who joined these communities were poor men and women who brounght with them the potential value of their capacity to work. Since they were without money, they were also without the special influence money could buy. They were defenseless against what they felt were the whimsies of government and social institutions.

There were many such communities. Some of them lasted a few years and some lasted a century or more. They could have operated only in the atmosphere of freedom and tolerance for social experimentation which America allowed.

A number of these communities were utopian experiments in which some form of socialism or communism was voluntarily established. These were a protest against the evils--such as a competitive exploitation of human labor--found where mechanization was beginning to take hold at the price of alienating citizens from their society. Furthermore, the members of these communities were optimistic in their desires to create a better life by setting the real example in the hope that all would adopt their new system.

An American Utopia

Somewhere early in my life I learned that the world into which I had been born was called "Oneida Community." I learned from the report of relatives that, like other Community children, I had remained in the care of my mother until I was able to walk. Then, at the age when all Community children were brought together, I was transferred to a department called the Drawing Room.

I remember nothing about my life in the Drawing Room, but I was loved and cared for. I have been told that in the early 1870's, our Community experiment was talked about a great deal, and the Drawing Room was frequently crowded with "outsiders" who were interested in observing how we were educated in the Community. And I seem to remember a time when the Drawing Room, and later the Mansion House, was the entire world and "our folks" the population of it.

I remember one rather unusual problem which engaged my mind and the amusing solution at which I arrived. We were forbidden to speak to "hired men" and "outsiders." These two designations seemed to apply to strange people, and yet I felt sure there was a difference. In the end I decided that "hired men" spit brown and "outsiders" spit white. The fact is that the Community's "hired men" chewed tobacco, while the higher class of "outsiders," who were visitors, did not. The "hired men" came and went and would often leave the Community as soon as winter was over.

My cousin Dick and I were by choice inseparable; so much so that often we preferred the company of each other over all other children. "Exclusive" friendship or selfish affection the Communicty regarded as a sin. Any friendship that excluded others came in for criticism among the members of our Community, who were called Perfectionists because they were dedicated to the idea of a "perfect society." The penalty, upon conviction of "being partial," was a sentence of separation for several days. It went like this. "Richard and Pierrepont (otherwise I was called Pip) must not speak to each other for ten days."

Dick and I found a way to avoid the serious inconvenience of separation. Papa Kelly, our teacher, had said, "speak to each other," so we talked through a third person. This avoidance of direct disobedience was highly technical, but it satisfied our moral sense and respect for authority.

When I was six years old, my mother was allowed to arrange a birthday party for me. I think my mother got even more pleasure than I did out of the party. The Community system was harder on mothers than on their children.

Whenever I was permitted to visit my mother in her room--once a week--she always seemed trying to make up for lost opportunity, lavishing affection on me. I remember her terror when she thought my crying or fussing would be heard. She knew that Father Noyes, my father and the leader of the Community, disliked any excess of parental love; and she feared that these demonstrations would deprive her of my regular visits, which many times it did. If I misbehaved, Papa Kelly would not let me visit my mother.

In the development of my character, I owe more to my mother than I do to my father. He never seemed a father to me in the ordinary sense. He was much too far away, too busy. He lived somewhere upstairs and was usually surrounded by men who set down the rules for our Community.

In his place, I had "Uncle Abram, " whom I loved as a father. He was not really my uncle, but the father of my half brother, for many of us children had the same father but not the same mother. I had several half brothers and sisters. At any rate, we children believed that fathers were appointed by the adults in the Community.

I must explain that we were never conscious of the unusual sexual arrangements in the Community. Of course, there was never any flirting or courting in public. But a system of "multiple marriage: existed, whereby any couple could unite in the eyes of the Communicty without the need for a "legal" marriage based upon the standards of the "outsiders." Permission had to be given by the leaders of the Community for these marriage unions to take place, and the couples respected the decisions made.

Everyone worked a few hours each day. The Community believed that children should work too. Every day, except Sunday, we had to make chains for an hour after lunch; slow-working boys made them for a longer time, since each of us had to make one hundred chains in an afternoon. The Community manufactured steel game traps, and to each trap was attached a 14-inch chain.

Visitors to the Community were generally shown the chain room. They always admired our enthusiasm. We concentrated upon our work until, one by one, we were able to call out "all done." At times we experienced a pretaste of life's bitter disappointments. With half of our companions already on the playground, we would be called back to correct bad work or because a check up failed to confirm our count of a hundred chains.

Another interesting place was the laundry down by the mill. I could stand indefinitely watching the jerky gyrations of the homemade washing machine, whose thrashing scrubbers, swinging on long wooden arms, slid alternately down into the sudsy water among the clothes.

At the tinshop we watched great sheets of tin or galvanized iron go through rollers and come out as gutter pipes. Even dentistry enlisted our interest; not the torture chamber where the doctor worked over people's faces, but another room in which we could see jars filled with teeth, bundles of soft red-rubber strips, and "plates" going through the various processes. Sometimes we would dare each other to open the vulcanizing oven to see how the false teeth were progressing.

From the earliest days, the Community did all the work possible in "bees," an old New England Custom. It was my participation in these "bees," such as a strawberry-picking bee, which made me think, "Outsiders never have as much fun as our folks." Oneida Community planted in my mind a conviction that play is good only when earned by work.

My father, as I indicated before, was the center of life at Oneida. Perhaps today he would be called a fanatic, but he preached the Communism of the early church, and his followers accepted his preaching. For more than 30 years, the three hundred members of the Oneida Community in New York lived together like a great family, holding all worldly belongings in common.

I should regret it if the Oneida Community were to be confused with that modern "Communism" which denies God and makes material things more important than spiritual life. Our communism was nonpolitical. My father aimed at a system under which the individual would forget himself and would strive for the happiness of all. In this way, he interpreted the spirit of the early Christian church.

The desire for exclusive ownership of things is not a prime human instinct, he felt. Throughout my childhood, the private ownership of anything seemed to me to be artificial: something to which the "outside" clung. We children struggled for the use of things we desired, but ownership was never seriously considered. For instance, we were keen for our favorite sleds, but it never occured to me that I could own a sled to the exclusion of the other boys.

To be sure, each boy had his everyday clothes and his special hook on which to hang them, but all this was arranged for the sake of orderliness. When I went away from home, I proudly wore one of the Community "best suits." "Going-away clothes" for grown folks, as for children, were common property. Any man or women preparing for a trip was fitted out with one of the suits kept in stock for that purpose.

It was not clothes alone that were communized. My father believed that there was inherent selfishness in exclusive personal relationships. These Perfectionists in the Community adopted communism of property to eliminate material self-seeking; they dressed in simple clothes and tabooed jewelry, and the women cut their hair short, to eliminate vanity; they arranged that every member should take his turn at the humblest work to eliminate pride and power; they abolished monogamous marriage to do away with selfishness in love. Yet my father believed we were all born with a competitive spirit, and he encouraged competitiveness to ensure efficiency and industry.

In the Children's House, where we were schooled in later years, we were taught selflessness and had no special training in self defense which would demonstrate supremacy by throwing down or wounding a fellow. We believed that only bad boys attacked one another; we felt that this belonged to the "outsiders."

It does seem strange to me, when I look back at the abnormally religious atmosphere which surrounded us, that we led such normal lives. The answer rests in the fact that our guardians never persecuted us, nor did they hover over us as doting parents do. They left us to ourselves.

In June of 1879, something happened that disturbed me. My father disappeared; departed secretly from Oneida and no one seemed to know where he had gone. I saw tears in my mother's eyes. She would not discuss this event with me.

As a matter of history, John Humphrey Noyes, after keeping his unconventional communal system in defiance of public opinion for more than 30 years, after defending it against attacks by the clergy and the law courts, decided suddenly to leave Oneida. He had, it seems, definite information that certain men inside the Community were about to ally themselves with the "outside" crusaders who opposed the communal features of our Community.

When the struggle inside the Community seemed to have reached a dangerous crisis, my father called his council together, and they urged, "You should go away immediately! Tommorrow the Community, your children, all of us, may be dragged into publicity that will damage our lives."

So he took a train to a St. Lawrence port and crossed by ferry to Canada. He remained at Niagara until he died. It was at Niagara that I visited him in later years.

One factor which contributed to the breakdown of Oneida communism was the emergence of a new generation of young people who did not have the religious devotion which the original members brought with them in 1848. Even Dick and I became preoccupied with the breaking up of the Children's House. We speculated about the opportunities beyond the hills.

"If the Community breaks up, we can go to Oneida village as often as we want to, or to Syracuse, or do anything we want to, " I said.

He replied, "You won't go, because you won't have any money. You can't do anything without money."

"I'll earn some, " I said.

"You don't know that you can earn enough money to get things to eat, " Dick said.

This was a discouraging thought. From this time on, we acquired a new interest in "hired men." We hung around them and asked them about things on the "outside." For my part, also, I knew that acceptance by the worldlings would be given me with great reluctance. People would always say, "He's a son of old man Noyes." I tried to make up for these shortcomings by learning to be tough.

But I knew I was no match for an "outsider." Earl and Chet were "outsiders," although their mother had been a member of the Community years before. Now she had returned to Oneida from Lansing, Michigan, with Chet and Earl. We learned later that her "husband" had left them. I could sense that they had been told to "fall in" with the Community discipline so that they would not give their mother a bad name and so that they could enjoy the security of the Community.

Both boys became very bold. They called us cowards. They said we were follish to obey Papa Kelly. They fought us hard enough to draw blood.

Earl dropped uncomfortable hints about our legal status. "You could never go to Lansing, " he would say when we questioned him. "You're not legitimate. Chet and I are."

We didn't wnat to accept the truth of this, but in their eyes we weren't legitimate. Dick and I remained friendly with them because they knew more about the "outside" than anyone else of our acquaintance.

I was drawn closer to my mother druing this time of transition in the Community. I once asked her whom she was going to marry. I remember that she answered, "Perhaps no one. Your father is already married." I was thinking only of myself. But I knew with the end of communism in the Community and the change in the marriage practices (according to the laws of the "outside"), my mother intended to keep me with her wherever she went and not turn me over to the guardianship of the Noyes family.

Out of the ashes of the communal Community, a profit-directed company, the Oneida Community Limited, was created. Each member of the Community was given shares of stock. The Community had always preferred industry to agriculture. In time, the company proved financially successful.

There arose a new respect for money, and we were made to pay in the exact value (no profits allowed) for the goods which we consumed. We children were especially enthusiastic about the restaurant. There we could order anything we wanted from a printed price list: pancakes and maple syrup for five cents, etc. The financial arrangements of the company in terms of the restaurant illustrate the naïve economic ideas of the men who had known communism. Gradually they learned the meaning of "overhead expenses" and "depreciation."

Until I was 16, I remained with my mother and her family. On the few occasions when I visited my father, I had glimpsed the outside world and was enchanted by it. I realized that I was handicapped by my ignorance in the struggle with educated men, and I wanted an education more than anything else. My mother agreed to put the value of her stock in the Community toward my education costs. I was accepted and entered Colgate Academy. I was on my own at last.

Pierrepont Noyes

Part II

THE HUMANITARIAN RESPONSE TO IDEALISM

Prison Life

I am writing this series of letters from the Jefferson City Penitentiary. The penitentiary wall is four feet thick, made of thicknesses of brick with one foot of stone between courses of brick.

When I was brought to the penitentiary, I was freed from my chain, stripped, examined, recorded. My head was shaved; I was clothed in shining striped colors; and another chain was put on my leg. The overseer stood before me with a pistol, while a guard was at the door with a musket.

The rules were then recited to me: "You cannot speak to any prisoner out of your cell nor to one another in your cell. You must take off your cap when speaking to a guard. You must address no convict as 'Mister'." I asked if I could write letters. I was given permission to write one letter every three months. I could not keep a journal, and my cell would be searched to see that I did not.

I wanted to keep a journal during my prison stay. There was no need for my chains; I wouldn't resist. I had been sentenced to two years of imprisonment for helping a slave to escape over the Missouri border. I was a preacher and freely admitted that I had helped the slave.

My cell, which I shared with two others, was 12 feet by 8 feet, with a four-foot reinforced iron door. I slept on three blankets.

My first meal, which all prisoners ate in the darkness of their cells, was corn meal and bacon. I ate with my fingers, since no knives or forks were given to the prisoners. I was told that occasionally the prisoners received hog's ears and feet, eyes, hearts, and livers. I would have to get used to the feel of this food in the dark.

In the morning, we were aroused by the rattling of bolts and locks and chains. The prisoners were in chains, some with chains on both ankles. The doors of the cells were opened, and the prisoners had the free range of a large room about 200 feet by 100 feet. There thieves, counterfeiters, gamblers, drunkards, and murderers, from 16 to 65 years old and imprisoned for from 2 to 99 years, mingled.

By some circumstance, a young boy, who probably never had dreamed of committing a crime, was among these prisoners for having set off firecrackers in the street. I noticed that in a few months he had learned how to pick pockets.

Several evenings after my arrival, I was disturbed by shrieks and pleadings. They came from the guardroom. The drunken warden had dragged a prisoner from his bed and was flogging him. The groans made the other prisoners' hair stand on end, while we lay in suspense expecting any moment that our turn would come. For trifles, men were flogged 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50 strokes with a strap. The prisoner had his hands tied together and placed over his knees, where they were held by a broomstick passing through behind the knees. Thus, lying on his side, stripped to his skin, he got the strokes. To get up was impossible, until the warden drew the stick from its place. The strap was of thick leather, one inch wide by two feet long. It didn't break the skin, but bruised it till it turned black and blue.

I mistakenly thought, since I was a preacher, I could reform the procedure for allowing the prisoners to do some work outside. I was lucky. I was allowed to chop wood and split rails, hard but pleasant work.

But one Sunday I refused to go down to have my head shaved. I was dragged from my cell, shaved, and put in a dungeon. The next evening I was flogged 10 strokes.

The Model Prisons

By 1830, public whipping, branding, and mutilation had disappeared in America. And through the efforts of societies interested in prison reforms, the treatment of prisoners was greatly improved over that described above.

Roberts Vaux was one reformer who reported to a Philadelphia society on conditions in the prisons. He had found that prisoners had little clothing because the inmates took the outer clothing of the new prisoners to pay for rum. Prisoners were charged for food and lodging, and when they were judged innocent by trial, they might have to stay in jail for not being able to pay their jail fees. Other reformers insisted that useful labor might bring about good work habits.

As a result of these reports, two prison systems which instituted changes were founded at Sing Sing in New York State and at Cherry Hill in Philadelphia.

The "model" prison at Sing Sing had small cells seven feet by three feet wide. During the daytime, the men were allowed to work outside, although the discipline was severe. The prisoners were marched to work in lock step and were not allowed to speak to one another. The "model" prison built at Cherry Hill was designed to have the prisoners live and work in their cells by themselves.

The following is an account of visits to these two prisons by two Frenchmen who were sent to the United States to study the prison systems.

"I'm the warden. Welcome to Sing Sing Penitentiary, Mr. de Tocqueville. We're honored to have you visit us here in New York."

"How do you do," de Tocqueville replied. "This is my friend, Mr. Gustave de Beaumont, who is studying your American prison systems with me."

The warden nodded. "Well, how do you like our penitentiary?"

"We find the administration very interesting so far. But why do you say 'penitentiary' and not 'prison'?" asked de Tocqueville.

"Prison shuts up a person," the warden replied as they walked through the yard. "This is a place to do penance--to feel sorry for the wrongs done against society--and then to return to society a changed man."

"Do penance? This is punishment?" asked de Beaumont.

"Yes. We have a thousand hardened criminals here, kept at their work without walls, in the open, watched over by a few guards. They must work in silence."

"To prevent conspiracy," de Tocqueville observed.

"Yes, and more. You can see them working in the stone quarries," the warden continued. "We give them a chance to meditate on their crimes against society and," he added quickly, "against God. Silence is the best punishment. Work--to learn a trade and to earn their own keep--and silence."

"I see you believe that the penitentiary is a place to learn new habits, good ones we hope. Certainly, I can appreciate the necessity of learning a trade, but what if the prisoner doesn't keep the rule of silence?" de Tocqueville asked.

"Then he is whipped. Whipping is the most humane physical punishment. It never injures the health. The prisoner soon learns to keep 'silence.'"

"Do you really believe the prisoners are reformed when they are ready to go back to society? I realize that Americans respect the laws more than foreigners," asked de Beaumont.

"I don't believe there is complete reform. You don't find a man who is a criminal becoming a saint or a very religious man overnight. But the prisoner does become a good citizen, because he has learned a trade."

"Is that reform? Simply to improve the conduct of a man? What about the conduct of men while they are in prison?" asked de Beaumont.

"We find that the model prisoner picks up his old habits when he gets out. The worst characters are the best prisoners, because they see through the system immediately. They act well, keep out of trouble, and stay away from the whip. But they are not reformed."

"You are frank. Do you have any other conclusions on the role of the penitentiary you might share with us?" asked de Tocqueville.

"Yes," the warden replied. "Never grant pardons for good conduct. This is hypocrisy: to punish and then to take away punishment. You are no nearer reform than you were in the beginning, if you grant a pardon."

The two men thanked the warden at Sing Sing for his consideration. De Tocqueville and de Beaumont left New York state and traveled to Philadelphia.

"You know de Beaumont," de Tocqueville said, "the prisoners are productive; they produce enough to exceed expenses. In fact, the penitentiary makes a profit for the state on its industries.

De Beaumont found fault with the system: "Work and silence! I don't believe the religious influence is effective at all. I think the discipline at

Sing Sing could explode in violence at any moment. Let's wait to compare the Quaker system at the Philadelphia penitentiary."

De Beaumont and de Tocqueville discovered that the Eastern State Penitentiary at Cherry Hill, Philadelphia, at the time of their visit in 1831, was two years old and not yet completed. The Quaker groups which had planned the administration of the penitentiary had called in special architects to design the building.

"I have never seen such gigantic walls! It is like a medieaval castle!" de Beaumont exclaimed.

"It's a fortress! Look, it's built like a wheel with the cell blocks and exercise yards going out as spokes from the center building!" de Tocqueville also exclaimed.

"We have spared no expense," Mr. Vaux, the director, said when they had introduced themselves. "The walls at Cherry Hill cost $200,000."

"$200,000! And the cost of each cell?" de Tocqueville inquired.

"$1600. Each prisoner has his own cell and yard and remains alone day and night."

"In complete silence and alone?" de Tocqueville could not believe his ears.

"Yes, alone."

"Isn't this cruel?"

"No. It's the greatest kindness we could give a prisoner. He can hear his own guilty conscience when he is alone. He can reflect on his past sins and be sorry, feel repentent."

"How can you change human nature? Isn't this a little difficult? Wouldn't he become bitter against society?"

"We are not alone in changing human nature. We have the help of God. We believe reform means to 'make again.' And we do not punish their bodies."

It was apparent to the two visitors that the Cherry Hill system was based upon the notion that every prisoner was also a sinner. Mr. Vaux continued to explain that in his solitary cell the prisoner had his work and his Bible.

"Has anybody asked the prisoners how they feel? If they are repentent? Are they in good health?" de Tocqueville asked.

"No one has asked. That is against the rules," Mr. Vaux replied.

"I should like to speak with them. May I? If I could talk to them, I should have a better idea of the value of the system."

Mr. Vaux hesitated, but agreed. "I suppose we should learn if there is anything in the system that isn't right. I have no other interest than the truth."

Mr. Vaux led de Tocqueville down the corridor of one large wing and let him enter cell 242. The cell was 17 feet square, with a ceiling 12 feet high. It was large enough for a weaver's loom. The prisoner had a bed, a washbowl, and a water closet, and there was an adjoining yard the same dimensions as the cell where he was allowed to exercise for an hour each day and in which he could cultivate shrubbery, flowers, or vegetables. "This man," he said, has been taught how to read and write. He has a Bible and his work. He has been condemned for murder. He has talked to no one from the outside for several years."

Mr. Vaux left.

"Good day. My name is Alexis de Tocqueville. I have permission to talk with you. Would you like to talk with me?"

The prisoner looked up from his work. "Y - e -s g-o-o-d d-a -y," he said, his lips trembling.

"I'm innocent. I'm a drunkard, but I'm not a murderer. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart," he sobbed. "I'm sorry to be this way, sir, but it's a shock--being alone," his voice trailed off.

"Is it hard to be alone?"

"Alone? Yes. Sometimes there is a pleasure in this solitude. But I'm tormented. I'd like to see my wife and children. I never used to think much about them before. I'd like to bring up my children. I think about them a lot now."

"I saw you were at work when I came in. Could you stay here alone without work?"

"Oh, no. Don't suggest it! I need work in order to live," the prisoner pleaded. "Work is a privilege. I should die without work."

"Do you see the keepers?"

"I see the faces of the guards six times a day."

"Is this a consolation to you?"

"Oh, yes. It's a joy to see them. When a butterfly comes into my yard, I do it no harm. It's company for me. I look forward to the good weather so the butterflies will come into my yard."

De Tocqueville visited a number of other prisoners. None of them wanted him to leave; they clung to him. Their bodies were healthy and their cells clean. Some men were sorry for their crimes, but not all men were sorry.

One prisoner admitted to de Tocqueville, "I have grown more cautious, but not sorry for robbing a man when I could not find a job. Because I have been alone, I have reflected on my past life, and I've determined not to steal again. I know one thing: I have made no dangerous acquaintances here. I have not been influenced by another criminal. And no one knows me here. This is an advantage. I can start a new life unhampered by a prison record."

De Beaumont and de Tocqueville had many points to think over about the penitentiary system. Were the prisoners reformed, as the warden claimed, or were they more cautious?

De Beaumont, I think that the prisoner becomes more industrious. Productive work cuts the cost of keeping the prisoners."

"Yes. And it's good if society pardons the prisoner afterward. But if his conscience doesn't pardon him, it is all in vain. He must live with the thought that he is a criminal. He is deprived of self-respect and honor."

Hospitals for the Insane

"You have a caller, Miss Dix," the landlady said to the frail woman sitting in the dark by the window.

The caller was a student studying for the ministry who had come to ask Miss Dix's help. "As part of my work, I'm teaching the Bible to a group of women in jail, but I'm finding it difficult. If only you knew of a woman who would be willing to give up a few Sundays to teach for me! A woman could hold their interest better than I."

"A woman? Where is the jail?" Miss Dix asked, very much interested in the request.

"It's the Middlesex County House of Correction. Most people call it the East Cambridge jail."

"I'll be there myself next Sunday!" she answered firmly.

The following Sunday, Dorothea Dix went to the East Cambridge jail. She taught the women in a high, dark cell. When she had finished with them, she turned to the jailer "Would you show me where you keep the insane?"

"No one goes down there," he replied. She insisted, so they went out into the prison yard. At the edge of one building, the jailer lifted a trap door, and they went down moldy steps. The jailer lit a lantern. Miss Dix noticed a row of iron doors. "Not in there!" she said, shrinking from the dampness.

"No one can hear them down here," he said. "These cells were used once for solitary confinement."

The jailer opened a door, and she was met by a piercing scream. Fierce, suspicious eyes stared at her from a toothless, old woman who was penned in on both sides in a wooden crib. Another and another emaciated human being screamed or wept when they saw Miss Dix. One young girl, in a cage with her clothes torn to shreds, complained that she was cold.

"Why are these people treated this way? Why isn't there a stove down there?" Miss Dix demanded, resentment and fury in her voice.

"There's never been a stove down there," the jailer replied; "besides, insane people can't feel the cold!"

Dorothea Dix did not forget what she had seen at the East Cambridge jail. The next day, she returned to East Cambridge to confront the commissioners responsible for the conditions at the jail. She returned day after day; she pleaded; she argued. She asked for a stove for the insane; she asked for a new jail. No one would listen.

"Lies. All lies. No such conditions exist in the jail!" the commissioners claimed.

Miss Dix decided to ask friends to support her.

"Be patient," one of them advised. "People must be told. I'll ask Horace Mann and Charles Sumner to arouse public opinion. If they confirm your story, people will have to listen."

Then a Boston newspaper carried a report of the conditions: "It is all true. The women are tied in cribs. Such horrors I saw in the East Cambridge jail." The report was signed by Charles Sumner, who also often spoke against slavery.

The commissioners quickly voted to install a stove and to improve conditions "for the insane housed in the cells of solitary confinement." But Dorothea Dix had not finished. There was still suffering. The insane should not be in prison at all!

She realized that the need for hospitals for the insane would have to be shown; she would take a survey. She would visit every town and village in the state and every jail and workhouse and talk to every jailer. And she knew the jailers would dislike her poking into their affairs--a "busybody spinster," as they called her.

She found the insane in barns, sheds, and stalls. They were chained, put in cages, fed like animals.

The keepers' answers to her questions were callous and indifferent. "Why don't you give this girl clean clothes? "

"She wouldn't know the difference."

"How do you know this man doesn't mind wearing an iron collar on his neck? "

"Because he's never tried to run away since he's had the iron collar."

"Why don't you give him a plate to eat from? "

"He likes eating off the floor."

Miss Dix documented each case which she saw, such as the man who was entombed in a block hut in the middle of a swamp.

"Now stand back, " she was warned by the keeper. "He may be behind the door. He's raving mad. He's chained, but he can kill you."

She found the "raving" man in a room made of rocks so low that one could not stand straight. She saw a man naked, with white, tangled hair to his shoulders. He stood in the mud, chained to a rock, silent, breathing heavily. She touched him on the shoulder, and he wept. He had been in this tomb for three years.

At another time, she found a girl beating upon the bars of her cage. Human waste had accumulated on the floor. She was tearing off her skin by inches; her face, neck, and arms were disfigured, with half the skin off.

As the months passed, Miss Dix made friends with the keepers and persuaded them to be more humane. But her real object was to persuade state legislatures to vote enough money for hospitals.

Eventually, the members of the legislatures were moved to action. Legislators disliked her for intruding on their lawmaking, but they admired her courage.

By the end of her life, Dorothea Dix had influenced enough persons, organizations, and state legislatures so that more than a hundred hospitals for the insane had been established.

Prison Reality: 1969 "The Crime Hatcheries" *

The exhibits were a jarring departure from those normally shown in the marble-walled Senate Caucus Room and they were definately not for weak stomachs. Hugh easels bore larger-than-life photographs of nude, male prison inmates who had suffered livid scars from tortures and beatings. Home-made workshops were mounted on other panels. And most disturbing of all, once its perverted purpose was apparent, was a simple old-fashioned, crank-type telephone. Wires from the magneto of such a phone, it was explained, were attached to an inmate's toe. Then the telephone crank was turned, sending jolting shocks through the inmate's body and driving him to the brink of unconsciousness.

These ugly displays were on view early last week for the beginning of

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*Copyright Newsweek, Inc., March, 1969

Senate subcommittee hearings, headed by Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, on juvenile delinquency and institutions for dealing with it. Thomas O. Murton, the slight former superintendent of the Arkansas prison system, told the senators that the torture telephone was regularly used at Arkansas's notorious Tucker prison farm, and insisted that prison conditions in Arkansas are much like those throughout the nation. Murton was backed by a parade of subcommittee witnesses--prosecutors, prison officials and reformers--whose testimony was unanimous in affirming that juvenile-prison facilities, far from redirecting wayward youths, are brutal breeding grounds of bitter social outcasts.

"Monster-producing factories," was the term Murton used. "Crime hatcheries," echoed Joseph R. Rowan, executive director of the John Howard Association of Illinois. Rowan cited a chilling catalogue of horrors in Cook County (Chicago) jails when such an indiscriminate mingling of young and old occurred. One 14 year old boy was sexually attacked by four adult offenders. Another boy ended up in a mental hospital after similar attacks. An 18 year old youth was wrapped in a blanket, soaked with benzine and set afire. "He died shortly thereafter," Rowan added.

"Sexual assaults are epidemic," concurred District Attorney Arlen Specter of Philadelphia in testimony about his city's prison system. "Almost every slightly built young man is sexually approached within hours after his admission to prison. Many of these young men are beaten and repeatedly raped by gang aggressors." Spector cited a report on sexual assaults in the city's prisons that traces the awful fate of such victims. "After a young man's body has been defiled, his manhood degraded and his will broken," says the report, "he is marked as a sexual victim for the duration of his confinement. This mark follows him from institution to institution. He eventually returns to the community ashamed, confused and filled with hatred." And another subcommittee witness, Milton Luger, director of the New York State Division for Youth, added a logical conclusion to the illogic of such a "correctional" system. "It will probably be better for all concerned," he said, "if young delinquents were not detected, apprehended or institutionalized. Too many of them get worse in our care."

The solution, nearly everyone agreed, was more money for better, more individualized treatment, but no one was optimistic about getting it. Juvenile delinquency, admitted subcommittee chairman Dodd, "doesn't get very high priority" from the public. We seem to worry mostly about more police, judges, and penitentiaries." The testimony of a product of juvenile "correctional" facilities dramatically underlined, however, that more police, judges and penitentiaries can be precisely the price of humane and purposeful treatment of juvenile delinquents. This witness entered the Caucus Room in handcuffs. Identified only as "John Doe", 25, the husky Negro had been selected by computer as an average District of Columbia Corrections Department inmate. He talked for 80 minutes about his nine years, on and off, in jail. And what did he expect to do, asked Dodd solicitously, when he got out the next time? "Do what I always did," replied the witness. "Get me a pistol and stick up anything that moves."

The Slave Auction

The small, bald man wearing glasses had learned by consulting the local newspapers that the sales of slaves in Richmond took place by auction every morning in the offices of the brokers. When he reached the auctioneer's office, a crowd had gathered. The slaves had not yet arrived from the jail where they were kept. In a while they were ushered into the office; the man noticed without chains or whips. Sometimes they were chained.

As soon as the slaves were seated, the prospective buyers began to examine them, feeling their arms, looking into their mouths, and investigating the quality of their hands and fingers. A woman with three children drew the attention of the small man. She was neatly dressed, with a kerchief around her head, and she wore a white apron over her gown. Her children were all girls, one a three-month-old baby, the others two and three years old. Neither girl was crying. While the prospective purchasers were examining the other slaves, the man spoke to the woman.

"Are you a married woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many children have you had?"

"Seven."

"Where is your husband?"

"In Georgia."

"When did you part from him?"

"Several weeks ago."

"Were you sorry to part from him?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a deep sigh; "my heart was broken."

"Why is your master selling you?"

"I don't know--he wants money to buy some land--suppose he sells me for that."

The man ended the conversation as the auctioneer cried, "Sale is going to commence."

A mulatto assistant led the woman and the children to the auction block. There she stood with her infant in her arms and with one of her girls at each side.

"Well, gentlemen," began the auctioneer, "here is a good woman and her three children, all in good health. What do you say for them. Give me an offer." When nobody spoke: "I put up the whole lot for $850 as a beginning bid--$850 -- $850. Will no one bid higher than that? A very extraordinary bargain, gentlemen. A fine healthy baby. Hold it up. (The mulatto held up the baby.) That will do; a woman still young, and three children, all for $850. (A voice bids $860.) Thank you. Any more bids? (A second voice says $870; and so the bidding goes on as far as $890, when it stops.) That won't do, gentlemen. I cannot take such a low price. (After a pause, addressing the mulatto): She may go down." The woman and her three children were taken down from the block and calmly resumed their seats.

The next lot brought forward one of the men. The mulatto asked him to come behind a screen. He was ordered to take off his clothes, which he did without a word. About a dozen men crowded to the spot, where they began to scrutinize his skin for sores and disease. The slave was asked to open and shut his hands. When the examination was over, he was told to dress himself and walk to the block. But no one would bid for the male slave that day.

"Come along, my young man," the auctioneer said to a little boy; "jump up here!"

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, putting his hand on the shoulder of the boy, "here is a very fine boy, seven years old. I put him up for $500. Anyone say more than $500? ($560 is bid.) Nonsense! Just look at him! See how high he is. ($570 is bid.) Look at his hands, gentlemen."

"Go down, my boy, and show them how you can run."

The boy seemed happy to do as he was told. He ran around the room several times.

"Come now. What is the bid. ($580--then $630 are bid.) I will sell him for $630. Last call! Gone for $630."

Such was the experience in this slave market. The small man, William Lloyd Garrison, had restrained himself from jumping up on the auction block and denouncing the entire procedure as a sin against God and against the Constitution. For the time being, he would remain an observer. He could fight slavery by writing articles about the auctions and by publishing them in his own paper, The Liberator.

Garrison crusaded against slave-runners as well as slave auctions and slaveowners; against those Northerners involved in the institution of slavery as well as against Southerners.

Garrison, by nature an agitator against slavery, took care. He had just finished a jail sentence in Baltimore, because he had printed the name of a merchant from Newburyport (Garrison's home town) in his paper. This merchant, who owned a ship, was engaged in the slave traffic which carried slaves from Annapolis to New Orleans. Although the facts were true, Garrison was brought to court for damaging the merchant's character, was found guilty, and was fined. He was sentenced to jail for seven weeks in Baltimore because he was unable to pay the fine.

The Anti-Slavery Meeting

It was a warm October afternoon in Boston. The Female Anti-Slavery

Society was holding a meeting. A little before three o'clock, a couple of dozen members of the society had gathered in the hall. Several hundred other Bostonians had gathered on the street outside, and the number on the street seemed to be increasing, as a thirtyish-looking, small, bald man wearing silver-rimmed glasses made his way past them.

"That's William Lloyd Garrison," one of the young male intruders inside the hall said, looking toward the man with the silver-rimmed glasses.

Garrison walked over to the group. "Gentlemen," he said, "perhaps you are not aware that this is a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, called for the ladies only and those who are going to talk to them. If any of you are ladies in disguise," he continued, "and if you will make me aware of this, I should be happy to introduce you to the rest of your sex."

The young men appeared annoyed, but they did not budge. Garrison sat down. As the hour came for the meeting to begin, the stairway and the upper hall were filled with strangers who became exceedingly noisy and troublesome. The members of the Society could not enter.

Garrison turned to Mrs. Chapman, the President of the Society, and said, "There are too many intruders here, and the city marshal hasn't shown up with the police protection you asked for. I'd better not talk at the meeting, since it's me they don't like. Unless you want me to stay, let's not give the crowd a pretext to annoy your meeting."

"Please see to your own safety," she said. "We will continue with our regular business, God willing."

Garrison left the hall and would have left the building, but the hallway was jammed with intruders. He went instead into the Anti-Slavery Society office and locked the door. He was going to write an article for his newspaper, The Liberator, and he also did not want any of the printed materials in the office tampered with.

In the middle of the secretary's report to the meeting, the mayor and his marshals entered the hall.

"Ladies," the Mayor interrupted, "I don't want to see any bloodshed and confusion. I suggest that you go home."

"Mayor Lyman," Mrs. Chapman replied, "some of your personal friends are in that crowd, and you haven't even tried to persuade them to go away."

"I recognize no personal friends," said the Mayor. "I am merely an official. Ladies, you must leave. It is dangerous for you to stay!"

"If this is our last chance for freedom, we may as well die here as anywhere," said Mrs. Chapman.

But the Mayor finally persuaded the ladies to leave the hall. "Continue the meeting at your home," he suggested. As the ladies passed through the crowd, they were hissed and booed at. They recognized the faces of those whom they had thought were their friends, men and women of fine standing in the city. With two white members escorting each Negro member of the Society, the group safely reached Mrs. Chapman's house, where the meeting was continued.

In the meantime, the numbers in the crowd in front of the meeting hall had increased to the thousands. They turned their wrath on the person they disliked most.

"We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!"

For a moment their attention was attracted to an anti-slavery sign and they demanded to have it torn down. Mayor Lyman was so disturbed that he allowed the sign to be torn down, thinking that this small violence would bring about respect for the law. The sign was broken into a thousand fragments.

The cry for "Garrison," "Garrison" still went up. The mayor and his assistants pleaded with Garrison to escape. He dropped from a back window onto the roof of a shed and narrowly escaped falling headlong to the ground. From there he entered a carpenter's shop, but found his retreat from the back door cut off by the aroused crowd.

The carpenters hid Garrison in a room and piled boards around him, while one of the sheriffs told the crowd that Garrison had escaped from the carpenter's shop.

The ruse failed, however. Several members of the crowd broke into the shop and, finding Garrison's hiding place, dragged him to a window with the intention of throwing him out.

As they hesitated, one man shouted, "Don't let us kill him outright!" So they drew him back and coiled a rope around his waist. He was brought down from the window by a ladder, then dragged through the street by the rope around his waist. He remained fearless.

Suddenly, Garrison was seized by his arms, by two men who formed a buffer against the crowd, as he was dragged along the street. Garrison was thus safely conducted through State Street to the City Hall. The two men repeated, "Don't hurt him. He's an American," as they took the blows intended for Garrison.

Members of the crowd, however, tore at Garrison's clothing before he was taken to the safety of the Mayor's office. The crowds shouted at the Mayor to give Garrison up to them. He realized that the City Hall property was in danger. He decided to remove Garrison in a carriage to the protection of the Leverett Street jail--supposedly for disturbing the peace. The crowds rushed at the carriage, attempting to get Garrison out. They tried to seize the horses, cut the reins, and upset the carriage. The carriage careened through the streets, taking many false turns. But some of the crowd outguessed the Mayor's strategy and were waiting at the Leverett Street jail. In the final moment of crisis, the Mayor organized some police into a line from the jail door to the carriage and fought back the crowd. Garrison leaped to the ground and quickly entered the jail. He was locked safely in a cell.

On this warm October afternoon in 1835, Garrison thus was jailed in order to be saved from the violence of a "respectable and influential mob," who wanted to do him injury because he preached the equality of all men. Garrison was an abolitionist. He believed that all the slaves in the South should be freed. He based this belief on the idea that it was wrong for one man to own another. The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society believed the same. There were a number of anti-slavery societies which believed that slavery was morally wrong.

There were many times when Garrison and men and women like him found themselves at the mercy of a crowd disagreeing with their viewpoint. It is unlikely that on this particular day the crowd intended "to lynch" or do extreme violence to Garrison, although he was said to have been marked for assassination. It is probable that they intended to strip him of his clothes, tar and feather him, and then permanently dye his face and hands black. This physical punishment, in addition to the destruction of anti-slavery printing presses, was the common way of mobs to display their hostility against these anti-slavery societies.

Indeed, there were pro-slavery societies which advertised $100 rewards, raised by "patriotic" citizens, to the first persons locating anti-slavery speakers.

It was such a handbill, advertising a $100 reward for an English speaker, which had aroused the ladies to ask for protection during their meeting. But the crowds had not found the person they were looking for.

There was something about the slavery question which seemed to wipe away the memory of free speech and the Bill of Rights. To prevent discussion of slavery became a patriotic duty to many. It became a "patriotic duty" also to hunt down anti-slavery speakers, so that they had to be jailed for their own protection.

Mayor Lyman was no exception in allowing the popular will to rule. Officials rarely tried to restrain the crowds when they took violent actions against the anti-slavery people. Mayor Lyman made no attempt to arrest the leaders in the crowd who were known to him.

Garrison was given a hearing at the jail rather than at the courthouse the following afternoon. He was proved guilty of "disturbing and breaking the peace, and making a riot among the good people of Massachusetts." Then he was released, and the Mayor asked him to leave Boston for a while to calm the public mind. While the crowds continued to ransack the trains and coaches leaving Boston looking for him, the sheriff escorted Garrison out of town.

Part III

A WORLD RESPONSE TO IDEALISM

War

I sit by Kemmerich's bed. He is sinking steadily. Around us is a great commotion. A hospital train has arrived and the wounded fit to be moved are being selected. The doctor passes by Kemmerich's bed without once looking at him.

"Next time, Franz," I say.

He raises himself on the pillow with his elbows. "They have amputated my leg."

I nod and answer: "You must be thankful you've come off with that. It might have been both legs. Besides you will be going home." He looks at me.

"Do you think so?"

"Of course."

He beckons me to bend down. I stoop over him and he whispers: "I don't think so."

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excerpted from Erich Maria Remarque's, All Quiet on the Western Front.
Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1929.

"Of course."

He beckons me to bend down. I stoop over him and he whispers: "I don't think so."

"Don't talk rubbish, Franz."

He lifts one hand. "Look here though, these fingers." He turns away. After a pause he says slowly: "I wanted to become a head forester once."

"So you may still," I assure him. "There are splendid artificial limbs now."

For a while he lies still. Then he says: "You can take my lace-up boots with you."

I nod and wonder what to say to encourage him. His lips have fallen away, his mouth has become larger, his teeth stick out and look as though they were made of chalk. The skeleton is working itself through. The whole world ought to pass this bed and say: "That is Franz Kemmerich, nineteen and a half years old; he doesn't want to die. Let him not die!"

My thoughts become confused. This atmosphere of carbolic and gangrene clogs the lungs.

It grows dark. Kemmerich's face changes color. The mouth moves slowly. I draw to him. He whispers: "If you find my watch, send it home--"

Hospital orderlies go to and fro with bottles and pails. One of them comes up, casts a glance at Kemmerich, and goes away again. You can see he is waiting, apparently he wants the bed.

I bend over Franz and talk to him: "Perhaps you will go to the convalescent home at Klosterberg. You can build an aquarium again and keep fish in it, and you can go out without asking anyone; you can even play the piano if you want to."

I lean down over his face. He still breathes, lightly. His face is wet, he is crying. What a fine mess I have made of it with my foolish talk!

Suddenly Kemmerich groans and begins to gurgle.

I jump up and demand: "Where is the doctor?"

As I catch sight of the white apron I seize hold of it: "Come quick, Franz Kemmerich is dying."

He frees himself and asks an orderly standing by: "Which will that be?"

He says: "Bed 26, amputated thigh."

He sniffs: "How should I know anything about it, I've amputated five legs to-day;" he shoves me away, says to the orderly "You see to it," and runs off to the operating room.

I tremble with rage as I go along with the orderly. The man looks at me and says: "One operation after another since five o'clock this morning. You know today alone there have been sixteen deaths. There will probably be twenty altogether--"

I become faint, all at once I cannot do any more. I could drop down and never rise up again.

We are by Kemmerich's bed. He is dead. The face is still wet with the tears. The eyes are half open and yellow like old horn buttons.

The orderly pokes me in the ribs. "Are you taking his things with you?" I nod.

He goes on. "We must take him away at once, we want the bed. Outside they are lying on the floor."

I collect his things, untie Kemmerich's identification disc and take it away. Behind me they are already hauling Franz on to a waterproof sheet.

Outside the door I am aware of the darkness and the wind as a deliverance. I breathe as deep as I can, and feel the breeze in my face. The night lives, I live.

I go back to the hut. Muller stands in front of the hut and waits for me. I give him the boots. We go in and he tries them on. They fit well.

And so the days pass. Reinforcements arrive. We are ordered to the front. Red rockets shoot up to the sky. We expect a bombardment.

The earth bursts before us. It rains clods. I wipe the mud out of my eyes. A hole is torn up in front of me. Shells hardly ever land in the same hole twice, I'll get into it. With one bound I fling myself down and lie on the earth as flat as a fish; I claw for cover, feel something on the left, shove in beside it, it gives way, I creep under the yielding thing, cover myself with it, draw it over me, it is wood, cloth, cover against the splinters.

I open my eyes. My fingers grasp a sleeve, an arm. I yell to him. No answer. A dead man. Now I remember again that we are lying in the graveyard.

The shelling is stronger. I merely crawl deeper into the coffin, it should protect me. I get a smack in the face, a hand clamps onto my shoulder. Has the dead man waked up? The hand shakes me, I turn my head, I stare into the face of

Katczinsky, he has his mouth open and is yelling: "Gas--Gas--Pass it on."

I grab for my gas mask. I wipe the goggles of my mask clear of the moist breath. These first minutes with the mask decide between life and death: is it tightly woven? I remember the awful sights in the hospital: the gas patients who in day-long suffocation cough their burnt lungs up in clots.

The gas still creeps over the ground and sinks into all hollows. Like a big, soft jelly fish it floats into our shell hole. It is better to lie on top than to stay where the gas collects most. With a crash something black bears down on us. It lands close beside us; a coffin thrown up.

The coffin has hit one of the men in the hole. He tries to tear off his gas mask with his hand. I seize him just in time and twist his arm back and then begin to free him. The coffin lid is loose and bursts open, I pull it off, I toss the corpse out. It slides down to the botton of the shell hole. The coffin gives way and I free the shattered arm.

Inside the gas mask my head booms and roars. The veins on my temples are bursting. Someone stands a few yards distant. The man no longer wears his mask. I tear my mask off too.

The shelling has ceased for the moment. The graveyard is a mass of wreckage. Coffins and corpses lie about. They have been killed once again; but each of them that was flung up saved one of us.

Our losses were much less than we expected. But we prepare now for a major offensive. At night they send over gas, we expect the attack to follow. We wait and wait. By midday what I expected happens. One of the recruits has a fit. I have been watching him for a long time, grinding his teeth and opening and shutting his fists. He had collapsed like a rotten tree. "Leave me alone; I want to go out," he raves.

Suddenly, the dugout cracks in all its joints under a direct hit, fortunately only a light one that the concrete blocks are able to withstand. The walls reel; rifles, helmets, earth and mud fly everywhere. Sulphur fumes pour in.

The young recruit starts to rave again. Another one jumps up and rushes out. I start after the one who goes out and wonder whether to shoot him in the leg--then it shrieks again. I fling myself down and when I stand up the wall of the trench is plastered with lumps of flesh, and bits of uniform. I scramble back. The attack has come.

No one would believe that in this howling waste there could still be men; but steel helmets now appear on all sides out of the trench, and fifty yards from us a machine gun is already in position and barking.

The wire entanglements are torn to pieces. Yet they offer some obstacle. Our artillery opens fire. We recognize the distorted faces, the smooth helmets: they are French. They have already suffered heavily when they reach the remnants of the barbed wire entanglements. A whole line has gone down before our machine guns.

I see one of them, his face upturned, fall into a wire cradle. His body collapses, his hands remain suspended as though he were praying. Then his body drops clean away and only his hands with the stumps of his arms, shot off, now hang in the wire.

The moment we are about to retreat three faces rise up from the ground in front of us. Under one of the helmets a dark pointed beard and two eyes that are fastened on me. I raise my hand but cannot throw into those strange eyes. Then the head rises up and my hand grenade flies through the air and into him.

We make our retreat, pull wire cradles into the trench.

A patrol has to be sent out to discover just how far the enemy position is advanced. I volunteer to go. We divide and I find a shallow shell hole and crawl into it. My forehead is wet, my hands tremble, and I am panting softly. I lie huddled, my legs in the water. I have but this one shattering thought: What will you do if someone jumps into your shell hole? Swiftly I pull out my dagger, grasp it fast and bury it in my hand once again under the mud. If anyone jumps in here I will go for him; stab him clean through the throat so that he cannot call out.

The machine guns rattle. I know our barbed wire entanglements are almost undamaged. Parts of them are charged with powerful electric current. Steps hasten over me. The first. Gone. Again, another. Just as I am about to turn around a little, something heavy stumbles, and with a crash a body falls over me into the shell hole, slips down--

I make no decision. I strike madly home, and feel only how the body suddenly convulses, then becomes limp, and collapses. When I discover myself, my hand is sticky and wet.

The man gurgles. I want to stuff his mouth with earth; he must be quiet, he is betraying me. I have become so feeble that I cannot lift my hand against him. So I crawl away to the far corner. If he stirs, I will spring at him.

Minute after minute trickles away. I notice my bloody hand and feel nauseated. I take some earth and rub the skin with it, now my hand is muddy and the blood cannot be seen.

Morning arrives. The gurgling continues. The figure opposite me moves. His head is fallen to one side. The head tries to raise itself. I drag myself toward him. The body is still, perfectly still, the gurgle has ceased, but the eyes cry out, yell. There is a dreadful terror of death, of me.

I bend forward, shake my head and whisper: "No, no." I raise one hand. I must show him that I want to help him, I stroke his forehead.

The eyes shrink back as the hand comes, then they lose their stare, the eyelids droop lower, the tension is past. I open his collar and place his head more comfortably upright.

The lips are dry. There is water in the mud, down at the bottom of the crater. I climb down, take out my handkerchief, spread it out, push it under and scoop up the yellow water.

He gulps it down. I must bandage him if it is possible. If the fellows over there capture me they will see that I wanted to help him. The shirt is stuck and will not come away, it is buttoned at the back. I look for the knife and find it. But when I begin to cut the shirt the eyes open once more and cry. I must close them and whisper: "I want to help you, Comrade." I repeat the word to make him understand. My field dressing covers the three stabs. That is all I can do. Now we must wait.

The gurgling starts again. How slowly a man dies! If only I had not lost my revolver crawling about, I would shoot him. Stab him I cannot. This is the first man I have killed with my hands, whom I can see. This dying man has time with him; he has an invisible dagger with which he stabs me: Time and my thoughts.

In the afternoon, he is dead.

I breathe freely again. But the silence is more unbearable. I wish the gurgling were there again. I prop the man up again so that he lies comfortably although he feels nothing any more. I close his eyes.

I talk and must talk. So I speak to him and say to him: "Comrade I did not want to kill you. Forgive me, comrade. Why do they never tell us that you are just poor devils like us, that our mothers are just as anxious as yours, and that we have the same fear of death."

The bullets are aimed from all sides. I cannot get out.

"I will write your wife," I say hastily to the dead man. "I will help her and your parents too."

The pocketbook is easy to find in the tunic.

I take the wallet in my hand. It slips out of my hand and falls open. Some pictures and letters drop out. I gather them up and want to put them back again. These hours with the dead man have confused me. There are pictures of a woman and a little girl. I take the letters out and try to read them. I know that I will never dare to write. If only I am allowed to escape. I open the book. I have killed the printer, Gerard Duval. I must be a printer I think confusedly.

By evening I am calmer. My fear was goundless. The name troubles me no more. The madness passes. "Comrade, " I say to the dead man, " today you, tomorrow me. But if I come out of it, comrade, I will fight against this, that has struck us both down; from you taken life--and from me--? Life also. I promise you, comrade, It shall never happen again. "

He fell in October, 1918, on a day that was very quiet and still along the western front.

A Treaty to Outlaw War

It was a hot August sun which penetrated the Louis XVI ballroom. The klieg lights added to the heat; perspiring camera men elbowed for position. The spectators stood on tiptoe, craning their necks to see over the cameras. They could catch the light reflecting off from the huge golden pen held in the hand of the German representative to the conference. Across the table from him sat the representative of Czechoslovakia. Each representative in turn, with face beaming, scratched his name on the parchment: Iceland, Afghanistan, Morocco, Poland, Belgium, Italy.

The parchment went on around the table: Japan, Great Britain and her Dominions. The golden pen continued around. M. Briand of France signed. Then Mr. Kellogg of the United States signed. The golden pen had been a gift to Mr. Kellogg on his way to Paris.

When the klieg lights went out, a French representative quickly rose and addressed those assembled: "The first treaty between the United States and France [signed by Benjamin Franklin] gave the start to a new nation; the second treaty gives the start to a new idea.

"Outlawing war is a specifically American ideal, not because it was born in America, but because it shows two marks of your country--it is great and it is practical."

The ceremony over, the representatives went out into the Paris sunshine. American women and reporters saw the ceremony as the result of years of effort on the part of American peace societies toward peace and stopping the manufacture of weapons.

To be sure, the term *outlaw* was a peculiarly American word. Mr. Kellogg had been surprised by M. Briand's first proposal to "outlaw" war in a treaty of friendship between the United States and France. After six months of consideration, he suggested, "Outlawing war is too great a privilege for just two countries and should be offered to the whole world."

Frank B. Kellogg, the Secretary of State, was certainly not a member of a peace movement in 1927 when the talk began to lead up to this treaty. He was faced with immediate problems. Once the decision had been made to produce such a treaty, however, Mr. Kellogg worked hard for its success.

Mr. Kellogg tried to avoid the common pitfalls while pushing the treaty idea. First of all, he used publicity in order to get public opinion with him. Each note which he received from other countries he released to the press immediately. The effect on world opinion was one which no leader could ignore. Next Mr. Kellogg believed it was necessary to restrict the treaty to a small group of countries, because a large number of countries would bicker and delay the process. He felt that interested countries could agree to sign later. Finally, the Secretary insisted that the treaty should contain a few simple words. When people argued that such a treaty needed teeth, Mr. Kellogg argued, "It would be hard enough to get the Senate to ratify the treaty; never mind loading it up with complicated machinery to stop war."

Many persons concerned over war helped Secretary Kellogg.

One lawyer commented as public interest was aroused: "War is the recognized method of settling international arguments. It's legal. No leader of any country can be blamed, as a criminal, for declaring war on another country. The German Kaiser can't be blamed for World War I."

"Then you conclude that there can be no punishment for those responsible for war," commented an interested Senator

"Yes, and any steps leading toward war, such as building submarines and bomb installations, are legal," said the lawyer.

"Behind the nations outlawing war must be a police force, a sort of international sheriff to bring the culprit into court."

"Absolutely not! With any provision to use force, no country will accept those terms. Public opinion is much stronger than military force in settling international problems. The outlawing of war must have behind it only the pledge of the individual countries which accept it, their good will."

The countries signing the treaty to outlaw war accepted it as a pledge of good will. The ultimate objective was to avoid war. If war was to come, it must come in the form of an attack of one country on another.

Mr. Kellogg returned to the United States hopeful that the treaty would be quickly accepted by the Senate. As he stated to the reporters, "The nation's peoples have not forgotten nor will they forget the awful horror, misery, and beastliness of the last war."

TECHNOLOGY: THE CULTURE OF MACHINE LIVING

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THE MACHINE: FRIEND OR FOE?

"I believe the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery."

--Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass

"I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than to be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox cart, than go to heaven in the fancy car of an excursion train. But lo! Men have become the tools of their tools."

--Henry David Thoreau, Walden

Ballad of John Henry

John Henry was a little baby, uh-huh,
Sittin' on his mama's knee, oh, yeah,
Said: "The Big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. road,
Gonna cause the death of me,
Lord, Lord, gonna cause the death of me."

John Henry told his captain
That a man was a natural man,
And before he'd let that steam drill run him down,
He'd fall dead with a hammer in his hand,
He'd fall dead with a hammer in his hand.

Captain says to John Henry,
"Gonna bring me a steam drill 'round,
Gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
Gonna whop that steel on down,
Lord, Lord, gonna whop that steel on down."

John Henry told his captain,
Lightenin' was in his eye:
"Captain, bet your last red cent on me,
For I'll beat it to the bottom or I'll die,
Lord, Lord, I'll beat it to the bottom or I'll die."

Sun shine hot and burnin',
Weren't no breeze at all,
Sweat ran down like water down a hill,
That day John Henry let his hammer fall,
Lord, Lord, that day John Henry let his hammer fall.

John Henry went to the tunnel,
And they put him in the lead to drive,
The rock so tall and John Henry so small,
That he laid down his hammer and he cried,
Lord, Lord, that he laid down his hammer and he cried.

John Henry started on the right hand,
The steam drill started on the left,
"Before I'd let this steam drill beat me down,

I'll hammer my fool self to death,
Lord, Lord, I'd hammer my fool self to death."

White man told John Henry,
"Nigger, damn your soul,
You might beat this steam and drill of mine,
When the rocks in this mountain turn to gold,
Lord, Lord, when the rocks in this mountain turn to gold."

John Henry said to his shaker,[*]
"Nigger,[**] why, don't you sing?
I'm throwin' twelve pounds from my hips on down,
Just listen to the cold steel ring,
Lord, Lord, just listen to the cold steel ring."

Oh, the captain said to John Henry,
"I believe this mountain's sinkin' in."
John Henry said to the captain, oh my!
"Ain't nothin' but my hammer drivin' wind,
Lord, Lord, ain't nothin' but my hammer drivin' wind."

John Henry told his shaker,
"Shaker, you better pray,
For, if I miss this six-foot steel,
Tomorrow'll be your burying day,
Lord, Lord, tomorrow'll be your burying day."

John Henry told his captain,
"Looka yonder what I see--
Your drill's done broke and your hole's done choke,
And you can't drive steel like me,
Lord, Lord, and you can't drive steel like me."

The man that invented the steam drill,
Thought he was mighty fine.
John Henry drive his fifteen feet,
And the steam drill only made nine,
Lord, Lord, and the steam drill only made nine.

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[*] Shaker, a dredging machine, hammer

[**] In this version of the ballad, John Henry is addressing himself.

The hammer that John Henry swung,
It weighed over nine pound;
He broke a rib in his left-hand side,
And his entrails fell on the ground,
Lord, Lord, and his entrails fell on the ground.

John Henry was hammerin' on the mountain,
And his hammer was strikin' fire,
He drove so hard till he broke his pore heart,
And he laid down his hammer and he died,
Lord, Lord, he laid down his hammer and he died.

They took John Henry to the graveyard,
And they buried him in the sand,
And every locomotive came roarin' by,
Said, "There lays a steel-drivin' man,
Lord, Lord, there lays a steel-drivin' man."

"Tractoring Off"*

The tractors came over the roads and into the fields, great crawlers moving like insects, having the incredible strength of insects. They crawled over the ground, laying the track and rolling on it and picking it up. Diesel tractors, puttering while they stood idle; they thundered when they moved, and then settled down to a droning roar. Snub-nosed monsters, raising the dust and sticking their snouts into it, straight down the country, across the country, through fences, through dooryards, in and out of gullies in straight lines. They did not run on the ground, but on their own roadbeds. They ignored hills and gulches, water courses, fences, houses.

The man sitting in the iron seat did not look like a man; gloved, goggled, rubber dust mask over nose and mouth, he was part of the monster, a robot in the seat. The thunder of the cylinders sounded through the country, became one with the air and the earth, so that earth and air muttered in sympathetic vibration. The driver could not control it--straight across country it went, cutting through a dozen farms and straight back. A twitch at the controls could swerve the cat', but the driver's hands could not twitch because the monster that built the tractor, the monster that sent the tractor out, had somehow got into the driver's hands, into his brain and muscle, had goggled him and muzzled him--goggled his mind, muzzled his speech, goggled his perception, muzzled his protest. He could not see the land as it was, he could not smell the land as it smelled; his feet did not stamp the clods or feel the warmth and power of the earth. He sat in an iron seat and stepped on iron pedals. He did not know or own the land. If a seed dropped did not germinate, it was nothing.

He loved the land no more than the bank loved the land. He could admire the tractor--its machined surfaces, its surge of power, the roar of its detonating cylinders; but it was not his tractor. Behind the tractor rolled the shining disks, cutting the earth with blades--not plowing but surgery, pushing the cut earth to the right where the second row of disks cut it and pushed it to the left; slicing blades shining, polished by the cut earth. The driver sat in his iron seat and he was proud of the straight lines he did not will, proud of the tractor he did not own or love, proud of the power he could not control. And when that crop grew, and was harvested, no man had crumbled a hot clod in his fingers. No man had touched the seed. Men ate what they had not raised, had no connection with the bread.

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"A Bad Day For Sales"*

The big bright doors of the office building parted with a pneumatic whoosh and Robie glided into Times Square. The crowd that had been watching the fifty-foot-tall girl on the clothing billboard get dressed, or reading the latest news about the Hot Truce scrawl itself in yard-high script, hurried to look.

Robie was still a novelty. Robie was fun. For a little while yet, he could steal the show. But the attention did not make Robie proud. He had no more emotions than the pink plastic giantess, who dressed and undressed endlessly whether there was a crowd or the street was empty, and who never once blinked her blue mechanical eyes. But she merely drew business, while Robie went out after it.

For Robie was the logical conclusion of the development of vending machines. All the earlier ones stood in one place, on a floor or hanging on a wall, and blankly delivered merchandise in return for coins, whereas Robie searched for customers. He was the demonstration model of a line of sales robots to be manufactured by Shuler Vending Machines, provided the public invested enough in stocks to give the company capital to go into mass production.

The publicity Robie drew stimulated investments handsomely. It was amusing to see the TV and newspaper coverage of Robie selling, but not a fraction as much fun as being approached personally by him. Those who usually bought, bought anywhere from one to five hundred shares, if they had any money and foresight enough to see that sales robots would eventually be on every street and highway in the country.

Robie radared the crowd, found that it surrounded him solidly, and stopped. With a carefully built-in sense of timing, he waited for the tension and expectation to mount before he began talking.

"Say, Ma, he doesn't look like a robot at all," a child said. "He looks like a turtle."

Which was not completely accurate. The lower part of Robie's body was a metal hemisphere hemmed with a sponge rubber and not quite touching the sidewalk. The upper was a metal box with black holes in it. The box could swivel and duck. A chromium-bright hoopskirt with a turret on top.

---

*A short story by Fritz Leiber ©1953. Reprinted by permission of Robert P. Mills Ltd., literary agent for Fritz Leiber.

"Reminds me too much of the Little Joe Paratanks," a legless veteran of the Persian War muttered, and rapidly rolled himself away on wheels rather like Robie's.

His departure made it easier for some of those who knew about Robie to open a path in the crowd. Robie headed straight for the gap. The crowd whooped.

Robie glided very slowly down the path, deftly jogging aside whenever he got too close to ankles in skylon or sockassins. The rubber buffer on his hoop-skirt was merely an added safeguard.

The boy who had called Robie a turtle jumped in the middle of the path and stood his ground, grinning foxily.

Robie stopped two feet short of him. The turret ducked. The crowd got quiet.

"Hello, youngster," Robie said in a voice that was smooth as that of a TV star, and was, in fact, a recording of one.

The boy stopped smiling. "Hello," he whispered.

"How old are you?" Robie asked.

"Nine. No, eight."

"That's nice," Robie observed. A metal arm shot down from his neck, stopped just short of the boy.

The boy jerked back.

"For you," Robie said.

The boy gingerly took the red polly-lop from the neatly fashioned blunt metal claws, and began to unwrap it.

"Nothing to say?" asked Robie.

"Uh--thank you."

After a suitable pause, Robie continued, "And how about a nice refreshing drink of Poppy Pop to go with your polly-lop?" The boy lifted his eyes, but didn't stop licking the candy. Robie waggled his claws slightly. "Just give me a quarter and within five seconds--"

A little girl wriggled out of the forest of legs. "Give me a polly-lop, too, Robie, " she demanded.

"Rita, come back here!" a woman in the third rank of the crowd called angrily.

Robie scanned the newcomer gravely. His reference silhouettes were not good enough to let him distinguish the sex of children, so he merely repeated, "Hello, youngster."

"Rita!"

"Give me a polly-lop!"

Disregarding both remarks, for a good salesman is singleminded and does not waste bait, Robie said winningly, "I'll bet you read Junior Space Killers. Now I have here--"

"Uh-uh, I'm a girl. He got a polly-lop."

At the word "girl," Robie broke off. Rather ponderously, he said, "I'll bet you read Gee-Gee Jones, Space Stripper. Now I have here the latest issue of the thrilling comic, not yet in the stationary vending machines. Just give me fifty cents and within five--"

"Please let me through. I'm her mother."

A young woman in the front rank drawled over her powder-sprayed shoulder, "I'll get her for you, " and slithered out on six-inch platform shoes. "Run away, children, " she said nonchalantly. Lifting her arms behind her head, she pirouetted slowly before Robie to show how much she did for her bolero half-jacket and her form-fitting slacks that melted into skylon just above the knees. The little girl glared at her. She ended the pirouette in profile.

At this age-level, Robie's reference silhouettes permitted him to distinguish sex, though with occasional amusing and embarrassing miscalls. He whistled admiringly. The crowd cheered.

Someone remarked critically to a friend, "It would go over better if he was built more like a real robot. You know, like a man."

The friend shook his head. "This way it's subtler."

No one in the crowd was watching the newscript overhead as it scribbled, "Ice Pack for Hot Truce? Vanadin hints Russ may yield on Pakistan."

Robie was saying, "...in the savage new glamor-tint we have christened Mars Blood, complete with spray applicator and fit-all fingerstalls that mask each finger completely except for the nail. Just give me five dollars--uncrumbled bills may be fed into the revolving rollers you see beside my arm--and within five seconds -"

"No, thanks, Robie," the young woman yawned.

"Remember," Robie persisted, "for three more weeks, seductivizing Mars Blood will be unobtainable from any other robot or human vendor."

"No, thanks."

Robie scanned the crowd resourcefully. "Is there any gentleman here..." he began just as a woman elbowed her way through the front rank.

"I told you to come back!" she snapped at the little girl.

"But I didn't get my polly-lop!"

"... who would care to..."

"Rita!"

"Robie cheated. Ow!"

Meanwhile, the young woman in the half-bolero had scanned the nearby gentlemen on her own. Deciding that there was less than a fifty percent chance of any of them accepting the proposition Robie seemed about to make, she took advantage of the scuffle to slither gracefully back into the ranks. Once again the path was clear before Robie.

He paused, however, for a brief recapitulation of the more magical properties of Mars Blood, including a telling phrase about "the passionate claws of a Martian sunrise."

But no one bought. It wasn't quite time. Soon enough silver coins would be clinking, bills going through the rollers faster than laundry, and five hundred people struggling for the privilege of having their money taken away from them by America's first mobile robot.

But there were still some tricks that Robie had to do free, and one certainly should enjoy those before starting the more expensive fun.

So Robie moved on until he reached the curb. The variation in level was instantly sensed by his under-scanners. He stopped. His head began to swivel. The crowd watched in eager silence. This was Robie's best trick.

Robie's head stopped swiveling. His scanners had found the traffic light. It was green. Robie edged forward. But then the light turned red. Robie stopped again, still on the curb. The crowd softly ahhed its delight.

It was wonderful to be alive and watching Robie on such an exciting day. Alive and amused in the fresh, weather-controlled air between the line of bright skyscrapers with their winking windows and under a sky so blue you could almost call it dark.

(But 'way, way up, where the crowd could not see, the sky was darker still. Purple-dark, with stars showing. And in that purple-dark, a silver green something, the color of a bud, plunged down at better than three miles a second. The silver-green was a newly developed paint that foiled radar.)

Robie was saying, "While we wait for the light, there's time for you youngsters to enjoy a nice refreshing Poppy Pop. Or for you adults--only those over five feet tall are eligible to buy--to enjoy an exciting Poppy Pop fizz. Just give me a quarter or--in the case of adults, one dollar and a quarter; I'm licensed to dispense intoxicating liquors--and within five seconds..."

But that was not cutting it quite fine enough. Just three seconds later, the silver-green bud bloomed above Manhattan into a globular orange flower. The skyscrapers grew brighter and brighter still, the brightness of the inside of the sun. The windows winked blossoming white fire-flowers.

The crowd around Robie bloomed, too. Their clothes puffed into petals of flame. Their heads of hair were torches.

The orange flower grew, stem and blossom. The blast came. The winking windows shattered tier by tier, became black holes. The walls bent, rocked, cracked. A stony dandruff flaked from their cornices. The flaming flowers on the sidewalk were all leveled at once. Robie was shoved ten feet. His metal hoopskirt dimpled, regained its shape.

The blast ended. The orange flower, grown vast, vanished overhead on its huge magic beanstalk. It grew dark and very still. The cornice-dandruff pattered down. A few small fragments rebounded from the metal hoopskirt.

Robie made some small, uncertain movements, as if feeling for broken bones. He was hunting for the traffic light, but it no longer shone either red or green.

He slowly scanned a full circle. There was nothing anywhere to interest his reference silhouettes. Yet whenever he tried to move, his under-scanners warned him of low obstructions. It was very puzzling.

The silence was disturbed by moans and a crackling sound, as faint at first as the scampering of distant rats.

A seared man, his charred clothes fuming where the blast had blown out the fire, rose from the curb. Robie scanned him.

"Good day, sir, " Robie said. "Would you care for a smoke? A truly cool smoke? Now I have here a yet-unmarketed brand... "

But the customer had run away, screaming, and Robie never ran after customers, though he could follow them at a medium brisk roll. He worked his way along the curb where the man had sprawled, carefully keeping his distance from the low obstructions, some of which writhed now and then, forcing him to jog. Shortly he reached a fire hydrant. He scanned it. His electronic vision, though it still worked, had been somewhat blurred by the blast.

"Hello, youngster, " Robie said. Then after a long pause, "Cat got your tongue? Well, I have a little present for you. A nice lovely polly-lop.

"Take it, youngster, " he said after another pause. "It's for you. Don't be afraid. "

His attention was directed by other customers, who began to rise up oddly here and there, twisting forms that confused his reference silhouettes and would not stay to be scanned properly. One cried, "Water, " but no quarter clinked in Robie's claws when he caught the word and suggested, "How about a nice refreshing drink of Poppy Pop?"

The rat-crackling of the flames had become a jungle muttering. The blind windows began to wink fire again.

A little girl marched, stepping neatly over arms and legs she did not look at. A white dress and the once taller bodies around her had shielded her from the brilliance and the blast. Her eyes were fixed on Robie. In them was the same imperious confidence, though none of the delight, with which she had watched him earlier.

"Help me, Robie," she said. "I want my mother."

"Hello, youngster," Robie said. "What would you like? Comics? Candy?"

"Where is she, Robie? Take me to her."

"Balloons? Would you like to watch me blow up a balloon?"

The little girl began to cry. The sound triggered off another of Robie's novelty circuits, a service feature that had brought in a lot of favorable publicity.

"Is something wrong?" he asked. "Are you in trouble? Are you lost?"

"Yes, Robie. Take me to my mother."

"Stay right here," Robie said reassuringly, "and don't be frightened. I will call a policeman." He whistled shrilly, twice.

Time passed. Robie whistled again. The windows flared and roared. The little girl begged. "Take me away, Robie," and jumped onto a little step in his hoopskirt.

"Give me a dime," Robie said.

The little girl found one in her pocket and put it in his claws.

"Your weight," Robie said, "is fifty-four and one-half pounds."

"Have you seen my daughter, have you seen her?" a woman was crying somewhere. "I left her watching that thing while I stepped inside--Rita!"

"Robie helped me," the little girl began babbling to her. "I knew I was lost. He even called the police, but they didn't come. He weighed me, too. Didn't you, Robie?"

But Robie had gone off to peddle Poppy Pop to the members of a rescue squad which had just come around the corner, more robotlike in their asbestos suits than he in his metal skin.

Automation: Life With A Black Box

> "I don't know enough," replied the Scarecrow cheerfully. "My head is stuffed with straw, you know, and that is why I am going to Oz to ask him for some brains."
>
> "Oh, I see," said the Tin Woodman. "But, after all, brains are not the best things in the world."
>
> "Have you any?" inquired the Scarecrow. "No, my head is quite empty," answered the Woodman, "but once I had brains, and a heart also; so, having tried them both, I should much rather have a heart."
>
> --L. Frank Baum, The Wizard of Oz

"An Extension of Man"*

It may be only because we are so lonely--so awfully lonely. We scan the sky with radar and radio telescope; we probe the planets with rocket-borne instruments that simulate men. We listen and we hope. And no voice answers.

In despair, we make effigies of ourselves: something that simulates life and can share with us the extraordinary experience of being alive.

The idea of producing a simulation of a living organism has always intrigued civilizations. In old Jewish legend we have the Golem, an automaton-like servant made of clay and given life by means of a charm. In the time of Newton, the automaton becomes a music box with mechanical figures on its top. In the nineteenth century, the automaton was a glorified heat engine burning some combustible fuel instead of the glycogen of the human muscles. The present automaton opens doors by means of photocells. Today the effigies with which we play are the little darts of light that dance across the plexiglass screen, deep in a mountain in Colorado Springs, where the North American Air Defense Command scans the world for signs of mechanical monsters on the move.

The genie in the magic bottle of our times, whom we summon forth to do our "thinking" by a mere push of the button, differs from all the other effigies in our history in one important respect: we know why it works. All the other dolls of our past and present were shaped from such materials as were at hand,

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*From "The Dynamics of Change," Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation, ©1967. Reprinted by permission of Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation.

and if they happened to be put together right, they worked. Not so with today's computers: their construction and their use is built on information theory, on mathematics, on logic. We can construct as many automatons as we want or that technology allows.

"Let us consider the activity of the little figures which dance on top of a music box, " suggests Norbert Wiener, the foremost spokesman for the cybernetic world.

They move in accordance with a pattern, but it is a pattern which is set in advance, and in which the past activity of the figures has practically nothing to do with the pattern of their future activities. There is a message, indeed, but it goes from the machinery of the music box to the figures, and stops there. The figures themselves have no trace of communication with the outer world, except this one-way stage of communication with the pre-established mechanism of the music box. They are blind, deaf, and dumb, and cannot vary their activity in the least from the conventional pattern.

And this is a perfect description of what is meant by mechanization--a robot world that *repeats* its past mindlessly into the future. Recently a new dimension has been added--*machines that are capable of learning from their past and thus can create new patterns of response in their futures.* CYBERNATION is not the mere extension of mechanization and automation; it is a new way of thinking about ourselves and about machines. Cybernation is then the complete adaptation of computer-like equipment to industrial, economic, and social activity. It represents an *extension* of man.

When a person works or engages in any of the activities of living, he uses the marvelous mechanism which is his body and brain in three specific ways. The first is the exercise of physical strength and manual dexterity, called skill. The second is the functioning of the five perceptive senses and the personal control that is exercised therefrom. The third is the use of the brain, both in its decision-making capacity and in the information storage system we call memory.

The new industrial technology being called automation is an extension and, in many ways, a replacement of these three human performances: (1) highly engineered mechanization extends and replaces physical dexterity and strength; (2) instrumentation and automatic control extend and replace the perceptive senses and personal control; (3) the electronic computer replaces the simple repetitive decision-making functions of the brain and has a memory. It is these three processes together which constitute automation.

Here we have spoken of automation and cybernation as the non-biological replacement of human nerves and brains in the affairs of men. We are not dolls, nor do we dance atop a music box. And our computers don't either. They are a new race that shares this planet with us--for good or for ill.

You may not think of it that way, but the device you are wearing on your wrist is a combination digital computer and analog computer. It counts each catch and release of the teeth on the escapement gear, and translates the number of counts in a circular motion between gear and gear, until, in the end, the hands of the watch stand at an angle that represents how many clicks have occurred since the machine began to operate.

The angle of the hands is an analog "readout" and the "input" is a digital click, click. We put such store by this little device that we run our personal, social, and business lives by it.

There are many analog devices in our machine world. The pilot who flies your jet liner does so by watching an array of analog readouts; they transform discrete numbers (gallons of fuel in the tanks, pressure per square inch in the hydraulic system, number of feet above sea level as units of barometric pressure) into continuous measurements (the angle of hands on a dial).

In an analog machine, each number is represented by a suitable physical quantity, whose value, measured in some pre-assigned unit, is equal to the number in question. This quantity may be the angle by which a certain disk has rotated, or the strength of a current, or the amount of a certain voltage.

An easy way to distinguish between analog and digital processes is this. The analog machines represent number by some analogous quantity, such as length or size. A child might learn to add assembling blocks of various sizes; a block of a given size would be the analog of 1; a block twice the size would be the analog of two and so on. To put it briefly, an analog device measures, while a digital computer counts.

Now, analog devices are important to our general idea, which is that we can and do build machines that simulate, if not duplicate, human reasoning processes. One of these processes is analogous. It is characteristic of analog processes that they are only approximate; they indicate high probability but not exact accuracy. They say, "it's about like this." A fairly familiar analog device is the slide rule, which can give approximate answers to numerical questions that are accurate within two to four decimal places. It translates numbers into positions. For greater accuracy, we go to the desk digital calculator.

The next time you turn your head to watch a pretty girl go by, you have transformed certain digital inputs into an analog that is expressed by turning your head. We can design machines to do the same, but, one assumes, the experience would be different for the machine.

Imagine, if you will, that there is an infinite telegraph office. At the base of its service, you are allowed to send one or two messages--"YES" or "NO." The probability that you will send either "yes" or "no" is equal. In sending either one, you assume a high degree of risk. If either fails to get through, there is no statistical pattern from which the receiver can reconstruct what you sent.

The physical world appears to be a "yes" or "no" universe; it can only be reconstructed through a large sampling of yes's and no's. Our experience of it thus becomes a simple process of addition.

Let us imagine that at the same telegraph office you also can send 26 messages, but only one at a time. Now the chances that you will send any particular one, at a particular time, are 1 in 26; in short, the English alphabet. The probabilities that a particular message will follow another message can be computed statistically, if you are sending in the English language, and if you want the receiver to be able to understand what you have said.

A message, then, is a structure made up of a sequence of yes-or-no choices. It can be the dot-dash of the telegraph key; the on-off of a light globe; the puff-no puff of an Indian smoke signal; the hole-no hole in a punch card; the turn black-don't turn black of a molecule in a photographic film emulsion. It most particularly, for our purposes, can be the "pass" or "don't pass" of an impulse moving along a mechanical system.

What is important here as regards "mechanical brains" is that they can reduce the infinite telegraph office to a whistle-stop "yes" or "no" office. But with this difference--computers can make "yes" or "no" choices so rapidly, in billionths of a second, that they can build a high statistical probability into low probability sequences.

Man can do this, too, but he would have to spend a million years in a telegraph office.

In the language of these machines, there are only two statements, "yes" and "no," and in their arithmetic only two numbers, 1 and 0. They surpass human capacity in their great speed of action and in their ability to perform many interdependent computations at the same time.

For example, the player piano roll was the direct descendant of the escapement wheel on a clock. Both are "go" and "no-go" systems. The teeth on the clock wheel said "hold me on" or "let me go." The player piano roll said to the wind that fingered its face, "Pass" or "Don't Pass." And the compressed air that moved searchingly over the surface of the roll would find an opening, flow through that, and activate a diaphragm for a hammer, which would strike a note on the strings. The punch card is the descendant of the player piano. It said, "Charge" or "No charge" to the electrical brushes that passed across its otherwise impassive face. Thus it is with all digital systems--the electronic computer, the desk calculator, and most impressively, photographic film, where each molecule in the film emulsion can say, "Black" or "No Black."

As we look at men, animals, or automatic machines as information-processing devices, we find:

an input--the selection of a particular incoming message at a given moment in time

a process--the addition of this message to all the previous messages that have been selected and stored

an output--a sequential selection of "yes" or "no" that is highly improbable and statistically determined.

Computers can simulate the mathematical and logical processes of the human mind with incredible speed and accuracy. Thus the computer becomes the extension of the human brain just as surely as the telescope and microscope become extensions of the eye, the telephone becomes the extension of the mouth, and the steam shovel becomes the extension of the hands and arms.

We have described two processes that appear to apply equally to organisms moving in an environment and to machines--that numbers can be translated into measurements (as in the analog process) and that experience is a function of addition (the digital system). There is one more process we need to understand computers--it has been called "feedback."

Think about picking up a glass of water. You have willed the action, and your arm and hand respond to the will. You determine how close you are to your goal by subtracting the motions you already have made toward it. In the end, the result is zero; no more impulses are needed, because you have reached the glass.

This self-correcting process is what is meant by feedback. We can simulate any action of an organism in its environment. We have decided to call the entire field of control and communication, whether in the machine or animal, by the name mentioned before, CYBERNETICS, which is formed from the Greek word for 'steersman.' The steering engines of a ship are one of the earliest and best-developed forms of feedback mechanisms.

Speed, high accuracy, and virtually unlimited memory are characteristics of such machine brains as we have today. With the application of microminiaturization and solid state technology, the size of machine brains has been steadily shrinking; the power requirement has been steadily lowered, and with it the heat dissipation problem. As this process continues, the advantages the human system has over machine systems will be reduced.

What happens when the little black box on your bedside table is smarter than you?

Now, man and automobile share life and death together; each becomes the expression of experience for the other. Some day people will "ride" their personal computers with the same excitement they feel when they storm down the road.

Today there are 30,000 or more than $11 billion dollars worth of computers; and by 1976 the machine population may reach 100,000.

A decade ago, our machines were capable of 12 billion computations per hour; today they can do more than 20 trillion. By 1976 they may do about two billion computations per hour for every man, woman, and child. We have crossed the threshold of the computer age and discover ourselves in an enormous room peopled with strange creatures. The creature machines understand us, but do we understand them?

Here are some of the voices in that enormous room.

An Internal Revenue Department investigator might wish to have immediate[1] access to the tax returns of a man who is being audited.

A doctor may wish to trace the entire medical history of a patient to provide better input into a diagnostic computer.

The Veteran's Administration may wish to examine a man's complete military history.

A lawyer for the defense of a man will wish to search for jail and arrest records, and credit records of witnesses.

The military in filling extremely sensitive positions may even wish a record of all books borrowed by an applicant to insure that his interests are wholesome and that he has the proper political background.

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[1] Saturday Review, July, 1967, "The Cybernetic Age: An Optimist's View" by Glenn T. Seaborg.

Consider a computer programmed to decide who should get a security clearance from the government, or who should get an education loan, or whether someone's driver's license should be suspended, or who should get a passport or be accepted for the Job Corps.

Consider that students can share a digital computer that adapts lessons to their individual needs.

As well as storing names and records of persons for instant checking by policemen, computers are helping to solve crimes.

All forms of information, oral, written or photo or drawing, whether on film, radio, or TV can now be translated into identical electronic impulses which can be processed and either stored or transmitted anywhere in the world in less than one-seventh of a second.

Consider a situation. You have flown out of town on a business trip and at your destination have a few hours to spend visiting a friend. At the airport you rent a car. You place your ID containing your bank account number and a microfiche of your fingerprints in a slot, and the fingers of your free hand over a flat looking plate. Within minutes your credit has been checked. The keys to your rented car are released to you. Driving through town you encounter a minimum of delay at the busiest hour because the traffic lights are controlled by computers.

But you step up your speed once outside of town and without realizing it, you exceed the speed limit. When you return home you receive a notice of this violation which calls for a fine. You also learn that the fine has been charged to your bank account.

Consider this situation. You are a key man in a company which produces products for the home. Market surveys analyzed by computers tell the company of the need of a new product. You sit at a desk containing a large flourescent screen and with an electronic "lightpen" draw your conception of the new product. As you design the product you "tell" the computerized screen what materials you want the product to be made of. The system coordinates the information from the lightpen with your other instructions. As you work, it guides you in your design by making recommendations, by showing you the stress and strain in your design, by correcting your errors, by recommending alternatives and improvements. When you and the system are both satisfied with the design, you release the design for manufacture. The system has tested the product, so no test model is necessary. It turns the design over to another department, which calculates and orders the materials necessary to produce it, sets up the required manufacturing equipment, and prepares the production schedule. You never see the product, but you know it has been turned out the way you thought.

How long will it be before the computer will make it without you?

The Portable Phonograph*

The Red Sunset, with narrow, black cloud strips like threats across it, lay on the curved horizon of the prairie. The air was still and cold, and in it settled the mute darkness and greater cold of night. High in the air there was wind, for through the veil of the dusk the clouds could be seen gliding rapidly south and changing shapes. A queer sensation of torment, of two-sided, unpredictable nature, arose from the stillness of the earth air beneath the violence of the upper air. Out of the sunset, through the dead, matted grass and isolated weed stalks of the prairie, crept the narrow and deeply rutted remains of a road. In the road, in places, there were crusts of shallow, brittle ice. There were little islands of an old oiled pavement in the road, too, but most of it was mud, now frozen rigid. The frozen mud still bore the toothed impress of great tanks, and a wanderer on the neighboring undulations might have stumbled, in this light, into large, partially filled in and weed-grown cavities, their banks channeled and beginning to spread into badlands. These pits were such as might have been made by falling meteors, but they were not. They were the scars of gigantic bombs, their rawness already made a little natural by rain, seed, and time. Along the road, there were rakish remnants of fence. There was also, just visible, one portion of tangled and multiple barbed wire still erect, behind which was a shelving ditch with small caves, now very quiet and empty, at intervals in its back wall. Otherwise there was no structure or remnant of a structure visible over the dome of the darkling earth, but only, in sheltered hollows, the darker shadows of young trees trying again.

Under the withering arch of the high wind a V of wild geese fled south. The rush of their pinions sounded briefly, and the faint, plaintive notes of their expeditionary talk. Then they left a still greater vacancy. There were the smell and expectation of snow, as there is likely to be when the wild geese fly south. From the remote distance, towards the red sky, came faintly the protracted howl and quick yap-yap of a prairie wolf.

North of the road, perhaps a hundred yards, lay the parallel and deeply intrenched course of a small creek, lined with leafless alders and willows. The creek was already silent under ice. Into the bank above it was dug a sort of cell, with a single opening, like the mouth of a mine tunnel. Within the cell there was a little red of fire, which showed dully through the opening, like a reflection or a deception of the imagination. The light came from the chary burning of four blocks of poorly aged peat, which gave off a petty warmth and much acrid smoke. But the precious remnants of wood, old fence posts and timbers from the long-deserted dugouts, had to be saved for the real cold, for the time when a man's breath blew white, the moisture in his nostrils stiffened at once when he stepped out, and the expansive blizzards paraded for days over the vast open, swirling and settling and thickening, till the dawn of the cleared day when the sky was thin blue-green and the terrible cold, in which a man could not live for three hours unwarmed, lay over the uniformly drifted swell of the plain.

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*A short story by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, © 1941. Reprinted by permission of Ashley Famous Agency, Inc.

Around the smoldering peat, four men were seated cross-legged. Behind them, traversed by their shadows, was the earth bench, with two old and dirty army blankets, where the owner of the cell slept. In a niche in the opposite wall were a few tin utensils which caught the glint of the coals. The host was rewrapping in a piece of daubed burlap four fine leather-bound books. He worked slowly and very carefully, and at last tied the bundle securely with a piece of grass-woven cord. The other three looked intently upon the process, as if a great significance lay in it. As the host tied the cord, he spoke. He was an old man, his long, matted beard and hair gray to nearly white. The shadows made his brows and cheekbones appear gnarled, his eyes and cheeks deeply sunken. His big hands, rough with frost and swollen by rheumatism, were awkward but gentle at their task. He was like a prehistoric priest performing a fateful ceremonial rite. Also, his voice had in it a suitable quality of deep, reverent despair, yet perhaps at the moment, a sharpness of selfish satisfaction.

"When I perceived what was happening," he said, "I told myself, 'It is the end. I cannot take much; I will take these.'

"Perhaps I was impractical," he continued. "But for myself, I do not regret, and what do we know of those who will come after us? We are the doddering remnant of a race of mechanical fools. I have saved what I love; the soul of what was good in us is here; perhaps the new ones will make a strong enough beginning not to fall behind when they become clever."

He rose with slow pain and placed the wrapped volumes in the niche with his utensils. The others watched him with the same ritualistic gaze.

"Shakespeare, the Bible, Moby Dick, The Divine Comedy," one of them said softly. "You might have done worse, much worse."

"You will have a little soul left until you die, " said another harshly. "That is more than is true of us. My brain becomes thick, like my hands." He held the big, battered hands, with their black nails, in the glow to be seen.

"I want paper to write on, " he said, "And there is none."

The fourth man said nothing. He sat in the shadow farthest from the fire, and sometimes his body jerked in its rags from the cold. Although he was still young, he was sick, and coughed often. Writing implied a greater future than he now felt able to consider.

The old man seated himself laboriously, and reached out, groaning at the movement, to put another block of peat on the fire. With bowed heads and averted eyes, his three guests acknowledged his magnanimity.

"We thank you, Doctor Jenkins, for the reading, " said the man who had named the books.

They seemed then to be waiting for something. Doctor Jenkins understood, but was loath to comply. In an ordinary moment he would have said nothing. But the words of "The Tempest, " which he had been reading, and the religious attention of the three made this an unusual occasion.

"You wish to hear the phonograph, " he said grudgingly.

The two middle-aged men stared into the fire, unable to formulate and expose the enormity of their desire.

The young man, however, said anxiously, between suppressed coughs, "Oh, please, " like an excited child.

The old man rose again in his difficult way, and went to the back of the cell. He returned and placed tenderly upon the packed floor, where the firelight might fall upon it, an old portable phonograph in a black case. He smoothed the top with his hand, and then opened it. The lovely green-felt-covered disk became visible.

"I have been using thorns as needles, " he said. "But tonight because we have a musician among us"--he bent his head to the young man, almost invisible in the shadow--"I will use a steel needle. There are only three left."

The two middle-aged men stared at him in speechless adoration. The one with the big hands, who wanted to write, moved his lips, but the whisper was not audible.

"Oh, don't!" cried the young man, as if he were hurt, "The thorns will do beautifully."

"No," the old man said. "I have become accustomed to the thorns, but they are not really good. For you, my young friend, we will have good music tonight."

"After all," he added generously, and beginning to wind the phonograph, which creaked, "they can't last forever."

"No, nor we," the man who needed to write said harshly. "The needle, by all means."

"Oh, thanks," said the young man. "Thanks," he said again in a low, excited voice, and then stifled his coughing with a bowed head.

"The records, though," said the old man when he had finished winding, "are a different matter. Already they are very worn. I do not play them more than once a week. One, once a week, that is what I allow myself.

"More than a week I cannot stand it; not to hear them," he apologized.

"No, how could you?" cried the young man. "And with them here like this."

"A man can stand anything," said the man who wanted to write, in his harsh, antagonistic voice.

"Please, the music," said the young man.

"Only the one," said the old man. "In the long run, we will remember more that way."

He had a dozen records with luxuriant gold and red seals. Even in that light the others could see that the threads of the records were becoming worn. Slowly he read out the titles and the tremendous dead names of the composers and the artists and the orchestras. The three worked upon the names in their minds, carefully. It was difficult to select from such a wealth what they would at once most like to remember. Finally, the man who wanted to write named Gershwin's "New York."

"Oh, no," cried the sick young man, and then could say nothing more because he had to cough. The others understood him, and the harsh man withdrew his selection and waited for the musician to choose.

The musician begged Doctor Jenkins to read the titles again, very slowly, so that he could remember the sounds. While they were read, he lay back against the wall, his eyes closed, his thin, horny hand pulling at his light beard, and listened to the voices and the orchestras and the single instruments in his mind.

When the reading was done he spoke despairingly. "I have forgotten, " he complained; "I cannot hear them clearly.

"There are things missing, " he explained.

"I know, " said Doctor Jenkins. "I thought that I knew all of Shelley by heart. I should have brought Shelley. "

"That's more soul than we can use, " said the harsh man. *Moby Dick* is better.

"By God, we can understand that, " he emphasized.

The Doctor nodded.

"Still, " said the man who had admired the books, "we need the absolute if we are to keep a grasp on anything.

"Anything but these sticks and peat clods and rabbit snares, " he said bitterly.

"Shelley desired an ultimate absolute, " said the harsh man. "It's too much, " he said. "It's no good; no earthly good. "

The musician selected a Debussy nocturne. The others considered and approved. They rose to their knees to watch the Doctor prepare for the playing, so that they appeared to be actually in an attitude of worship. The peat glow showed the thinness of their bearded faces, and the deep lines in them, and revealed the condition of their garments. The other two continued to kneel as the old man carefully lowered the needle onto the spinning disk, but the musician suddenly drew against the wall again, with his knees up, and buried his face in his hands.

At the first notes of the piano the listeners were startled. They stared at each other. Even the musician lifted his head in amazement, but then quickly bowed it again, strainingly, as if he were suffering from a pain he might not be able to endure. They were all listening deeply, without movement. The wet, blue-green notes tinkled forth from the old machine, and were individual, delectable presences in the cell. The individual, delectable presence swept into a sudden tide of unbearable beautiful dissonance, and then continued fully the swelling and ebbing of that tide, the dissonant inpourings, and the resolutions, and the diminishments, and the little, quiet wavelets of interlude lapping between. Every sound was piercing and singularly sweet. In all the men except the musician, there occurred rapid sequences of tragically heightened recollection. He heard nothing but what was there. At the final, whispering disappearance, but moving quietly so that the others would not hear him and look at him, he let his head fall back in agony, as if it were drawn there by the hair, and clenched the fingers of one hand over his teeth. He sat that way while the others were silent, and until they began to breathe again normally. His drawn-up legs were trembling violently.

Quickly Doctor Jenkins lifted the needle off, to save it and not to spoil the recollection with scraping. When he had stopped the whirling of the sacred disk, he courteously left the phonograph open and by the fire, in sight.

The others, however, understood. The musician rose last, but then abruptly, and went quickly out at the door without saying anything. The others stopped at the door and gave their thanks in low voices. The Doctor nodded magnificently.

"Come again, " he invited, " in a week. We will have the 'New York.'"

When the two had gone together, out toward the rimed road, he stood in the entrance, peering and listening. At first, there was only the resonant boom of the wind overhead, and then far over the dome of the dead, dark plain, the wolf cry lamenting. In the rifts of clouds the Doctor saw four stars flying. It impressed the Doctor that one of them had just been obscured by the beginning of a flying cloud at the very moment he heard what he had been listening for, a sound of suppressed coughing. It was not nearby, however. He believed that down against the pale alders he could see the moving shadow.

With nervous hands he lowered the piece of canvas which served as his door, and pegged it at the bottom. Then quickly and quietly, looking at the piece of canvas frequently, he slipped the records into the case, snapped the lid shut, and carried the phonograph to his couch. There, pausing often to stare at the canvas and listen, he dug earth from the wall and disclosed a piece of board. Behind this there was a deep hole in the wall, into which he put the phonograph. After a moment's consideration, he went over and reached down his bundle of books and inserted it also. Then guardedly, he once more sealed up the hole with board and the earth. He also changed his blankets, and the grass-suffed sack which served as a pillow, so that he could lie facing the entrance. After carefully placing two more blocks of peat upon the fire, he stood for a long time watching the stretched canvas, but it seemed to billow naturally with the first gusts of a lowering wind. At last he prayed, and got in under his blankets, and closed his smoke-smarting eyes. On the inside of the bed, next to the wall, he could feel with his hands the comfortable piece of lead pipe.

THE CULTURE OF MACHINE LIVING

Quo Vadis?*

Here he comes, stumbling down
his ten thousand technological
years--the fragmented man;
a thing of bits and pieces
cast upon the mudflats of the
20th century by wayward
tides and waves too high.
This is a mosaic that walks,
wearing all his yesterdays like tatoos.
Little, or nothing,
in all his ancient heritage fits him for
this moment.
There is always something coming ashore,
and he is doing so now. He strides into
the spectrum as once the lonely
horseman rode into the sunset
of another time and place.
And no one knows what new
adventures await him now.

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*From "The Dynamics of Change," Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, ©1967.

Work: The Assembly Line Machine

I heard that they were hiring people for the assembly plant. And the idea of making automobiles sounded like something. Lucky for me, I got a job and was made a spot welder on the front cowling. There wasn't much to the job itself. Picked it up in about a week.

My job was to weld the cowl to the metal underbody. The jig is all made up and the welds are made in set places along the metal. Exactly twenty-five spots. The line runs according to schedule. Takes me one minute and fifty-two seconds for each job. I walk along the line as it moves. Then I snap the jig off, walk back down the line, throw it on the bench, grab another just in time to start on the next car. The cars differ, but it's practically the same thing. Finish one--then have another one staring me in the face.

I don't like to work on the line--no man likes to work on a moving line. You can't beat the machine. Sure, maybe I can keep it up for an hour, but it's rugged doing it eight hours a day, every day in the week all year long.

During each day I get a chance for a breather, ten minutes in the morning, then a half hour for lunch, then a few minutes in the afternoon. When I'm working, there isn't much chance to get a breather. Sometimes the line breaks down. When it does we all yell "Whooppee!" As long as the line keeps moving, I've got to keep up with it. On a few jobs I know, some fellows can work like crazy up the line, then coast. Most jobs you can't do that. If I get ahead maybe ten seconds, the next model has more welds to it, so it takes ten seconds extra. You hardly break even. You're always behind. When you get too far behind, you get in a hole--that's what we call it. Everything breaks loose. I get in the next guy's way. The foreman gets sore, and they have to rush in a relief man to bail you out.

It's easy for time-study fellows to come with a stop watch and figure out just how much you can do in a minute and fifty-two seconds. There are some things they can see and record with a stop watch. But they can't clock how a man feels from one day to the next. Those fellows ought to work on the line for a few weeks and maybe they'll feel some things they never pick up on the stop watch.

I like a job where you feel you're accomplishing something and doing it right. When everything's laid out for you and the parts are all alike, there's not much you feel you accomplish. The big thing is that steady push of the conveyor--a gigantic machine which I can't control.

You know, it's hard to feel that you're doing a good quality job. There is that constant push at high speed. You may improve after you've done a thing over and over again, but you never reach a point where you can stand back and say, "Boy, I did that one good. That's one car that got built right."

My job is all engineered out. The jigs and fixtures are all designed and set out according to specifications. There are a lot of little things you could tell them, but they never ask you. They have a suggestion system, but the fellows don't use it too much because they're scared that a new way to do it may do some one out of a job.

There's only three guys close by--me and my partner and a couple of fellows up the line. I talk to my partner quite a lot. We gripe about the job 90 percent of the time. You don't have time for any real conversation. The guys get along o'k--you know the old saying, "Misery loves company."

I think the foreman is an all-right guy, but in the shop he can't be. He has to push you all the time to get production out. But you can't fight the line. The line pushes you. We kid about it and say we don't need a foreman. That line is the foreman.

Work: The Myth That Became A Monster*

When it comes to considering the meaning of work in our society, we are much like the patriotic gentleman: we are quite willing to die for the right of other people to work, but we don't really know just what it is that we mean when we talk about work.

Somewhere along the line, in our society at least, we have confused work and income, so that the two became somehow related in our minds. When people say, "We want work," they usually mean they want income. The two are seldom related in any proportional sense, yet when we think they are, we try to build a social structure that assumes work will somehow solve our problems, when what we really mean is that income will solve our problems, or at least some of them.

When did we begin to feel that work as a human activity was valuable? Almost any culture you may study does not like work. The Golden Ages of our ancient pasts were places where one did not have to work. And most concepts of heavens have as their chief characteristic the fact that one does not have to work in them.

It is doubtful that ancient man had any concept of "work" at all, and such primitive societies as still exist frequently have no vocabulary that distinguishes between "work" and "free time."

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*From "The Dynamics of Change," Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, ©1967. Reprinted by permission of Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation.

In many "low energy" societies, the concepts of work time and free time hardly exist. A man in such a culture may feel as constrained by necessity to do one as the other. It is only when we classify his time into categories meaningful to us that work becomes defined. But if we say that he is working only when he is gaining sustenance, then many "primitive" men had far more work-free time than we have. When Aristotle, the Greek assigner of categories, took a look at work, he could assign it no very high value, except as a way to achieve leisure, or to not work. "Nature, " he wrote, "requires that we should be able, not only to work well, but to use leisure well. Leisure is the first principle of all action and so leisure is better than work and is its end. As play, and with it rest, are for the sake of work, so work, in turn, is for the sake of leisure."

The idea then that work, to be called work, must be something that we do not want to do, or that is at least unpleasant, was imprinted quite early in western culture. That work is painful, that it is a penalty, belongs to western culture. But in the Christian view, also, labor also contributes to such happiness as man can enjoy on earth. But in all the conceptions of a better life, the implication seems to be that labor is a drudgery, a burden. The pains of toil do not belong to human life by any necessity of human labor, but rather through the accident of external circumstances.

The contrary view would maintain that work is not a curse but a blessing, filling man's hours usefully, turning to service energies which would otherwise be wasted. It is suggested that useful occupations save men from a boredom they fear more than the pain of labor, as evidenced by the variety of amusements and diversions they invent or frantically pursue to occupy themselves when work is finished. Not merely to keep alive, but to keep his self-respect, man is obliged to work.

In western thought, work as such became important. Later, we were to confuse the two -- that is, idleness and labor--so that "putting in the time" became more important than the work. Thus WORK WAS GOOD FOR THE SOUL. This was the myth that became a monster in our times; it drives the rich to maintain the illusion that they are working, and those who do not work into an incessant apologia for being alive.

"Today, the American without a job is a misfit," comments Sebastian de Grazia, author of Of Time, Work, and Leisure. "To hold a job means to have status, to belong in the way of life. Between the ages of twenty-five and fifty-five, after school age and before retirement age, nearly 95 percent of all males work and about 35 percent of all females. Various studies have portrayed the unemployed man as confused, panicky, prone to suicide and revolt. Totalitarian regimes seem to know what unemployment can mean; they never permit it."

The "work" monster gained a certain substance from the idea that the progress of a society or a culture is something like the natural progress of the life of a man; as he grows older and works harder, he accumulates more wisdom and more material things.

It is probably no accident that the idea of social progress and the goodness of work as a means to achieve it grew into a now virtually unexamined principle at the same time that the Industrial Revolution began to need more "workers." This kind of work was not like the work that had gone on before; it was oriented in space (in the factory or foundry) and structured in time (the necessity for the worker to be in a certain place, at a certain time, performing certain work).

Niall Brennan, in The Making of a Moron, explains what is "wrong" with "work." "The unpleasantness of a job has nothing to do with whether it is repetitive or not. It depends solely on how many of the parts of man are used and how well they are being used. Acting is monotonous in this sense of the word; but no other occupation uses the man so intensely. If only a part of man is being used, the salvation of his sanity depends on what he himself does with the unwanted parts."

The idea that one should show up at a certain place at a certain time and perform some activity for a certain number of hours, remains today what we usually think of as work. We have constructed a society in which participation in this activity almost becomes the goal of life itself.

There are, however, two kinds of work: object-oriented work is activity directed toward transforming some natural resource into some useful object for man's use or needs. For example, petroleum into gasoline. It is the object-oriented work that is being replaced by mechanization, automation, and cybernation.

People-oriented work is directed toward service to others: entertainment, government service, teaching. This kind of work is as repetitive as object-oriented work, but it involves much more of the person who is doing it.

It is natural for a society to "progress," and at the base of "progress" is the use of human energy in the form of work. Therefore the more people in our society who work, the more will we progress. People who do not contribute to progress by working should not share in its fruits with those who do work.

Will this idea have to change as the exploding technology and exploding population collide in the next decade?

Cultural Standardization[1]

Most American babies are born in standardized hospitals, with a standardized tag put around them to keep them from getting confused with other standardized products of the hospital. Many of them grow up either in uniform rows of tenements or of small town or suburban houses. They are wheeled about in standard carriages, fed from standardized bottles with standardized nipples according to standardized formulas, and tied with standardized diapers. In childhood they are fed standardized breakfast foods out of standardized boxes with pictures of standardized heroes on them. They are sent to monotonously similar school houses, where almost uniformly standardized teachers ladle out to them standardized information out of standardized textbooks. They pick up the routine wisdom of the streets in standard slang and learn the routine terms which constrict the range of their language within narrow limits. They wear out standardized shoes playing standardized games, or as passive observers they follow though standardized newspaper accounts or standardized radio or TV programs the highly ritualized antics of grown-up professionals playing the same games. They devour in millions of uniform pulp comic books the prowess of standardized supermen.

As they grow older they dance to canned music from canned juke boxes, millions of them putting standard coins into standard slots to get standardized tunes sung by voices with standardized inflections of emotion. They date with standardized girls in standardized cars. They see automatons thrown on millions of the same movie and TV screens, watching stereotyped love scenes adapted from made-to-order stories in standardized magazines.

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[1] Max Lerner, America as a Civilization (Vol. 1), New York, Simon and Schuster, p. 262.

They take time out in factory, office, and shop for standardized "coffee breaks" and later a quick standardized lunch, come home at night to eat processed and canned food, and read syndicated columns. Dressed in standardized clothes, they attend standardized club meetings, church socials. They are drafted into standardized armies, and if they escape the death of mechanized warfare, they die of highly uniform diseases; and to the accompaniment of routine platitudes they are buried in standardized graves and celebrated by standardized obituary notices.

Mobility or Telemobility*

Man has always had the choice between two kinds of mobility, but he has for the most part concentrated on means for moving the body to the experience. In doing so, he became enchanted with the vehicle -- the horse, the chariot, the raft, train, automobile, airplane--each in its time the magic carpet that transported his neutral network to the scene of its desire. So enraptured did he become with the vehicle that he began to confuse the means of mobility with the meaning of mobility.

In the end he overlooked, and ultimately almost forgot, the essential purpose of human movement, which is to confront the sensory system with a new array of stimuli. As a sight and sound experience, there is nothing to choose between sending a man to New York, or sending New York to him.

Already the car in the garage and the television set in the living room--both of them tools for communication--are in direct competition for man's energy, and this is the beginning of the beginning. As he moves more deeply into the electromagnetic world, more and more "making the scene" will mean not stepping on the starter, but switching channels.

The daily press is full of talk about supersonic transports traveling three times the speed of sound; of 150 mile-an-hour automobiles; of trains traveling at

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*From "The Dynamics of Change," Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, ©1967. Reprinted by permission of Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation.

300 miles per hour; of transports that carry 600 people and their baggage at sonic speed; of a rocket liner that can carry 170 passengers at 17,000 miles per hour, connecting any point on the globe with any other in 45 minutes.

Our infatuation with the vehicle has led us to neglect to create the environment in which it can function most efficiently. Passengers sometimes meet at places called terminals which are not really "terminals" at all, but staging areas where the traveler tries to figure out how to get to the next system's terminal so that he can continue. This is not a system; it is a random dispersion of accidental meetings. What holds the system together is the automobile; it draws the little lines from terminal point to terminal point.

The main reason a man drives his car all alone to work is that it gives him the only times during the day when he can be free from the social, emotional, and psychological pressures of family, neighbors, and business associates. In all his active working years, he usually has but two refuges for privacy: driving his car alone or locking himself in the bathroom. Perhaps it might be possible to design bathrooms that offer the visual experience of a car moving along the highway.

We do not, as yet, have a true "traffic science." We still, contrary to all reason and experience, design roadways on which drivers going in opposite directions can approach each other at high speed. It is also a common experience to sit in a car at an absolutely empty intersection, waiting for the red light to change. The programming of these signals was frozen into a timing pattern based on a previous traffic flow. The freeway and other high speed sections must be provided with a means of positive traffic control. This will be done by guidance systems in the vehicle. There will be television surveillance of every mile of highway so that a dispatcher can anticipate problems and correct them before congestion builds up.

The driver's position in relation to other vehicles within one mile of him, together with his position on the roadway with respect to all points of conflict, will be shown continuously on a small television viewer, available to him with the flick of a switch. While he's watching TV, who is watching the road?

"No other single phenomenon in American life has ever met with such acclaim as television," says Desmond Smith, writing in Electronic Age. "It took 80 years for the telephone to be installed in 34 million homes. It took 62 years for electric wiring, 49 years for the automobile, and 47 years for the electric washer to reach the same number of homes. Television made the giant stride in 10 years."

The trek toward the phosphors is not an American phenomenon, it is a turning of the human species away from the personal biological confrontation of experience to the introspective experience of electronic waves. If ever there was an avenue of approach to the "one-world" concept, this appears to be it. The world is becoming a village.

From some central transmitter, television broadcasting balloons out over an area of approximately 50 miles, or is ricochetted from microwave tower to microwave tower, pours through the walls of our houses, streams through our bodies, and a part of it is picked up by antenna and becomes a pattern of dots on a screen moving so fast they appear, to us, to be a picture.

The other forms of television may transform our lives more than the monster in the living room. Still growing, closed-circuit TV is an energizing medium on the new frontier of communications.

Here, in the "unseen world of TV" is a person-to-person, firm-to-firm medium that annihilates space and time, makes the corporation president as close to his regional manager, 3000 miles away, as if they were in the same room; brings the economic and business life of our country into full, instantaneous sight and sound communication. Already, the memo is a paper dodo. There seems to be no real doubt that current and immediately foreseeable technology can provide us with a global system for instantaneous communication.

The Medium is the Message

One of the most critical commentators on the effect of television on our culture is Marshall McLuhan. Thus far his writings have been concerned with communication in the three Ages of Man which he describes as the Pre-Literate or Tribal, the Individual, and the present Electric. Each age is shaped by the form of the information available.

One of McLuhan's central ideas is that changes are going on all about us of which we are not fully aware. The rise of television has very subtly altered the way people THINK. "This has nothing to do with the quality of the programs. Those who are against the 'boob tube' are really missing the whole point, " McLuhan says. Even if TV programs consisted entirely of literary classics and first-rate news commentaries, TV would still make us think differently.

The present electronic revolution is the third major historical change that has made a profound impact on the way man thinks. The two previous were the alphabet and printing.

McLuhan sees each medium--alphabet, printing, television--as an extension and modifier of man; just as the caveman's ax is an extension of the hand, so the book is an extension of the eye, and so electric circuitry--the telegraph, telephone, and television--is an extension of the central nervous system. Each such extension changes the balance among the five senses, making one sense dominant and altering the way man feels, thinks, and acts toward information. As a result, a new environment is created. New medium to new sensory balance to new environment. This is why the effect is important, why the fact that the TV image is composed of phosphor dots is more important than whether the dots are carrying the Smothers Brothers or UNCLE.

Radio was a "tribal drum" that stepped up man's sense of hearing and added a person-to-person dimension to world affairs. Man no longer just read about important speeches and events; he listened to them. Like illiterate men in the primitive tribes, modern man could get a feeling of direct contact with all of his fellow tribesmen in a "global village." McLuhan says that radio also introduced the "all-at-once" atmosphere of modern man, seen in the popular student practice of studying with the radio or phonograph on.

In the pre-alphabet age, the ear was dominant; "hearing was believing." Man lived in acoustic space--a world of tribes, emotion, mystery. The new medium of the phonetic alphabet forced the magic world of the ear to yield to a new sensory balance centered on the neutral world of the eye. Later, Gutenberg's invention of movable type forced man to understand in a linear (line), uniform, connected, continuous fashion. A whole new environment emerged. The portable book! For the first time man could read and think in isolation. Individualism was born, and it became possible to separate thought from action. Politically, this newly discovered privacy of the reader made a point of view possible; economically, linear thought produced the assembly line and industrial society; in physics, it led to the views of the universe as a mechanism in which it is possible to locate a physical event in space and time.

Then in the nineteenth century, man entered the Electric Age with the invention of a new medium, the telegraph. The Gutenberg printing explosion that had shattered the old tribal unity of the ancients gave way to a huge explosion; electrical circuitry bound up the world and brought all the fragmented pieces together again. The old, linear, visual connections were cut. With Telstar, an "all-at-once" environment had taken place. Tribal man had returned, and the world turned into a global village in which everyone is involved with everyone else--Negroes and whites, haves and have-nots.

Television added sight to sound and brought the world closer. It tore man away from his detached, noninvolved attitude. TV INVOLVED men. A TV screen reveals just a pulsing sequence of light and dark dots that must be pieced together in a man's mind before taking on meaning, thus the glossy-eyed man in front of the TV is no passive blob absorbing sight and sound. That man is actively involved in creating for himself a visual image to go with the sound that reaches his ears.

Thus, to McLuhan, the key word in the new Electronic Age is involvement. Television involves all the senses. This is why he says that some media are "hot" and some "cool." Print, McLuhan says, is a hot medium: the printed page projects plenty of information. By contrast, TV is cool; that is, it provides a minimum of information--but involves the senses all at once.

To the man who has stared for hours on end at the little black box, this simply doesn't make sense. TV to him seems visual. McLuhan says that this is eye thinking. With television, you are the screen; the TV image is not a still photo but constant projecting of dots onto you, the screen, at the rate of 3 million pulses a minute. You have to fill in all the dots. You have to be "with it."

Television brings not only the voting booth into the living room but also the civil rights march along Alabama's U. S. 80, and the bulldozing of a village in Vietnam involves the audience. Moreover, a "hot war like Vietnam over a cool medium like TV is doomed. The young opposed the war because of their pain of involvement."

Among the first victims of television that McLuhan counts are his own views emphasizing the changing nature of advertising. There is less of the visual. "That's why discotheques are loud and dark. It is why a girl is sexier in cool media like dark glasses and fishnet stockings: these things invite involvement."

The shift away from the visual is signaled by boys and girls who dress alike and cut their hair alike--gender differentiation now comes with touch.

Baseball, McLuhan says, is linear and individual. The pitcher stands on the mound, and the batter waits. By contrast, football is like TV. Action occurs all-at-once, with the entire team involved and scattering all over the screen.

Since TV, McLuhan declares, the assembly line has disappeared and staff and line structures have gone in management. In fact, all lines are disappearing: stag lines, receiving lines, and pencil lines from the backs of nylons. McLuhan would assume that Detroit is making custom cars, that is, like the basic Mustang which comes with all the options. Why, then, don't we all realize this? The trouble, he says, is that people are still looking through their rear-view mirror.

"We are witnessing a clash between two technologies: the print culture is fighting a rearguard action, striving to absorb the electronic culture." But the press itself will change. "We can't stop TV from changing people. Prepare by education: it can serve as civil defense against 'media fallout,'" McLuhan sums up.

Do you agree?

TEACHER'S GUIDE TO ACCOMPANY

STUDIES ON PROTEST AND DISSENT IN AMERICAN LIFE

Program in American History and Civilization

Division of Secondary Social Studies

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I

General Teaching Objectives

1. To understand that political protest (and also labor strikes) may be the result of intolerable economic conditions.

2. To understand that extreme economic pressures of foreclosure and debt among the poor may lead to rebellion.

3. To believe in the legal processes set up for the redress of grievances.

4. To understand how serously riots and acts of violence result in injury to persons and property.

5. To evaluate riots and acts of violence as possibly being cases of conspiracy playing on hatred rather than of real grievances.

6. To understand why some working and living conditions are challenged by workers, as "unfair."

7. To study a major strike as an example of economic boycott.

8. To feel, as Debs did, that labor (and any group) has the right to organize.

9. To realize that changing a law by using the judicial process is difficult and yet is guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

Foreword

American history has often beeen concerned with events of protest and dissent. This particular selection of events presents only a few aspects of protest and, for the most part, is an arbitrary selection of episodes which cuts across several decades. The narratives are an attempt to show various methods of protest against different oppressions ranging from revolt against the law by armed resistance to getting an objectionable practice eliminated by a fresh interpretation of the Constitution through the law courts.

An interesting and highly important fact is pointed up, namely, that even though the Constitution gives us certain rights, we must demand them. If we do not claim our freedom from imprisonment for debts (Part I), our freedom from racial discrimination (Part II), our freedom to assemble and speak (Part III), our freedom to work under fair conditions (Part IV), and our freedom to practice (or not to practice) our religious beliefs (Part V), others may take them away.

II

Explanatory Notes On The Narratives For Students

A. Historical Notes

1. Captain Perez Hamlin, although he never fought beside Shays in the rebellion, led a separate force of insurgents. The incidents involving Captain Hamlin in the narrative are fictional. Captain Hamlin was wounded and taken prisoner in the battle with Lincoln's forces; but there is no record of his career after his imprisonment.

2. There was a little suspicion that the draft riots were a conspiracy instigated by Confederate spies as well as by Copperhead sympathizers, but no conclusive proof was produced. While the daily events of the riots are factual, the characters are entirely fictional.

3. Both Lingg and Schnauboldt were members of an anarchist group in Chicago. Lingg's suicide trial are a matter of record. Schnauboldt was arrested, questioned, and cleared of suspicion. He left Chicago. His involvement in the riot in the narrative is fictional.

B. Relevance to the Present

It is suggested that before formal study of the narratives, students should discuss a current topic or event involving protest, emphasizing the method which is used to achieve its goals.

1. 1787 The narrative concerning Shays' Rebellion needs little preliminary explanation in its example of redress of grievances where no machinery for redress existed. After the reading, however, the problems of the Critical Period in American history and the decisions for a federal-type government should be discussed. The narrative suggests the following problems which students should recognize: inflationary currency; total state sovereignty; loose structure of the legal system; no legal restraints among Vermont, New York, and Massachusetts; the conflict between farmer and merchant.

2. 1863 The narrative concerning the draft riots seems more analogous to the ghetto race riots of the past few summers than to the antidraft protests. The waste and destruction and despair resulting in an act of violence should be clearly understood by students. Here was a real

grievance totally misdirected and misguided. A background filmstrip on the economic causes of the Civil War will help students to understand the northern immigrant's attitude toward his own "free labor" and competition with "freed" Negro labor. The narrative deals sufficiently with a time setting.

3. 1886 - 1894 The narratives concerning the Haymarket riot and the Pullman boycott illustrate important developments in the history of labor's organization and recognition as a group. Although the narratives serve to illustrate the use of the strike and boycott as a form of protest, a discussion of the previous historical problems of unionizing trades and industries would serve as needed background for these two crises.

   The narratives should suggest the following to the student:

   a. The poor living conditions of the immigrant worker in the late 19th century

   b. The conflict between hand labor and mechanized labor with a shorter workday

   c. The political and nonpolitical allegiances of the immigrant worker, understood and misunderstood by those in authority

   d. The seeming alliance of the workingman with anarchist or socialist causes, in not accepting the capitalist framework of American society

   e. The difference between trade and industrial unions

   f. The (implied) procedure for "calling" strikes

   g. The need for labor to work through a political party

   h. The need for incorruptable leadership among working groups.

4. 1963 Many students may remember the school prayer ban and will identify with Ellory Schempp in his decision to challenge the constitutionality of the Pennsylvania law. Here is an example of peaceful protest: the process of a court appeal. The issues that were before the court are as important as the procedure for appeal, although the guarantee for minority religious rights was not mentioned in the decesion of the higher court.

The question of loyalty should be raised in terms of the conflict between allegiance as duty to one's country and allegiance as duty to one's faith.

A background filmstrip (or any other visual aid) on the history of religious liberties (even beginning in the colonial period) may be helpful for the student.

Supplementary information will be needed to explain the following:

a. The aims of the American Civl Liberties Union

b. The process of appeal through the Federal court structure

c. The use of precedents in decisions

d. The make-up and personnel of the Supreme Court

The narratives have been tested for their readability level. One sample from each narrative has been tested with the following result: The average reading-grade level is seven plus. The difficulty range in all five narratives runs from a reading-grade level of five plus to eleven plus.

C. Varieties of Protest and Dissent

It is of great importance to remember that the United States Constitution protects the right to protest and dissent except in cases of personal injury or injury to property or in cases of riot. Oftentimes a distinction is made by society between what is permissible protest and dissent and what is impermissible, therefore, protest is tolerable depending on when and how it is made. These legal and moral variables often help to explain why mass movements are accepted in one era or by one generation and not in another.

Varieties of protest are:

1. A vocal objection, written or spoken
2. An act (sometimes accompanied by vocal objection)
    a. picketing
    b. boycott by demonstration or communication
    c. peaceable mass assembly
    d. mass demonstration
    e. individual demonstration
3. A ballot or vote
    a. petition
    b. referendum
    c. legislative process
    d. formal organization of a group brought together for one purpose
4. A court decision and the process of appeal
5. Civil disobedience, deliberate violation of law when it is considered unconstitutional or in opposition to a higher law of conscience

D. Conditions for Protest Which Lead To Civil Disobedience

1. When an oppressed group is deprived of lawful channels for remedying its condition or when methods of due process in both legal and political systems are anavailable
2. As a means of resisting or refusing to participate in an intolerable evil perpetrated by civil authorities
3. When government takes or condones actions that are inconsistent with values on which the society and political system are built

4. When it is certain that the law or policy in question violates the Constitution and therefore, if challenged, would be ruled unconstitutional by proper authority

5. When a change in law or policy is demanded by social or economic need in the community and the normal procedures of law are inadequate or are obstructed by antilegal forces

6. When the actions of government have become so obnoxious to one's own personal ethics that one would feel hypocritical in submitting to that law which enforces these actions

III

Teaching Strategies

A. Part I

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narrative:

    a. Why were the jails full? Were the farmers' grievances real or imaginary?

    b. Were the people of Stockbridge justified in emptying the jail and stopping the court?

    c. What method was used to accomplish this? What were the alternatives available to the people?

    d. What were the simple solutions suggested by Ezra for their problems? Were their problems resolved by their actions?

    e. What would the suspension of habeas corpus mean to these people?

    f. Were Shays's actions acts of rebellion? Do his actions compare with the methods used in a "sit-in"? Explain.

    g. The expression "read the riot act" is often used. What does it mean?

    h. Was Captain Hamlin a man who advocated violence?

    i. Was the punishment severe for those who were rebellious? the crowd? the leaders?

    j. What was the relationship between the states during the "critical period"? Give evidence from the narrative.

2. In addition to the questions based upon the content of the narrative, further discussion may involve an analysis of these statements made by the persons of the narrative:

    a. "We were fools to have elected a General Court to do something for us."

b. "Leave matters of government to /your/ betters."

c. "This is high treason."

d. "I haven't done anything I'm ashamed of."

3. The classroom may serve as a demonstration area to show how individuals may lose rights. By imposing on the student's freedom of action, the teacher may demand more respect and formality each day; for example, insisting that they stand when contributing to the discussion, refusing permission to leave class to attend assemblies, etc.

4. The account of Shays' Rebellion gives the student an opportunity to evaluate the first "sit-in" in American history. He should become aware through the narrative that this "oppressed group" were deprived of their lawful channels to redress their grievances by petition before the First Amendment to the Constitution made the procedure of petition a matter of right. The method of protest should be discussed, beginning with the Shays narrative, and reviewed with each of the other narratives. (see "varieties of Protest and Dissent, "p. 5)

5. The Redress of Grievances: A Problem

   a. How can a student protest within the framework of the law (school rules and regulations)? Have the students list complaints which they have against school regulations or make a list of reforms which they feel would improve school life for themselves and others. For example, complaints may involve compulsory study hall, ristircted library hours, the variety of food and drink in the cafeteria, etc. What is the procedure for having these complaints aired? What are the alternatives when the complaints are not resolved?

   b. What will happen if a student disregards all constituted authority?

6. As a related topic which also has an early historical setting, students may want to study the problems of the seaman and his impressment which resulted in protest (mutiny). A reference can be made to Herman Melville's well-known novel, Billy Budd.

B. Part II

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narrative:

   a. Was the workers' grievance justified?

   b. How did James score points with the workers?

   c. Explain the term Copperhead. Is this kind of sentiment typical in any given conflict?

   d. What were the alternatives for defense against this kind of riot?

   e. What was the result of the reckless action of the mob?

   f. What was the original goal of the "protest"?

   g. Compare the procedure for choosing men for the draft now and during the Civil War.

2. Further discussion may involve an analysis of these statements made by persons of the narrative:

   a. "Give us a chance for our lives."

   b. "You've struck a blow for liberty."

3. In connection with the reading of the draft riot narrative, introduce the topic of "Freedom of Speech: When Does It Become a Danger?" Obviously Lewis's intent was to incite riot, and the question may arise as to whether, as in a similar circumstance, Lewis would have been allowed to say what he did, regardless of the sympathies of his listeners. In other words, should free speech have been denied to him? There are many Supreme Court cases which deal with some of the interpretations of the First Amendment. The following cases tie in with the subject matter of the theme and the narrative.

   a. The Schenck case deals with the question of when free speech becomes a danger. The circumstances of the case dealt with the illegal (Espionage law of 1917) distribution of leaflets to drafted men by the Socialist Party. The leaflets were statements opposing the war. The decision of Justice Holmes and the Court involved the statement, "free speech does not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theatre and causing panic." The war, they had decided, was a special situation.

b. The Feiner case deals with the question of whether the police can stop a man who in his public speaking is deliberately calling for violence. The circumstances of the case dealt with Feiner's calling for Negroes to rebel or riot to obtain their demands. The personal safety of the speaker was challenged by someone in the crowd. The decision was that the police cannot be used to stop unpopular opinions, but can stop a call to riot. The Court claimed that in freedom of speech one could cause people to be angry by the statements made, but no one might call for violence. A call to riot might do away with free speech.

Ask the students to make up situations involving either written or spoken statements where the proper or improper use of words may be a danger to free speech.

C. Part III

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narrative:

   a. What motivates an anarchist? What methods might he use to accomplish his goals?

   b. How would the workingmen's clubs become involved in problems of everyday life?

   c. What was the primary goal of labor in the 1880's?

   d. What were the methods used by laboring men to organize their protests?

   e. Were the strikers justified in their grievances against the McCormick works?

   f. What decisions had Lingg and Schnauboldt made before they began their acts of violence?

   g. What alternatives were available to Lingg? To the strikers?

   h. What were the consequences of Schnauboldt's act of violence?

2. Have the students identify some groups in American society which have brought about change through organization. This identification may be by common interest or work such as the following: laborer, farmer, woman, student, teacher, policeman, fireman, Negro. Have the students determine the success or failure of these groups historically and in the present day in their attempts to organize to bring about change. Have they organized to bring about change to benefit themselves or others? What kind of leadership was required of each of these groups?

3. At the end of the narrative, Schnauboldt suggests that he is not certain that his role of assassin can be justified. What are the motivations of an assassin in contemporary society?

D. Part IV

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narrative:

   a. Did the Pullman workers have just and serious grievances? What were they?

   b. Had all peaceful avenues for settlement of their problems been exhausted? Explain.

   c. What reason could the railway men give for their quitting work in sympathy?

   d. How was the court order--injunction--used against the strikers?

   e. Was Debs wrong in ignoring the court order? What were his alternatives?

   f. How did the Pullman boycott turn into a major conflict between the forces of labor and those of industry?

2. In addition to the questions based upon the content of the narrative, further discussion may involve an analysis of these statements:

   a. "The only thing that can defeat the strike now is violence."

   b. "You run your union as a business."

3. Role Playing: The manufacturer of Judy Bond blouses relocated the blouse factory from New York to Georgia. When the manufacturer left New York to establish a new factory in the South, he broke a contract which had been made with the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union representing the union workers in the factory. The workers, then, were left without jobs, and there were no jobs open to them in other garment factories which would offer them the same salary and benefits as they had been receiving.

   a. You are the owner of the Judy Bond factory. You have been called before a mediation committee to explain your actions.

   b. You are a leader in the ILGWU. You have called a meeting of the union members to decide a course of action. It is your job to make recommendations for a course of action by the workers.

c. You are a union member in good standing for the past 15 years, and you worked for the "runaway" factory. Your opinion is representative of many other members. You should make suggestions on a course of action and vote upon it.

d. You are a union official attempting to organize the nonunion factory which recently moved to the South and meeting with a great deal of opposition.

Two forms of protest actually were used by the union. A picket in front of stores selling the Judy Bond blouse, distributed small items with the "Don't Buy Judy Bond Blouses" label of them. The union also sued the company for breach of contract and for back wages lost. These would be usual procedures for similar situations.

4. In a role-play situation, have the students defend Pullman's position, that he can decide whatever working conditions and wages he chooses.

5. Under consideration is a national police union, which was generally favored by the big-city police departments. Already established is a National Patrolmen's Association in order to create a better public image for the policemen. Have some students defend the idea of a union instead of the existing Association.

6. In the general area of labor history, there remain for related study:

   a. The Homestead strike where an injunction was used to break up the strike. The Colorado miners' strike is a similar situation.

   b. The Molly Maguire movement, an earlier example of labor protest.

   c. Debs's career after the Pullman strike, as Presidential candidate for the Socialist Party and his imprisonment for sedition in 1919, rounds out the preliminary biographical data in the narrative.

E. Part V

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narrative:

    a. How did Ellory indicate that he was aware of the consequences of his protest?

    b. Why did Ellory challenge the law? What knowledge did he bring to the decision to protest the Pennsylvania law?

    c. What portions of the United States Constitution applied to Ellory's challenge to the Pennsylvania law?

    d. Was it necessary for Ellory to recruit others (groups or individuals) to support him? Explain.

    e. How did the Court reason in its decision?

2. A study of other religious minorities in the United States, such as the Amish or the Mormons, may point out how a problem is resolved when religious practices are in conflict with the law or what happens when American society accommodates dissent within the existing system.

3. Another case brought before the Supreme Court at the same time as the Schempp case, and perhaps more familiar to the students, is the case of Murray vs. Curlitt.

4. In a decision in February, 1969, in the case of Tinker vs. Des Moines Independent Community School District #21, The Supreme Court emphasized that school children's rights of free speech are limited to conduct that does not disrupt discipline or interfere with the rights of others. The school principal was judged wrong in ruling against the use of armbands by the students protesting the Viet Nam war. Many commentators felt that the ruling would make it difficult to censor publications in the school. Have the students consider this decision along with discussing legislation which would provide a maximum penalty of 90 days in jail and a fine of $150 for persons engaged in campus demonstrations.

IV

Vocabulary

A. Part I

(to be) sued
Court of Common Pleas
debtor
creditor
foreclosure
insurgents
treason
Riot Act
habeas corpus
retaliation
effigy
disaffected counties

B. Part II

Copperhead
abolitionist
malicious bosses
alienated
inciting to riot

C. Part II

workingmen
anarchist
socialist
unionize
"scabs"

D. Part IV

sympathy strike
boycott
injunction
contempt of court

Besides these words found in the narrative, other words that are part of the basic vocabulary in any study of labor history are as follows:

arbitration
blacklist
conciliation
grievance committee
mediation
picket
warrant

E. Part V

Unitarian
First Amendment
Fourteenth Amendment
compulsory, compulsion
to bring suit
jurisdiction
ostracized, ostracism
Federal district court
Koran
appeal
contestants

V

Attitude Test on "Protest and Dissent in American Life"

Note: These attitude questions have the objective of stimulating discussion, using the viewpoint held by the students, so that a set value is not imposed on the student.

Write the word agree or disagree after each of the following statements and then explain your answer briefly.

1. Protest demonstrations are an act of irresponsibility.
2. People who participate in protest demonstrations are irresponsible.
3. Considering the situation of the Stockbridge farmers, they should not have been punished for rebelling.
4. Hatred and dissatisfaction are good reasons for organizing protest demonstrations.
5. Any draft law is unjust which favors the wealthy class or any one group over another.
6. It is important to believe in the purposes of a war before one fights.
7. Persons who are in debt and owe money have a right to protest peacefully.
8. Those forms of protest which lead to injury to persons and property can usually be justified.
9. The law was the law. All debtors at the time of Shays' Rebellion should have paid what they owed or have gone to jail.
10. No reason that can be given would be worth going to war for.
11. The best way to avoid being drafted is to go out and demonstrate against it.

12. The best way to resolve any grievance quickly is to riot.

13. A group of individuals becomes a mob when it destroys property.

14. Since the riots in New York did not end after four days, force was the only way to meet force.

15. Anarchists believe in violence.

16. Having any sympathy with the workingman means that one is a socialist.

17. A person who is a "scab" should realize that he may be harmed.

18. Assassins are usually anarchists.

19. Louis Lingg was not guilty of a violent act because he did not throw the bomb.

20. Louis Lingg was innocent of committing any crime against society.

21. It is the right of any employer to hire and fire whomever he wants and for whatever reason.

22. If a union worker makes a complaint, the company manager has a good reason to fire him.

23. The use of violence is necessary in a strike situation.

24. The Pullman workers were right in overturning the railroad cars.

25. The Pullman strike failed because the workers used violence.

26. The best way to end a strike is to issue a court injunction against it.

27. To protest the recitation of the Lord's Prayer in a public school is a valid issue.

28. One should support a protest demonstration only if it involves a popular cause.

29. The law courts can best decide the outcome of a protest issue.

30. It is all right to break a law when it is considered unconstitutional by a majority of the people.

31. The government should have forced Mr. Pullman to give in to the worker's demands.

32. No employer should fire a worker engaged in organizing a union.

33. A company should not hire a person who refuses to join a union.

34. Workers have more power over their employers than employers have over their workers.

35. When a worker will not accept the employer's terms, he should go to another job.

Content Test on "Protest and Dissent in American Life"

A. True or False

1. Many protestors are needed to make a demonstration successful.

2. Perez Hamlin was not willing to take his punishment, so he fled to New York State.

3. Perez Hamlin did not believe in the right of petition.

4. Perez Hamlin felt that the only action open to the people of Stockbridge was open rebellion.

5. The people of Stockbridge demonstrated against the judges because the judges had the power to jail them.

6. There were no alternatives to violence when the people of Stockbridge tore down the jail.

7. The people of Stockbridge attacked the judges because the judges refused to find a solution to their grievances.

8. The real motive for fighting the Civil War was profit.

9. There were no alternatives to violence when the New York crowds occupied the Colored Orphan Asylum.

10. Someone had to be punished for throwing the bomb in the Haymarket riot.

11. Louis Lingg was hanged because he despised the authority of the government.

12. The Pullman workers had been given no alternatives when they quit work.

13. A court injunction may be used to stop a strike.

14. The Pullman workers made use of what is now an accepted form of protest.

15. Eugene Debs displayed disrespect for the authority of the court.

16. Eugene Debs was prevented by the government from talking to the strikers.

17. Ellory Schempp challenged a law which he believed was unconstitutional.

18. The right to challenge a law is guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

19. Freedom from imprisonment for debts is guaranteed to all citizens.

20. Freedom from racial discrimination is guaranteed to all citizens.

21. Freedom to assemble and speak peacefully is guaranteed to all citizens.

22. Freedom to work under fair conditions and to organize unions is guaranteed to all citizens.

23. Freedom to practice or not practice our religious beliefs is guaranteed to all citizens.

B. Short Answer

1. What were the economic conditions in each of the narratives which led eventually to dissatisfaction and protest?

2. What were the acts of violence which resulted in injury to persons and to property?

3. From the narratives, what were the real grievances? What kinds of grievances are reasonable?

4. Describe as many methods of protest as you are able.

C. Situations

1. Abraham Lincoln once advised citizens who suffered from hunger as a result of war: "Take your pickaxes and crowbars and go to the granaries and warehouses and help youselves."
Was this good advice? Why or why not?

2. "It is far better to put your hands in your pockets and remain nonviolent and then 'raise Cain' with the money situation." How could organized teenagers carry through a protest using this policy?

VI

Resources

1. Additional readings in Merrill Proudfoot, Diary of a Sit-In, and Abbott E. Smith, White Servitude and Convict Labor in America, 1607-1776, make interesting background comparisons.

2. Films

    a. "Sit-In" (NBC-TV White Paper Series, 1961) in two parts. Distributed by McGraw-Hill Textfilms Division. 54 minutes

    b. "Civil Rights Movement-The South"(NBC-TV production, 1966). Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. 28 minutes

    c. "The Rise of Labor" (NBC-TV Production, 1963). Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. 30 minutes

    d. "The Inheritance" (Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America) in two parts, 1965. This film is made from still pictures and news clips dating from 1901 and presents an excellent historical summary of the twenties and thirties as well as a catalogue of labor history. 58 minutes

    e. "Freedom of Religion" (NBC-TV Production, 1963). Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. 30 minutes

    f. "Harvest of Shame" (CBS-TV, 1960) deals with the migratory workers' attempt to organize. Distributed by McGraw-Hill Textfilms. 54 minutes

3. Resource persons might include organizers for local labor unions who could speak to students about the goals of their unions.

4. Students like to share their record collections with others. Ask them to bring in particularly good protest songs for which they can explain the backgrounds.

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TEACHER'S GUIDE TO ACCOMPANY

STUDIES ON INTOLERANCE IN AMERICAN LIFE

Program in American History and Civilization

Division of Secondary Social Studies

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I

General Teaching Objectives

1. To lead students to feelings of tolerance toward individuals and groups who are different.

2. To investigate intolerance in terms of some of its causes: fear, deprivation, threatened self-interest, personal shortcomings.

3. To understand the nature of scapegoating.

4. To lead students to an awareness of the practice of scapegoating in their own lives.

5. To help students to emphathize with the victims of scapegoating.

6. To appreciate the frustration and pain of being accused unjustly.

7. To appreciate the danger of governmental practices which allow for special repressive measures against certain groups or organizations deemed "dangerous."

8. To develop skill in evaluating visual and written materials and to evaluate false and unjust accusations.

II

Explanatory Notes On The Narratives For Students

The narratives selected for the theme of intolerance illustrate the perennial and universal methods of scapegoating. The student should identify the victim and his or her accuser in each narrative. Attention should be directed to the motives behind each scapegoating incident and to the justice or injustice of each accusation.

With the witchcraft narrative, students should try to pinpoint the real problems of the village. If students are not familiar with the Salem witchcraft trials, they will ask whether this really happened and whether these people were real. Therefore, it is necessary to explain briefly the impact and decline of theocracy in Puritan New England so that Reverend Parris' influence in the village will be clearly understood. The concept of theocracy may be presented by showing a filmstrip on Puritan life in New England.

Some preparation on the historical background of the Red Scare is also necessary. It is suggested that supplementary reading or visual aids materials on the early 1920's be given to students to point out (1) the Bolshevik Party take-over of Russia and (2) the United States' attitude toward immigration policy.

Many vocabulary words in the second narrative may be unfamiliar to the students, for example, radical, Communist, Red, anarchist, alien, and dago. Allow students to identify these words as used in the narrative as forms of name-calling before they are clearly defined. Students should be able to do this after discussing name-calling in the witchcraft narrative.

Before students begin to read the last narrative, they will need instruction on the events contributing to the Cold War after 1945 so that they may be aware of the crises which Americans faced prior to 1950. Current events filmstrips could be used here. They will also need to be cognizant of the Korean War crisis.

From Mr. Lattimore's story the student should realize that, as one of those first accused by Senator McCarthy, Mr. Lattimore was better equipped, better prepared, and more knowledgeable to defend himself than many others who were accused of disloyalty. Several individuals suffered irreparable damage to their careers.

Lattimore is an atypical victim: He was able to fight back and did.

From Mr. Lattimore's story the student should also realize that "witch-hunting" or hunting for Communists and spies often comes in the wake of a war and that it is supported by many people. They should discuss why this seems to be so.

It may be helpful at some point of discussion or by example to make a biblical reference to scapegoating; that is, to note that from the earliest times among all peoples, there is to be found the notion that guilt and suffering can be transferred to some other being or person. To the primitive mind this transferring of blame seems reasonable, for the primitive mind confuses the physical with the mental. For example, if a load of wood can be lifted from one man's back to another's, why not a load of guilt? The primitive mind concludes that the shift is not only possible but entirely natural.

In ancient times a living animal was often chosen as the victim. The most famous of these ceremonies was the ritual of the Hebrews, described in the Book of Leviticus. The sins of the people would be transferred symbolically to a live goat, which would be taken into the wilderness and set free. Today the transfer is usually from person to person. Students may feel that Rebecca and Raphael were scapegoats in the biblical sense.

Note: The narratives have been tested successfully with both eighth-and tenth-grade students.

III

The Nature And Methods Of Scapegoating

A. What Is Scapegoating?

Scapegoating occurs when some of the aggressive energies of a person or group are focused upon another individual or group. The amount of aggression or "blame" may in part be founded in fact. Scapegoating is full-fledged persecution, prejudice, and discrimination.

B. Attitudes Related to and Leading to Scapegoating

1. Predilection: This is a preference. You prefer one language to another; one food to another. This preference may lead to active biases and the inability to respect another's preference or "choice."

2. Prejudice: Here you become rigid. Your mind becomes closed. You will not listen to contrary argument. All things become stereotyped. When you express prejudice out loud, it may lead to discrimination.

3. Discrimination: Discrimination differs from scapegoating only in the amount of violence. Discrimination excludes people, ideas. It is not "we" who move, but "they" whom we exclude.

4. Scapegoating: The victim here is abused. He cannot fight back, because he is weaker than his attacker.

C. Motives of Scapegoating

1. Deprivation: Things which people have or want are taken away from them. The scapegoat is made to pay not only for recent things taken away from the accuser but also for frustrations of long standing. There is no direct

action which we can take, so we scapegoat institutions such as the government, the school, the church.

2. Guilt: Guilt feelings arise when we omit saying things or doing things. We may blame others for our own sins.

3. Fear and Anxiety: Fear is an actual feeling of danger. Fear may be reduced by attacking the one who threatens. Anxiety is anticipation of danger. Like fear, it represents feelings of insecurity.

4. Self-Enhancement: Feelings of inferiority may lead to scapegoating in order that the individual may convince himself of his own value. The individual who feels insecure may obtain comfort by belonging to the "in group." Very important as a social motive is the desire for power. No one dares to oppose when there is unity among the supporters.

D. The Victim: His Distinguishing Characteristics

1. He is easily identified.

2. He has little possibility for getting back at his accusers because of the following:

   a) The scapegoater is stronger than the victim by force of arms, numbers, or physical strength.

   b) The victim cannot answer back.

   c) Due to long browbeating, the victim accepts all accusations.

3. He usually has been a previous object of blame.

4. He personified an idea accepted by the entire group as one to be attacked.

E. Methods of Scapegoating

1. *Phantasy:* Scapegoating in thought often precedes action.

2. *Verbal Aggression:* Rumors of misdeeds, plots, jokes, unjust accusations, insinuation, name-calling.

3. *Physical Action:* Personal violence, torturing, lynching.

F. The Difference Between Heresy-Hunting and Scapegoating

1. *Scapegoating:* First, scapegoating is *universal* and is always present present in some form. Second, scapegoating is based upon the simplest form of delusion. Third, scapegoating is largely an individual phenomenon. Fourth, scapegoating can be stimulated by mild frustration.

2. *Heresy-Hunting*: Heresy-hunting or witch-hunting comes in the wake of stress and social disorganization, after wars, famines, plagues, disasters, or revolutions. Witch-hunting is a form of *collective* madness. Witch-hunting only appears in time of storm. The assumptions of the witch-hunters were as follows:

a) Witches will lie.

b) Witches get innocent people to do their bidding. One can be a witch without knowing it.

c) Witches were convicted on "spectral evidence"; today this may be interpreted as "guilt by association."

In what ways can these statements be used to apply to an Un-American Committee investigation rather than a witch trial? And how do you account for the wise, honest, and intelligent man being taken in by such evidence?

IV

Teaching Strategies

A. PART I

1. The following may serve as discussion questions on the basic understanding of the narrative:

a) What kind of relationship existed between Tituba and the children? Did the children live in an adult society?

b) What were Reverend Parris' attitudes towards the townspeople?

c) Why was Tituba a "logical suspect"?

d) Was Rebecca a witch in the judge's eyes, the townspeople's eyes, your eyes?

e) What was the role of the onlookers at the examination? How did they react to the demonstrations by the children?

f) Did Rebecca doubt the reality of the children's suffering?

g) Were the statements of the accused misunderstood or misrepresented?

h) Did Judge Hawthorne try to have Rebecca contradict herself?

i) Were any of Rebecca's statements taken as a confession?

j) What evidence was entered as "fact"?

2. Discuss with students the motives of scapegoating suggested in the explanatory section on scapegoating. Define with them the terms deprivation, guilt, fear, and self-enhancement. Ask students to identify examples of these motives from the narrative.

Deprivation may be identified in the land boundary disputes and the preoccupation with acreage allotments. The first settlers resented the success of those newly arrived pioneers. Their children were the only means of passing on established land claims.

Guilt is suggested in the children's feelings about their mischief as well as the population's total guilt for turning away from the teachings of the church. Also Reverend Parris' feelings of persecution may be suggested.

Fear and anxiety are suggested by the loss of the charter, the decay of the theocracy, and the loss of control over the youth. Reverend Parris is insecure in his position. The children have no status.

Self-enhancement is suggested by the ambition of Reverend Parris and the sudden popularity of the "neglected" children.

3. Discuss the methods of choosing a victim suggested in the explanatory exercise on scapegoating. According to the narrative, how were the victims chosen? The following factors should be included in the discussion:

a) Rebecca was known in the village, was a church member, raised many children and was loved by all of them.

b) The children were in a stronger position because Reverend Parris chose to believe them.

c) Rebecca was too saintly to defend herself. She was also old.

d) Rebecca was an object of envy but not an object of blame before this.

e) Francis Nourse was blamed for not providing firewood. Francis conspired against Reverend Parris by not attending church.

f) Reverend Parris threatened excommunication in order to assert his authority.

g) Force of numbers is suggested by the evidence that Bridget Bishop was chosen because many disliked her activities.

h) Browbeating is suggested by the idea that Rebecca accepted the fact that she might be a witch. It should be noted that Rebecca was not protected against her accusers by the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution.

4. Ask the student to write an informal composition on what he feels were the imaginary and the real problems of the village. In discussing the student's composition, draw attention to the following sources of conflict:

a) war

b) taxation

c) land and population

d) lack of good leadership

5. Ask the student to write an informal composition in which he explains the following:

a) a personal encounter, either as initiator or victim, with scapegoating

OR

b) an observation of a group or institution in society today which is being used as a potential scapegoat. Only if it is necessary, suggest adverse opinions against church, school, police, or Supreme Court justices. This activity has value. It relates to the student's real world, although he will be reluctant to write about a personal experience. He may try to disguise an incident which happened to him. If this occurs, encourage students to write about an observation of scapegoating. Compare ideas.

6. If the topic of witchcraft is studied further, students may find interesting examples of scapegoating in two other members of the village, Bridget Bishop and Giles Cory. The death of Giles Cory points out the theme of deprivation.

B. PART II

1. The following may serve as discussion questions on the basic understanding of the narrative:

a) What was the relationship between the workers on the construction job and the boss?

b) What were the living conditions for the immigrants?

c) Did the immigrants have any knowledge of what radicalism meant?

d) Were the immigrants interested in joining a union? Was there a need for the social club?

e) Was Raphael's fear real?

f) Why didn't Joe ask for a lawyer?

g) What was the result of this arrest?

h) What class division was evident from the bomb list?

i) To what purpose were the radicals used?

j) Who and what groups were considered radical in addition to the Communists?

k) Do you think that there was real danger in the Red Scare? Were the raids useful?

2. From the narrative discuss how the immigrant became the scapegoat. Review the motives and methods of scapegoating. The following points should be brought out in the discussion:

a) Name-calling by the Federal agents, i.e., beatle brow, Red

b) Was it significant that the name-caller had one blue eye and one brown eye?

c) Name-calling by the spectators, i.e., murderers, bomb throwers

d) Unjust accusation of immigrants as Communists

e) Personal violence against the accused, i.e., detention without legal aid

f) Economic motivation of scapegoating, i.e., flooding the market with cheap immigrant labor

g) The fear generated by the bomb scare

h) Generalizations used as evidence, i.e., one Italian bomb thrower means all Italians conspire to throw bombs

3. The Immigration Act implied that there was guilt by association. With the class, construct a chart using any club, organization, etc., which attempts to analyze support in that organization. The question under consideration should be, "What constitutes support?" Some examples are as follows:

a) membership

b) knowledge of the aims and purposes

c) sympathy with and approval of the aims

d) support by purchasing the literature

e) contributions to the general fund

f) soliciting membership

g) attending a meeting

h) attending many meetings as a guest

4. Many institutions and organizations are charged with radicalism or disloyalty. Ask the students to identify the groups and organizations suggested by the following:

a) public school teachers' unions

b) student protest leaders

c) magazine publications

d) civil rights leaders

Then ask the students to give current examples of where charges of radicalism or disloyalty have been made against any of these groups or others mentioned.

5. The most relevant example, which combines the alien situation and the implications of anarchist associations, is the arrest and trial of Sacco and Vanzetti. This case usually interests students and is a subject of frequent comment. However, most of the documented accounts are difficult for the students to read. A visual presentation is suggested.

6. Know-nothingism in a historical sense has always been associated with the theme of intolerance in American civilization. Documented accounts of the burning of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown and reports of

violence in the streets of major cities can be found in Allan Nevins' (editor) The Diary of Philip Howe (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1927.)

7. Further comments on the sedition laws in the United States may involve students in the discussion of its terms in 1917. "It is a felony to say, or print disloyal or abusive or profane language about the government, the Constitution, soldiers, sailors, flag or uniform, or by word or act oppose the cause of the United States." Reference may be made to cases concerning immigrants prosecuted for having written anti-war propaganda or to the case of Eugene Debs for violating the sedition law.

C. PART III

1. The following may serve as discussion questions on the basic understanding of the narrative:

a) Who was Mr. Lattimore? (He was a citizen of the United States.) How was he different from Joe or Rebecca?

b) Why were Mr. Lattimore's activities under suspicion? What had he done?

c) What did Senator McCarthy imply when he asked Mr. Lattimore about his life and career?

d) What were the most difficult decisions Mrs. Lattimore made?

e) How accurate was Mr. Budenz's testimony?

f) In addition to being a spy, what other accusations did Senator McCarthy make against Mr. Lattimore?

g) How did Mr. Lattimore face the ordeal?

h) What were the methods used in the investigation?

i) How was Senator McCarthy's investigation stopped?

j) What did Senator McCarthy mean by "the little people loved the performance"?

k) What does Mr. Welsh mean when he says, "Let's not assassinate this lad?"

l) What had Senator McCarthy done wrong?

m) Which government departments and agencies did Senator McCarthy accuse of being under Communist influence? Was he "down on" any specific groups?

2. From the narrative discuss the differences between scapegoating and heresy-hunting as a public investigation. Review the motives and methods of scapegoating. The following points should come out in the discussion:

a) Was Senator McCarthy enjoying self-enhancement? He portrayed himself as the savior of his country and spoke of the "little people everywhere."

b) Was Senator McCarthy guilty of causing injury to innocent people?

c) McCarthy aimed at those who were born with "silver spoons in their mouths." Many of the men in the State Department were trained in Ivy League colleges.

d) How important was fear in McCarthy's success, that is, fear of losing the Cold War, of losing part of Korea, of supporting the wrong Chinese government?

e) How important was popular dissatisfaction with the Cold War?

f) Why was Mr. Lattimore chosen as the victim?

g) Lattimore indicated a preference for Communist China as the real government of China. How important was this preference?

h) McCarthy pointed out that Lattimore had been raised in China. What was he insinuating?

i) Why did the burden of proof to verify his innocence fall on Lattimore after the accusation was made?

3. Noted below are charges made against Senator McCarthy. Ask the students to list these charges against Senator McCarthy. Divide the class into four or five groups, and then ask each group to discuss one of the charges with a substitution of characters from a previous narrative. The completed statements can be changed to suit the situation.

a) Senator McCarthy "smeared innocent people."

b) Senator McCarthy exaggerated the evidence and made uncalled-for accusations.

c) Senator McCarthy publicized charges which should have been kept secret.

d) Senator McCarthy hid behind Congressional immunity, giving his victim no legal comeback.

e) Senator McCarthy called all of his critics Communists in an effort to discredit them.

4. Ask the students to compare the mischief of the afflicted children with the resulting mischief of the McCarthy investigations (Narratives I and III). It should be suggested that as the children became successful in gaining notice, they aimed higher and higher for the victims (Tituba to Rebecca). As Senator McCarthy was discredited, he tended to shift his charges downward by altering his words.

5. Ask the students to rank the following words in order from the most severe charge to the least severe charge:

a) Communist
b) alleged pro-Communist
c) card-carrying Communist
d) bad security risk
e) traitor
f) suspicious
g) bad for America
h) good for Russia

How would Senator McCarthy have ranked them? Do you agree?

6. Mr. Lattimore said, "Friends are afraid to stand up for you." Recall such a situation from your own experience.

7. Film, "Charge and Countercharge"

This film was produced and directed by Emile DeAntonio. It is a film of the era of Senator McCarthy, which uses the original footage from the Army-McCarthy hearings and places these events in their proper historical setting. The film time is 42 minutes, and it is distributed through the Appleton-Century-Crofts Film Library. The film contains Mr. Lattimore's statement before the hearings, President Truman's statement condemning Senator McCarthy, scenes from the 1952 presidential campaign, the "cropped photograph" episode with Secretary of the Army Stevens and Private Schine, and Senator Symington's confrontation with Senator McCarthy.

8. Exercise Work Sheet for "Charge and Countercharge"

Prepare for the students a work sheet which defines the words which characterize the methods used in the process of accusation. The following will illustrate:

a) The multiple untruth is a half-truth and a truth.

b) The abuse of documents is to take phrases out of context.

c) Insinuation is giving unfavorable qualities to another man.

d) Slander is attacking by not making distinctions.

e) Intimidation is to threaten an opponent's security.

f) The charge of treason means giving aid to the enemy.

g) Contempt for the law means that self-interest can justify evasion of the law.

h) The bluff is a threat followed by silence.

Ask the students to pick out examples of the above techniques while they view "Charge and Countercharge."

9. Ask the students to look up the Fifth Amendment. The problem suggested by a consideration of the Fifth Amendment is whether there really is protection involved with its use, since the witness has the choice between a verbal confession and a silent confession. Does the witness become an informer? Does the witness "come clean" when he decides

not to use the protection of the Fifth Amendment? Draw on examples from other narratives. A current discussion of the use of the Fifth Amendment may include the anti-draft demonstrations.

10. As a cooperative project, ask the students to make a collection of "hate" literature circulated by any group whose target is to scapegoat another group.

V

Vocabulary

A. PART I

- wizard
- persecuted
- excommunicate
- goody

B. PART II

- dago
- dumbbell tenements
- Communist
- Red
- sedition
- alien
- radical
- anarchist
- naturalized citizen

C. PART III

- Nationalist China
- Communist
- perjury
- Communist infiltration

C. PART III (Continued)

traitor

character assassination

loyalty oath

Fifth Amendment

Communist cell

McCarthyism (See Webster's Dictionary, 1961)

VI

Test on Intolerance

A. Attitude Questions or True/False Statements (Content)

Objective: To stimulate discussion

Do you agree or disagree with the following statements? Write the word agree or disagree, and then explain briefly your answer.

1. One can be a witch or spy without knowing it.
2. The "witch-hunts" were brought on because of war and crisis.
3. A victim is chosen as a scapegoat because he cannot fight back.
4. The farmer's cow died the day after Rebecca walked through the meadow. This proves that Rebecca killed the cow.
5. Aliens cannot be trusted.
6. Raphael jumped to his death because he was a Communist.
7. Calling people names may indicate fear or guilt on the part of the name-caller.
8. Many people supported Senator McCarthy because they believed in him and his cause.
9. If a witness claims the protection of the Fifth Amendment, he is hiding his real identity.
10. Character assassination is all right when you are naming Communists.
11. The Salem witches were a few ignorant, neurotic women.
12. Radicals should not have the same rights as other people.

13. Mr. Lattimore used name-calling to defend himself.

14. You feel less guilty when you scapegoat in a group rather than by yourself.

B. Situations

1. There is a student in your school whom you pick on, and so does almost everyone in your group. You notice that some of the teachers do it too. Why do you behave this way? How do you explain the behavior of others?

2. During many months of World War II, Japanese-Americans were held in internment camps. How do you justify this kind of action on the part of the government?

3. During the Democratic Convention of 1968, many radical student demonstrators were arrested. If you were part of the crowd as an onlooker, how would you have acted toward these student demonstrators? Toward the arresting policemen?

4. You meet someone at a party who is wearing a medallion with the sign of the broken cross on it. You know that this is usually the insignia of the peace movement. How do you react toward this person?

C. Content

1. Compare in the three narratives the choice of victim, the results of scapegoating for the victim, and the motives of the accuser.

2. Write a contemporary commentary on a person or institution or group being scapegoated.

VII

Resources

1. Optional related readings:

a) Shirley Jackson, The Lottery. New York: Farrar, Strauss & Cudahy, Inc., 1949.

b) William G. Golding, Lord of the Flies, Chapters 9 and 10. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1962.

c) Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Young Goodman Brown." In Nathaniel Hawthorne, Complete Short Stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1959.

"Young Goodman Brown" can also be found in the following works:

Robert G. Davis, ed., Ten Modern Masters. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1959.

Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate, eds., House of Fiction. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960.

d) Arthur Miller, The Crucible. New York: Viking Press, 1955.

Mr. Miller has increased the ages of the children, but the background of the delusion is accurate. His central characterization is John Proctor, who seemed to be the most outspoken against the motives of the children.

e) Two anthologized short stories based on the theme of prejudice are:

John Barryman, "The Imaginary Jew." In O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1946.

Ralph Ellison, "Battle Royal." In Herbert Gold and David L. Stephenson, eds. Stories of Modern America. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1961.

2. Photostat copies of the original examinations and trials which had not been damaged are available from The Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts, or from the Salem County Court.

3. Woodcuts and prints from original texts

4. Films

a) "Salem Witch Trials," 1957 ("You Are There" series), 30 minutes

This film is a reconstruction of two witch trials. It can be obtained from the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Text-Film Division, 330 West 42d Street, New York, New York 10036.

b) "Point of Order," 1964, 97 minutes

This film is based on the televised Army-McCarthy hearings from April to June, 1954. It is available from Sterling Educational Films, 241 E. 34th Street, New York, New York 10016.

c) "The Golden Door," 1963, 30 minutes

This film analyzes the nature and causes of anti-alien feeling in the United States, which led to the restriction of immigration. It is available from Encyclopedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 425 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

d) "Uprooted and the Alien-American," 1963, 30 minutes

This film discusses the difficulty of resolving conflicts between cultural origins and Anglo-Puritan norms. It is available from Encyclopedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 425 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

5. A record by the Discuriosities entitled "The Investigator" takes Senator McCarthy to the gates of Saint Peter, where he conducts an investigation.

VIII

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Division of Secondary Social Studies

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I

General Teaching Objectives

1. To stimulate student consideration of what would be their ideal society
2. To foster a feeling that human institutions can be improved and effectively changed
3. To value individual and group efforts to improve society
4. To appreciate a goal which "holds out" for something better than a life based on material things
5. To understand why people "drop out" of society and what problems they face

II

Explanatory Notes On The Narratives For Students

The narratives on idealism are developed as an illustration of minority-group efforts to reform the social structure of American democracy, the implications being that American life was in many respects lacking.

The narratives are divided into two sections. The first section briefly describes conditions as they existed before a response was made to the condition; the second section deals with the form which the response took. And in one instance, at least, the response may have been in conflict with the aims of American society.

In addition to the development of the stated objectives for the students, the methods shown in these narrative studies should invite comparison with present-day idealisms which, for the most part, are a continuation of those begun in the nineteenth century. Except for the narrative on peace, all the other narratives on idealism have historiacal roots in the nineteenth century, although active peace societies were founded in America before 1900. The historical narratives include utopian socialism, penal reform, and abolitionism.

The narratives entitled "The Utopian Response to Idealism" consist of a fictionalized description of the New York slums from Jacob Riis's How The Other Half Lives, a summary of some basic concepts of Bellamy's literary utopia, and a description of a working communal community (Oneida) as seen through the eyes of Pierrepont Noyes, who grew up there. The tenement sweatshop may well have been what Bellamy wanted to eliminate, since his utopia was very much concerned with urban problems.

The narratives should serve to illustrate the following to the student:

1. The condition of human parasites
2. The concept of a guaranteed annual wage with useful employment (Note that Bellamy does not use the word socialism, but students may question his utopia in these terms.)
3. The tolerance of unorthodox religious views and the successful existence of a group apart from society
4. The fulfillment of the needs of a group where social institutions are missing: welfare support, employment, protection and security (or temporary escape from the real world)

Where interest in communal communities has been aroused, B. F. Skinner's Walden Two, which may be too scientifically oriented, and communal experiments carried on as a result of such guidance, may serve as an additional study. There are several contemporary communities, religious and nonreligious, which continue to function apart from society; for example, the Bruderhof community in Connecticut, the Koinonia community in Americus, Georgia, as well as numerous "hippie" communes.

The nineteenth-century communal communities were varied and numerous. The most comprehensive study of them has been written by Alice Felt Tyler in Freedom's Ferment (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1962).

Any consideration of unique societies by students involves their own response to the reasons for "dropping out" and to the eventual hazards of separation from the mainstream of society.

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For a more sentimental account of the measure of abolitionist feeling, students should read the auction of Tom in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

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There is little need to reinforce the time sequence presented in the narratives. Where traditional periods of history need to be reviewed, however, the reform movements and the initial rash of communal communities should be developed as an outgrowth of Jacksonian democracy. Looking Backward should be set among the background problems brought on by the Industrial Revolution.

The narratives have been tested for their readability level. One sample fron each narrative has been tested with the following result: The average reading-grade level is nine plus. The difficulty range in all five narratives runs from a reading-grade level of seven plus to eleven plus.

III

Teaching Strategies

A. Part I, The Utopian Response to Idealism

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

   a. Referring to the imagery of the coach, if those workers who were once pulling the rope obtained a seat on the coach, what would be their attitude then?

   b. Since the passengers on the coach would never give up their seats, how or in what ways could they encourage those at the ropes? (This discussion involves an attitude which preserves the status quo by a promise of "salves and ointments" to ease the sores.)

   c. What motive would a man have to continue to do his best despite small reward; that is, what would inspire those doing the pulling to continue to pull?

   d. What would be the possibilities of an economic system without money?

   e. What kinds of "accidents" might occur in the life of an individual which would be the cause of his downfall?

   f. Is your idea of "justice" that everyone should receive the same rewards regardless of the amount of work one does?

   g. What motivated individuals to join utopian communities?

   h. Were there any advantages in living in a community such as Oneida? Were there any disadvantages?

   i. Did the rules of the community seem reasonable or not? Explain.

   j. From the "outside" looking in, what good impressions of the Oneida community would a visitor have taken away? What poor impressions?

   k. What would "society" condemn in this community?

   l. What can communities that remain apart from "society" contribute to society? (This question suggests some serious aspects of all experimental communities which may result in advanced ideas, a changed environment, educational reform, dietary experimentation, modern industrailism, personal self-realization, or faith healing.)

2. Ask the students to write down their activities throughout a day from the time of waking up to the time of sleeping. Then ask them to plot the sequence of pleasurable and unpleasurable impressions and indicate what a "good day" should be, what would be the conditions to bring about a good day, and the criteria for abundance and leisure.

3. Have students draw a cartoon or picture in which they show some aspect of society in terms of a different image than Bellamy's image of the coach.

4. If society were to agree by legislation and by gradual custom or practice to have some kind of population control in order to perfect man physically and mentally, what criteria would you (the student) set up in order to attain this objective?

5. Have the students choose a newly acquired material object or one upon which they most often depend. Ask them to forfeit its use for one week and then report on how each "got along" without the object. A preliminary discussion would involve a definition of the "material" object.

6. Present this situation: While you are walking along a busy shopping center, a very young and rather shabbily dressed boy thrusts a plastic flower into your hand. He doesn't speak, but just looks at you. What would be your reaction to this act? Why would you react in the way that you say?

7. An interesting contemporary study of the story involving Alice's Restaurant and the community at Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

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1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

   a. What different attitudes toward prisoners are reflected by persons in the narratives?

   b. Can prison life possibly be made more pleasant?

   c. What would be the ideal or "model" prison? What would be some of the problems in running a model prison?

   d. Do you feel that the Auburn system was more "just" than the Pennsylvania system or the Pennsylvania system more "just" that the Auburn system? Explain.

   e. What progress in prison reform has been made since the two Frenchmen visited America?

   f. What reasons can you give to justify the present-day treatment of prisoners?

   g. What reasons can you give to justify the treatment of persons trying to bring about changes in society?

   h. In Bellamy's utopia, how were criminals to be treated?

   i. What do we learn about the institution of slavery from the conversation at the slave auction?

   j. Why did the demonstrators dislike and antagonize the Female Anti-Slavery Society?

   k. Who were the citizens who wanted to do injury to Garrison? Why would these citizens want to harm him?

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2. The narratives involve historically prominent persons who are designated as "reformers." It is important to discuss who is a "reformer" by using Miss Dix and Garrison as examples and by talking about contemporary persons who may qualify as "reformers." The following considerations may lead into some of the qualifications of a reformer: What are the primary considerations of a reformer? What arguments are made and how are they made on certain issues? Are all issues basically moral issues? To which part or class of society did the previous reformers belong and to which part do they belong now?

3. You are a journalist for the New York Times or you are a Life photographer. Your assignment is to do a cover story on Miss Dix's appeal to the state legislature for help for the insane; or your assignment is to attend the meetings of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society and do a cover story on its activities.

4. Ask the students to inquire about any correctional institutions near their community. These correctional institutions may offer resource persons to talk with the students or an opportunity for the students to observe their operations.

C. Part III, A World Response to Idealism

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

   a. In the "War" passage what was the hero's attitude toward the war in which he found himself?

   b. How does the hero question why he finds himself on the battlefield? Does he feel that the battle will take his life?

   c. What do we learn about the conditions of war in 1918? What aspects of war remain the same?

   d. Was the proposition to outlaw war totally unrealistic in the light of human nature?

   e. Can blame be placed on someone for declaring war?

2. Ask the students to write a brief description of a "modern" war or a brief description of the Viet Nam war from the point of view of one of the Viet Cong. If possible, have this description written for potential use as antiwar "propaganda."

3. Get in touch with local peace organizations for descriptions of their programs and speakers for the classroom.

IV

Vocabulary

A. Part I

idealism
materialism
utopianism
"sweater"
compulsory
consume, consumer
plead guilty
penalty
excise tax
income tax
debt
drones
industrialization
urbanization
communal, Communism, communized
exploitation
mechanization
alienation
optimistic
criticism
"perfectionist"
"multiple marriage"
monogamous marriage
persecuted
defiance
reluctance

B. Part II

humanitarian
flogging
branding
mutilation
penitentiary, penance
hypocrisy
solitary confinement
emaciated
mulatto
antislavery
lynch
hostility

C. Part III

parchment

shelling, shell hole

gas mask

V

Test On Idealism

Note: These attitude questions have the objective of stimulating discussion, using the viewpoint held by the students, so that a set value is not imposed on the student.

Write the word agree or disagree after each of the following statements and then explain your answer briefly.

1. Progress and poverty go hand in hand.
2. Tony and Susie were poor because they were not willing to work hard; in other words, poverty springs from laziness.
3. Industrial societies must be organized in such a way that there are always some who have a lot and many who have nothing.
4. No industrial society can hope to guarantee a living wage to everyone unless personal freedom is given up.
5. Man's perfection is a very believable ideal.
6. An ideal society must strive to change human nature by guaranteeing justice to all.
7. Utopia is not practical, since evil will always exist.
8. Moral corruption exists as the necessary by-product of an urban and industrial life.
9. Communal experiments in living work agains the basic values of American life.
10. No "perfect society" would accept the idea of a common family and community property.
11. Living apart from society as a whole harms the individual, because he remains ignorant of the world.

12. Physical punishment for prisoners is necessary in order to keep order.

13. Society is at fault when men and women display antisocial behavior.

14. Insane persons and slaves have no feelings.

15. Garrison and men like him serve society when they try to change society.

16. Garrison and men like him represent the forces of good against the forces of evil.

17. Garrison and men like him should be oppressed at every opportunity.

18. Garrison and men like him are the cause of violence toward others as well as themselves.

19. Life is cheap.

20. It is easy to kill an enemy, since all soldiers have the same fear of death.

21. To outlaw war is unrealistic, especially when nations believe that might makes right.

22. To outlaw war is unrealistic, especially when man is by nature aggressive.

VI

Resources

1. Films

   a. "The Odds Against" (1966) is a film based upon the case of John Mitchell, who was arraigned for attempted robbery, jailed, tried, sent to prison, and denied probation. Made by the American Foundation of Correctional Institutions and available from them. 32 minutes

   b. "Hunger in America" (1968), in two parts, takes a look at communities in San Antonio (Mexican-American), Loudon County, Virginia (white tenant farmers), Hale County, Alabama (Negro tenant farmers), and a community on a Navajo reservation. A CBS Report available from Carousel Films. 54 minutes

   c. "Slavery" (1965) deals with some of the facts of the history of slavery, presented through anecdote and song. It is produced by NET as one of the "History of the Negro People" series. Available from Indiana University, Audio-Visual Center. 30 minutes

   d. "Uptown: Portrait of a New York City Slum" (1966) depicts the external poverty of this disadvantaged community. Available from Danska Films. 29 minutes

   e. "The Hat" (1965) is a comic animated film which provides some answers and suggests ways to work toward world peace and a better world system. It was the best cartoon at the Venice Film Festival in 1965 and is available from Sterling Educational Films. 18 minutes

   f. The following are also recommended: "Toys on a Field of Blue," 20 minutes, and "Wargames," 19 minutes, both available from Brandon Films.

2. Recommended Additional Reading

   a. Students are interested in the anti-utopian novels which depict a dehumanized society and mass terror. These may serve as balance for Bellamy's utopia: Aldous Huxley, Brave New World, and George Orwell, 1984.

b. A recent expose of "Children in Trouble," written by Howard James for The Christian Science Monitor, is a series of articles available as reprints or in paperback from the Monitor.

3. Resource Persons

Whenever resource persons are available, they should be asked to speak to students on various problems of reform and answer questions.

VII

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1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

   a. In the "War" passage what was the hero's attitude toward the war in which he found himself?

   b. How does the hero question why he finds himself on the battlefield? Does he feel that the battle will take his life?

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IV

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- materialism
- utopianism
- "sweater"
- compulsory
- consume, consumer
- plead guilty
- penalty
- excise tax
- income tax
- debt
- drones
- industrialization
- urbanization
- communal, Communism, communized
- exploitation
- mechanization
- alienation
- optimistic
- criticism
- "perfectionist"
- "multiple marriage"
- monogamous marriage
- persecuted
- defiance
- reluctance

B. Part II

- humanitarian
- flogging
- branding
- mutilation
- penitentiary, penance
- hypocrisy
- solitary confinement
- emaciated
- mulatto
- antislavery
- lynch
- hostility

C. Part III

parchment

shelling, shell hole

gas mask

V

Test On Idealism

Note: These attitude questions have the objective of stimulating discussion, using the viewpoint held by the students, so that a set value is not imposed on the student.

Write the word agree or disagree after each of the following statements and then explain your answer briefly.

1. Progress and poverty go hand in hand.
2. Tony and Susie were poor because they were not willing to work hard; in other words, poverty springs from laziness.
3. Industrial societies must be organized in such a way that there are always some who have a lot and many who have nothing.
4. No industrial society can hope to guarantee a living wage to everyone unless personal freedom is given up.
5. Man's perfection is a very believable ideal.
6. An ideal society must strive to change human nature by guaranteeing justice to all.
7. Utopia is not practical, since evil will always exist.
8. Moral corruption exists as the necessary by-product of an urban and industrial life.
9. Communal experiments in living work agains the basic values of American life.
10. No "perfect society" would accept the idea of a common family and community property.
11. Living apart from society as a whole harms the individual, because he remains ignorant of the world.

12. Physical punishment for prisoners is necessary in order to keep order.

13. Society is at fault when men and women display antisocial behavior.

14. Insane persons and slaves have no feelings.

15. Garrison and men like him serve society when they try to change society.

16. Garrison and men like him represent the forces of good against the forces of evil.

17. Garrison and men like him should be oppressed at every opportunity.

18. Garrison and men like him are the cause of violence toward others as well as themselves.

19. Life is cheap.

20. It is easy to kill an enemy, since all soldiers have the same fear of death.

21. To outlaw war is unrealistic, especially when nations believe that might makes right.

22. To outlaw war is unrealistic, especially when man is by nature aggressive.

VI

Resources

1. Films

   a. "The Odds Against" (1966) is a film based upon the case of John Mitchell, who was arraigned for attempted robbery, jailed, tried, sent to prison, and denied probation. Made by the American Foundation of Correctional Institutions and available from them. 32 minutes

   b. "Hunger in America" (1968), in two parts, takes a look at communities in San Antonio (Mexican-American), Loudon County, Virginia (white tenant farmers), Hale County, Alabama (Negro tenant farmers), and a community on a Navajo reservation. A CBS Report available from Carousel Films. 54 minutes

   c. "Slavery" (1965) deals with some of the facts of the history of slavery, presented through anecdote and song. It is produced by NET as one of the "History of the Negro People" series. Available from Indiana University, Audio-Visual Center. 30 minutes

   d. "Uptown: Portrait of a New York City Slum" (1966) depicts the external poverty of this disadvantaged community. Available from Danska Films. 29 minutes

   e. "The Hat" (1965) is a comic animated film which provides some answers and suggests ways to work toward world peace and a better world system. It was the best cartoon at the Venice Film Festival in 1965 and is available from Sterling Educational Films. 18 minutes

   f. The following are also recommended: "Toys on a Field of Blue," 20 minutes, and "Wargames," 19 minutes, both available from Brandon Films.

2. Recommended Additional Reading

   a. Students are interested in the anti-utopian novels which depict a dehumanized society and mass terror. These may serve as balance for Bellamy's utopia: Aldous Huxley, Brave New World, and George Orwell, 1984.

b. A recent expose of "Children in Trouble, " written by Howard James for The Christian Science Monitor, is a series of articles available as reprints or in paperback from the Monitor.

3. Resource Persons

Whenever resource persons are available, they should be asked to speak to students on various problems of reform and answer questions.

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TEACHER'S GUIDE TO ACCOMPANY

TECHNOLOGY: THE CULTURE OF MACHINE LIVING

Program in American History and civilization

Division of Secondary Social Studies

The Lincoln Filene Center for Citizenship and Public Affairs
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I

General Teaching Objectives

1. To enable the student to adapt to a society directed toward "total living," rather than one in which he "earns a living"
2. To enable the student to understand that uncontrolled technological advance may result in alienation and a devaluation of the human world
3. To enable the student to see himself as the beneficiary, rather than the victim, of a new social environment brought about by automation and invention
4. To enable the student to understand the machine as man's creation
5. To enable the student to trust in man's ability to choose the changes the machine brings

II

Explanatory Notes on the Narratives for Students

Technology in American life is a theme which presents conflict between a vision of America as Eden and the reality of America as the chief beneficiary of the scientific revolution which brought the machine into "the garden." Some men, such as Jefferson, Mark Twain, Melville, and Thoreau, who reacted against the dominance of machines over the visible world, could not envision the machine as a mark of America's progress in the world.

The rapid development of technology resulted from the beginning in "alienation," self-estrangement, and the devaluation of the human world. The garden disappeared. In the factories, the drive shaft and the pulleys were no longer visible. Power was transmitted through wires and tubes, often hidden, and the whole was covered up and shielded so that the machine gave the appearance of being autonomous. The machine was self-contained. In the nineteenth century, the machine, the factory, and the city became identified as a single entity oppressing man.

The simple contrivances of two centuries ago--the spinning Jennies--were little more than tools used by one man to refine or increase the product of his labor. They did not alter the relationship between man and his environment that had held for many thousands of years.

The most revolutionary inventions are seldom perceived at the time as radical because of the human tendency to feel that the future will be simply a larger and improved version of the immediate past. For example, the horseless carriage practically stole upon the world.

We are familiar now, however, with the profound changes brought about by machines since 1800. Movement, communication, farming, production, and warfare are all mechanized. We confront the world and act upon it, not directly, but by remote control. So statements about machines are, by implication, statements about the conditions of human life.

These stories and essays are not primarily concerned with presenting the history of scientific invention, although the American environment in the beginning offered a vast and free laboratory. This history machine is adequately presented in such books as Lord Ritchie-Calder's Evolution of the Machine, Lewis Mumford's Technics and Civilization and Dirk Struik's Yankee Science in the Making. Neither are these narratives an attempt to present a general attitude of distrust or condemnation of the machine. They are designed to underscore the point that discriminating use of the machine will contribute to man's preservation, an indiscriminate use to man's destruction. In the post-industrial age, as the technicians describe our future culture, the machine may alter man. The reading materials, therefore, are concerned with the machine's role in the garden today and its future use in shaping man's environment.

Many compilations have been made on the subject of man's future environment. The summer, 1967, issue of Daedalus presents findings in disciplines concerned with life projections to the year 2001. Fortune Magazine and Saturday Review periodically devote issues to topics on technology. And indeed, continual reference is made in current publications to changing technology. The readings, then, can serve as only a small sampling of the numerous considerations of authorities in the field of technology today.

The selections for the unit have been organized under three main titles, "The Machine: Friend or Foe?"; "Automation: Life With A Black Box"; and "The Culture of Machine Living."

The first two parts, which include the traditional "Ballad of John Henry" an exposition of automation, and selected science fiction stories of previous years, should suggest the following:

1. The conflict and competitiveness which labor-saving machinery inspires in man
2. The romanticizing of brute force in the attempt to dignify labor over all considerations of "progress"
3. The technological know-how which allows man to imitate his own body and brain as the equivalent to mechanical man
4. The dependence man feels upon the machine, sometimes extended to decision making

The third part includes essays which present two problems of living in our culture: increased leisure time, brought about by the mechanization of routine skills; and the intrusions in our environment by mass communication and excessive mobility. The essays may suggest the following:

1. A decreasing sense of privacy in our lives
2. An increasing sense of tribal conformity
3. An increasing need for education
4. A changing perspective on TIME and SPACE

III

Teaching Strategies

A. Part I, The Machine: Friend or Foe?

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

    a. "Ballad of John Henry"

        1) How do John Henry's actions reflect his attitude toward labor? Toward the steam drill? Toward the railroads? Toward the mountain?

        2) Does the theme of the ballad present the steam drill as man's enemy or as man's friend? Explain.

        3) Why is it important that John Henry should beat the steam drill? Why is John Henry happy when the steam drill doesn't measure up to expectations?

        4) What is the significance of John Henry's collapse after out-performing the steam drill?

        5) What significance has the ballad as a protest song? In other words, what does the ballad say about man and machine in the 1880's?

    b. "Tractoring Off"

        1) Why are both the tractor and the driver referred to as "monsters"?

        2) "The man sitting in the iron seat did not look like a man" What is the significance of this statement?

        3) Why is the tractor a symbol of power? How are all machines symbols to their drivers?

        4) Do you think that the attitudes about machines reflected in statements made by authors living in the nineteenth century are valid today? (Whitman and Thoreau for example)

c. "A Bad Day For Sales"

1) Is Robie a hero or a villain in this story? Explain.

2) Why doesn't Robie understand human suffering? What qualities, characteristics, or feelings does Robie lack?

3) Does Robie ever get tired of his work? Does he ever get frustrated with his work or the results of his work? Does he enjoy his work?

4) In what ways are Robie and the machine which caused the destruction in the city alike?

5) Why would the child feel that Robie didn't look like a robot? What should a robot's appearance be like?

6) From judging the "futuristic" details of the story, in what time do you think it was laid? Does the story describe the present?

7) Does Robie's environment leave you with a negative feeling? a positive feeling? Explain.

B. Part II, Automation: Life With A Black Box

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

   a. "An Extension of Man"

      1) Why must man create likenesses of himself or need charms or effigies in an advanced civilization?

      2) In what other ways can we describe the machine or mechanical devices as the "extension of man"?

      3) Is it important at this point to find a way in which to humanize the machine?

      4) What sets the computer apart and above all other kinds of machines or how is the computer an "advance" over the music-box mechanism?

      5) How dependent will man be on the computer? In terms of a world which requires "yes" and "no" answers, how does man remain master of the machine?

   b. "The Portable Phonograph"

      1) Note the choice of books and articles saved from the bombing. What choice would you have made?

      2) The record is referred to as "the sacred disk." Why does the author use this symbolism?

      3) Is there impending doom for the men gathered around the fire?

2. If an historical conflict between man and the machine is developed with this unit, ask students to select additional readings from the past, from the resource list. The play, R. U. R., although not American, may be useful to establish the technical use of the word robot, derived from "working with one's hands," as well as to pose certain questions concerning the survival of the human race.

3. It is suggested that the films listed in the resource section on automation be used in order to clarify some of the technical points made in the

narrative. These films may also serve to stimulate discussion on the philosophical problems of man's survival, the responses of the brain to problem solving, and the solutions to both mechanical and human failures.

4. With the use of artificial limbs and artificial organs, etc., the human body becomes increasingly likened to a machine or artificially controlled mechanism. Articles describing the mechanical nature of the human body are numerous: 1969 issues of Life, Popular Mechanics, Technology Review, and others. Students should be encouraged to think about the scientific (medical) attitudes concerning the human body. More recent articles, describing the heart transplants (the heart as a pump and the use of dacron and other synthetics) should be used. One classic description entitled "What is Man?" comes from R. Buckminster Fuller in his book, Nine Chains to the Moon, written in 1938. It may serve as a beginning for discussion:

> A self-balancing, 28 jointed adapter-base biped; an electrochemical reduction plant, integral with segregated stowages of special energy extracts in storage batteries for subsequent actuation of thousands of hydraulic and pneumatic pumps with motors attached; 62,000 miles of capillaries.
>
> Millions of warning signal, railroad and conveyor systems; crushers and cranes (of which the arms are magnificent 23 jointed affairs with self-surfacing and lubricating systems) and a universally distributed telephone system needing no service for 70 years, if well managed.
>
> The whole extraordinary complex mechanism guided with exquisite precision from a turret in which are located telescopic and microscopic self-registering and recording range finders, a spectroscope, etc.; the turret control being closely allied with an airconditioning intake-and-exhaust, and a main fuel intake.
>
> Within the few cubic inches housing the turret mechanisms, there is room also for two sound-wave and sound-direction-finder recording diaphragms, a filing and instant reference system, and an expertly devised analytical laboratory large enough not only to contain minute records of every last and continual event of up to 70 years' experience, or more, but to extend, by computation and abstract fabrication, this experience with relative accuracy into all corners of the observed universe.
>
> "A man," indeed! Dismissed with the name, "Mr. Jones"!

C. Part III, The Culture of Machine Living

1. Discussion questions to check basic understanding of the narratives:

    a. "Work: The Assembly Line Machine"

        1) How does the worker feel about his assembly-line job? Is the fully mechanized assembly line an improvement over the one described by the worker?

        2) If you were to describe the assembly line with the word monotonous, what is it that makes it so?

    b. "Work: The Myth That Became a Monster"

        1) Compare the concepts of work with the themes in the "Ballad of John Henry."

        2) Do you agree or disagree with the statement that work is necessary for man to keep his self-respect? Explain.

        3) How are you going to cope with the "work monster"?

    c. "Cultural Standardization"

        1) Do you agree with Professor Lerner that all life in these United States is standardized to the extent that he describes?

        2) The current rash of student rebellions has been attributed to a revolt against "the establishment." Is this another way of saying that people are rebelling against standardization?

    d. "Mobility or Telemobility"

        1) Do you agree or disagree with the idea that the car and television are in competition with each other? If you had to live the rest of your life with only one, either the car or television, which one would you choose to keep? Why?

        2) Can you think of other reasons why a man might prefer driving to work by himself rather than in a car pool?

    e. "The Medium is the Message"

1) Do you feel that you are living in a global village and are part now of tribal man? Explain and illustrate from the experiences of your own environment.

2) Can you follow through on other examples of "hot" and "cool," according to Mr. McLuhan's definition, or is this theory all a put-on to stimulate discussion?

3) How do you assess the influence of TV on your life so far, especially in view of the estimate by technicians that you will spend a total of nine years of your whole life in looking at television?

2. Ask the students to create in detail a "Fun Lab" in which man can have a foretaste of all the pleasures of 1984. Since the Fun Lab is a foretaste, they will have to be particularly imaginative in being able to fulfill everyone's needs in music, the dance, sports, etc. The emphasis for the Fun Lab should involve the proper use of leisure time in pleasurable pursuits.

3. Ask the students to create their own "situations" in which they can also foresee certain valuable or not so valuable effects which technology will have in the future. The situations may involve a form of depersonalization, a separation of man and what he is producing, a collapse of time, or a minimum need for human skills in work. Or let them write their own short stories in which they try to prophesy what the year 2000 wil not be like. They may discover that trends are found in most prohecies and futuristic predictions.

4. Ask the students to find evidence which will back up the attitude of the scientists who make this kind of statement: "The human brain as a highly specialized organ may have reached its level of efficiency and is now declining and may lead to extinction."

5. The section entitled "The Culture of Machine Living" should involve the students in their own preparation for a life-style over the next 30 years. Any discussion of a life-style will involve certain trends noticeable in our culture. They are:

a. An increasingly sensate, pragmatic, utilitarian, hedonistic culture

b. increasing affluence and lesisure

c. Population growth

d. Growth of megalopolises

e. An increased need for education

f. Increased capacity for mass destruction

As culminating activity and as time may allow, the students in a given class could prepare for the school paper a survey in which they present the attitudes or future life-style wishes (promises) of the students and faculty for the next 30 years. It is important in making such a survey to discover, among other things, what kind of people will be using all the marvels of technology at the end of another 30 years.

The following considerations for future life-styles may be useful in the preparation of survey questions:

a. Genetic manipulation and the ability to control the formation of new beings, or "human prescriptions to develop desired types of man"

b. Practical nuclear power to provide the future energy needs of the world

c. Laser technology and its probable use with instant interplanetary television

d. Increased life span

e. Extrasensory perception (brain waves) and sending and receiving messages (signals) through distances

f. Communication with life existing on other planets

g. Human robots that will assume everyday chores

h. Man-machine symbiosis; that is, humanizing machines and mechanizing humans and direct man-machine communication

i. Time-travel and space-travel theories wherein space-travel time stands still for man's lifetime while thousands of years pass on earth

j. Synthetic foods

k. Computerized medicine

l. Regeneration of body parts that have been damaged or removed

6. The narratives and stories suggest cetain human propensities and feelings with which the machine cannot be endowed, such as seeking companionship, feeling loneliness, escaping danger, and so forth. Using the following guide, ask the students to think about how the culture of machine living might modify human activities. Could the machine also modify human propensities? Discuss

PROPENSITY	ACTIVITIES IT COULD MOTIVATE
Seeking Companionship	
Wanting to be with people, especially those one feels at ease with	Going where the crowds are Wanting congenial fellow workers "Lonesome pay" for isolated jobs Marriage and home life Telephone talks with friends Teenage gangs, adult clubs
Protectiveness	
Wanting to protect one's children, the helpless	Coddling children, pampering pets Aiding the sick, poor, charities Providing opportunities for children Do-gooding for neighbors
Seeking Information	
Wanting to explore and satisfy one's curiosity	Finding out how things work Wanting to know what is going on Visiting new places Watching construction work Reading magazines, newspapers, gossip columns Higher education

Escaping Danger

Wanting to be secure	Taking vitamin pills Buying insurance of various sorts Seeking job security Locking the house Avoiding crowded traffic Working to prevent wars Wanting better police

Seeking Self-Assertion

Wanting to be master of one's own fate and to stand out among people	Being one's own boss Striving to come up in the world Inclination to argue Trying to look attractive Seeking acquaintance of the famous Rivalry for promotions Daringness and high spending, showing off Browbeating wife, employees, others

Seeking Comfort

Wanting creature comforts and sensory pleasures	Music at work, tasty foods, air conditioning, automobiles

7. Marshall McLuhan has stated:

> 'Drug taking is a means of expressing rejection of the obsolescent mechanical world and values. And drugs often stimulate a fresh interest in artistic expression, which is primarily of the audile-tactile world. The hallucinogenic drugs, as chemical simulations of our electric environment, thus revive senses long atrophied by the overwhelmingly visual orientation of the mechanical culture. LSD and related hallucinogenic drugs, furthermore, breed a highly tribal and communally oriented subculture, so it's understandable why the retribalized young take to drugs.

Ask the students to comment on some aspects of their "electric" environment. In what respects do they represent or not represent "the retribalized young"?

8. To initiate a discussion of the students' "work ethic," or in other terms, the students' preoccupation with "doing his thing," ask them to choose one of the following judgments:

> Given a man wallpapering a room. A box of chocolates sits on a table, next to the brush, roller, etc. At what point should he permit himself to eat his first chocolate?
>
> a. He should not touch a single chocolate until he has not only completed his job but cleaned up afterwards. The judgment: A man must earn his chocolates.
>
> b. He may eat one, or two, or any number after he has finished half the job. The judgment: A man must deserve his chocolates.
>
> c. He may eat chocolates from the very beginning, secure in the knowledge that he is going to earn and deserve them. The judgment: His intentions are good and, therefore, he is entitled to his chocolates.
>
> d. He should refuse, as a point of pride, to make any connection between work and reward. He should eat as many chocolates as he wants, immediately. The judgment: The man has a good appetite.

IV

Vocabulary

The words below appear frequently in works on technology, and many of them occur in the narratives:

acoustic

analog

apologia

automaton

computer, computations

cybernation, cybernetics

digital computer

electronic computer

feedback

input

microfiche

microminiaturization

output

phosphors

prototype

readout

reference silhouettes

ricochetted

scanned, to scan

simulation, to simulate

solid state

V

Resources

1. Films

a. "The Living Machine" (1961), in two parts, takes the viewer into an IBM experimental office where a checkers game is being played between a computer and a checkers champion. Other parts include an explanation of how the computer operates and how it can be used for weather forecasting. A scientist discusses the possibilities of the machine's taking over the human world. A small intoduction to the beginnings of science fiction is made, also. The second part begins with a probe into the complexities of the human mind which contributed to the technology in putting up the first astronaut. Available through Sterling Educational Films. 29 minutes for part 1 and 30 minutes for part 2

b. "Automation - The Next Revolution"(1965) deals with the problems of unemployment brought about by increased technology and mechanization. Union leaders discuss the need for a shorter workday and more leisure time. Secretary of Labor Wirtz mentions the problems of social dislocation when Whites and Blacks both apply for jobs, etc. Available from McGraw-Hill Textfilms. 28 minutes

c. "Computers And Human Behavior - Computers and Human Mental Process" (1963) (from the Focus on Behavior Series, Prod. NET) deals with various experiments with depth perception which are then applied to the working of the computer in its "yes" and "no" responses. Available from Indiana University, Audio-Visual Center. 29 minutes

d. "The Control Revolution" (1962) (from The Computer and the Mind of Man Series, Prod. NET) emphasizes industrial dynamics and the use of the computer to solve production problems as well as for keeping records. Many technical explanations are handled by the use of diagram and animated cartoon. Available from Indiana University, Audio Visual Center. 30 minutes

e. "Of Men and Machines - Engineering Psychology" (1963) (from the Focus on Behavior Series, Prod. NET) deals with the social purpose of technology and the engineering psychology involved in correcting human errors made with machinery. Examples are taken from the problems of air traffic control. Available from Indiana University, Audio Visual Center. 29 minutes

f. "Engine At The Door" (1962) (from the Computer and the Mind of Man Series, Prod. NET) deals with the kinds of increased responsibility which technology has brought about. The film is more a discussion of problems than an illustration of them. Available from Indiana University, Audio Visual Center. 29 minutes

g. "America And The Americans" (1967), in two parts, is an evaluation of some of the problems facing the nation, including issues of air pollution and population. It is narrated by Henry Fonda. Available from McGraw-Hill Textfilms. 51 minutes

h. "This Is Marshall McLuhan: The Medium Is The Message" (1967) (NBC-TV) in two parts includes an interview with Marshall McLuhan on his views of the television media. Available from McGraw-Hill Textfilms. 54 minutes

i. Other films in the series Focus on the Human Mind are'Logic by Machine, " "Universal Machine, " and "Machine by Numbers" (1962). Available from Indiana University, Audio Visual Center. 29 minutes each

j. Films involving the automation of plant and assembly lines are available from several companies: IBM, Hershey, Eastman Kodak, General Motors, or Ford Motor Car Company.

k. Recommended feature film for futuristic discussion: Stanley Kubrick's "2001: Space Odyssey."

2. Recommended Related Reading

a. Play

Capek, Karel, R.U.R. (Rossum's Universal Robots), in Arthur O. Lewis, Jr., Of Men and Machines. New York: E.P. Dutton & Company, Inc., 1963

b. Books

Hersey, John, Hiroshima. New York: Bantam Books, 1967

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c. Selected Short Stories

Asimov, Isaac, "Robbie" (1950)

Bennett, Margot, "The Long Way Back" (1954)

Clark, Van Tilburg, Walter, "The Portable Phonograph" (1942) is included in Arthur O. Lewis, Jr., Of Men and Machines, op. cit.

d. Selected Poetry with Machine Theme

Auden, W. H., "The Unknown Citizen" (1940)

Benet, Stephen, Vincent, "Nightmare Number Three" (1935) is also included in Lewis, Of Men and Machines, op cit.

Cummings, E. E., "pity this busy monster, manunkind" (1954

Dickinson, Emily, "I Like to See It Lap The Miles" (1862)

Sandburg, Carl, "Prayers of Steel" (1918)

3. Record on "The Golden Age of Radio" to stimulate discussion on comparative environments in the forms of radio communication and television

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